April 23, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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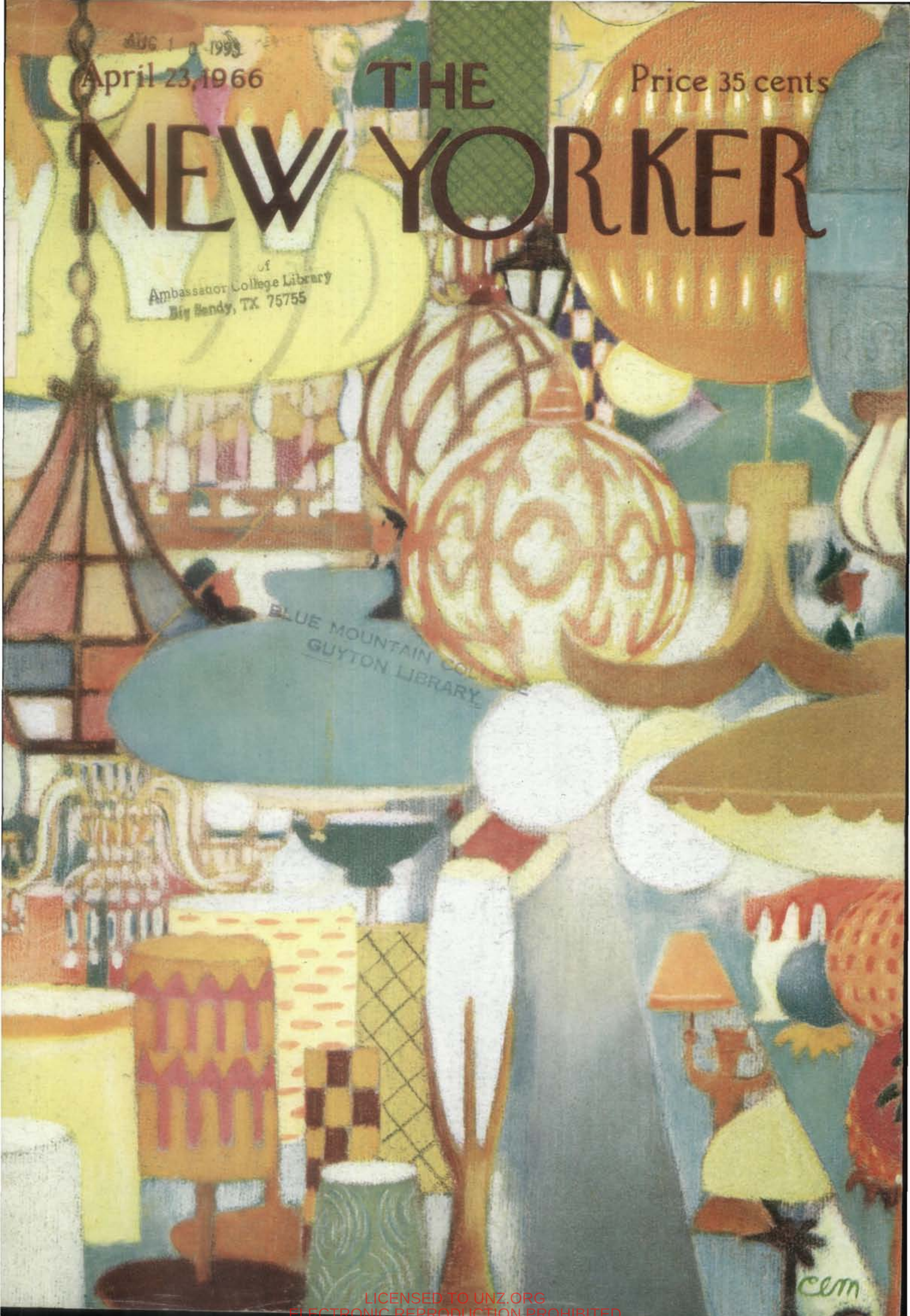

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—In this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, which stars Ray Milland, there are a good many lagging moments, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs add a bit of bounce every so often. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television writers, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

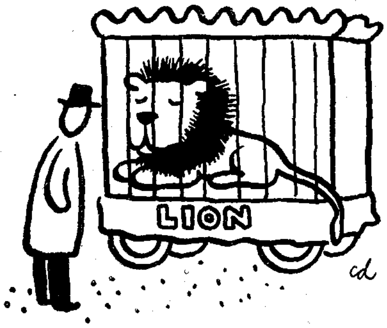
Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. John Harkins substitutes for Mr. Williamson at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 23.)

The Lion in Winter—The home life of Henry II when he, his wife, and his three sons were bickering about who should be named his successor. James Goldman is the author of this pseudo-historical drama, and occasionally he comes up with some witty dialogue. On the whole, though, the play is only fitfully entertaining, despite the efforts of an excellent cast headed by Robert Preston and Rosemary Harris. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook and acted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. The cast includes Sandra Smith and George Gaynes. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7050. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	135
BOOKS	192
THE CURRENT CINEMA	130
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	180
MUSICAL EVENTS	186
THE RACE TRACK	128
THE THEATRE	126

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MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—An attractive cast and tolerable music and lyrics by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams help compensate for the inadequacies of this show's book, which is based on a comic strip that wasn't very amusing when it was running in the newspapers a couple of decades ago. Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among the meritorious mummers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 24, at 5.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner disporting himself in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rog-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ers now has the role of Sleeping Beauty. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—city center light opera company: A revival of **how to succeed in business without really trying,** with Billy De Wolfe, Len Gochman, Lee Goodman, and Sheila Sullivan. The first in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **the caucasian chalk circle,** adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la traviata.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Journey of the Fifth Horse—A play by Ronald Ribman, suggested by a Turgenev story. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. Opens Thursday, April 21. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. John Colicos is good in the leading role. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

3 from La Mama—A triple bill made up of Lanford Wilson's "This Is the Rill Speaking," Sam Shepard's "Chicago," and Leonard Melfi's "Birdbath." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

When We Dead Awaken—Ibsen's last play. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. 524-2066. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 21, at 8:15: "Ebony Concerto," "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" (première), and "La Sonnambula."...¶ Friday, April 22, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Tarantella," "The Cage," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2:15: "Firebird," "La Sonnambula," and "Swan Lake."...¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Sunday, April 24, at 1:15: "Firebird," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Sunday, April 24, at 7:15: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Variations," and "Agon."...¶ Tuesday, April 26, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Raymonda Variations," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Jeux" (première), "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Ballet Imperial."...¶ Saturday, April 30, at 2:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Jeux," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Meditation," and "Donizetti Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Thursday, April 21, at 8:30: "Don Quixote."...¶ Friday, April 22, at 8: "Swan Lake."...¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Don Quixote."...¶ Sunday, April 24, at 2:30, and Monday, April 25, at 8:30: "Giselle."...¶ Tuesday, April 26, at 8, and Wednesday, April 27, at 8:30: "Chopiniana," Act III of "Raymonda," and "The Rite of Spring" (American première)....¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: "The Nutcracker."...¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 30, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," Act III of "Raymonda," and "The Rite of Spring."...¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8:30: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. Through Sunday, May 8.)

Merce Cunningham—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, May 14.)

The Circus—Where else can you see a tiger ride a horse? (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

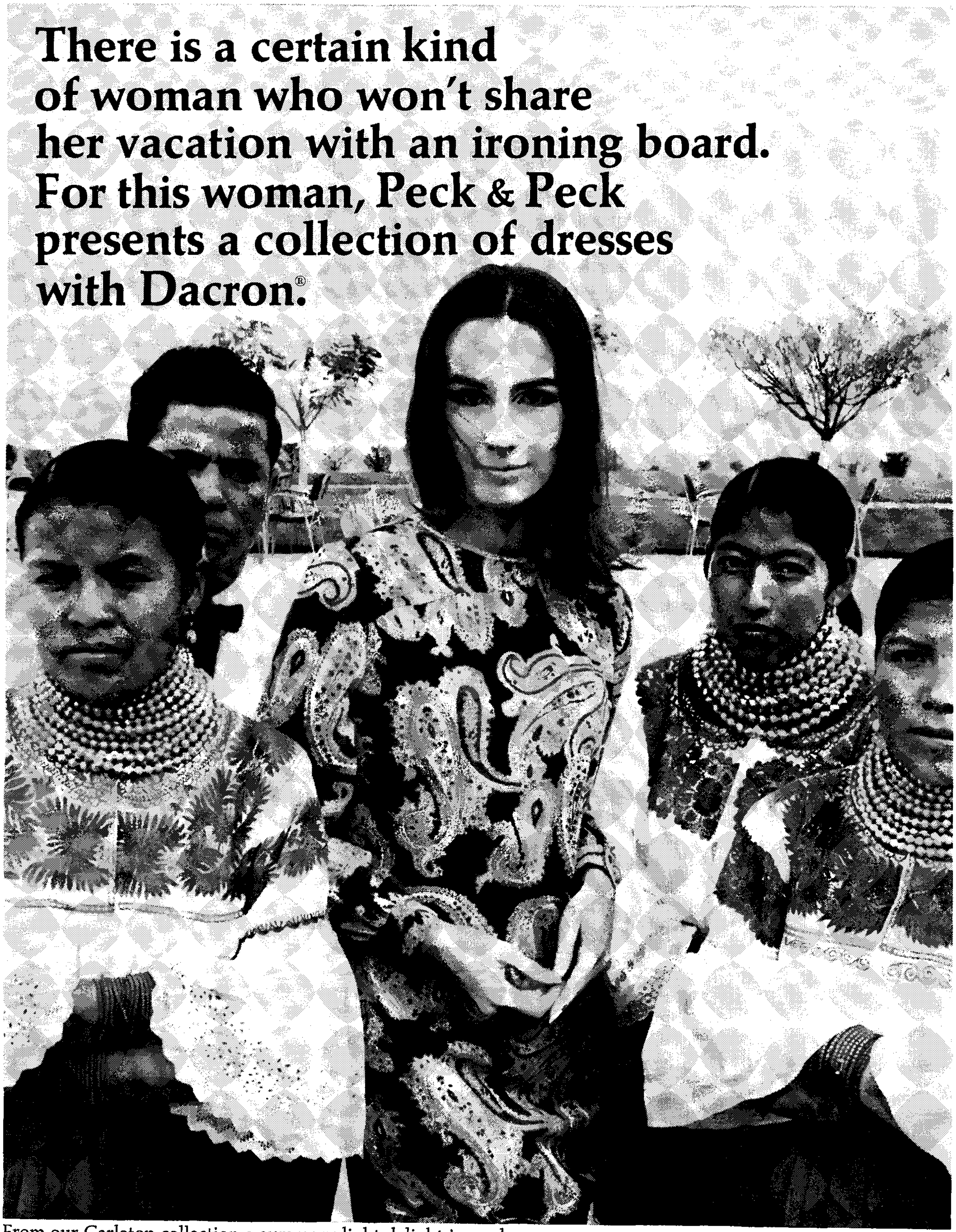
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Damita Jo, who visits the Royal Box at dinner and supper, sings up one storm after another, none of which can dampen her enthusiasm or anyone else's; Louis Nye, speaker of the evening, has the manner of a Lord High Executioner, which is appropriate, all right, to his sardonic, mordant witticisms. On Monday, April 25, they will be replaced by Shirley Bassey, whose songs presage a merry and warm spring. Bob Melvin, arriving the same night, will be in charge of the funny sayings. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which will stay on, is more or less a work of art. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The newest midtown merger, combining the corporate structure of the Barberry (Moorish) and the Little Club (candy-striped all the way, up to but not including Billy Reed, now the *padrone* of the joint enterprise). In the Little end of the merger, Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Thurs-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. On Sundays, another band operates from nine to two.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—O.H.M.S. and all that. In the main hall, the colors are trooped by two ceaseless dance bands (Freddy Alonso and Charles Bubeck); in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Vic Damone, the dinner and supper chanticleer in the Persian Room, is taking night life easier now (no rant, no rave), and beneficial is the effect on his arias—a well-chosen bouquet. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are the flanker backs. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and the propagation of dance music, which comes—eight-thirty until one-thirty—out of the purling, skirling Jonah Jones and his quartet. No sound on Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it all, Urbie Green runs a good big band alongside a good big floor. The action goes on from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Landmarks Preservation Committee got around to the Maisonette, pride and joy of this enterprise, too late to save its classic murals, but the grandeur is intact, and so are the customers who do the newly square dances (foxtrot, waltz, and such). Quintero's bustling Latins and a North American band are their guides. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, across the hall, there is *salle-à-manger* violin by another landmark, Janì Sarkozi, from seven to twelve-thirty. It, too, shuts up Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

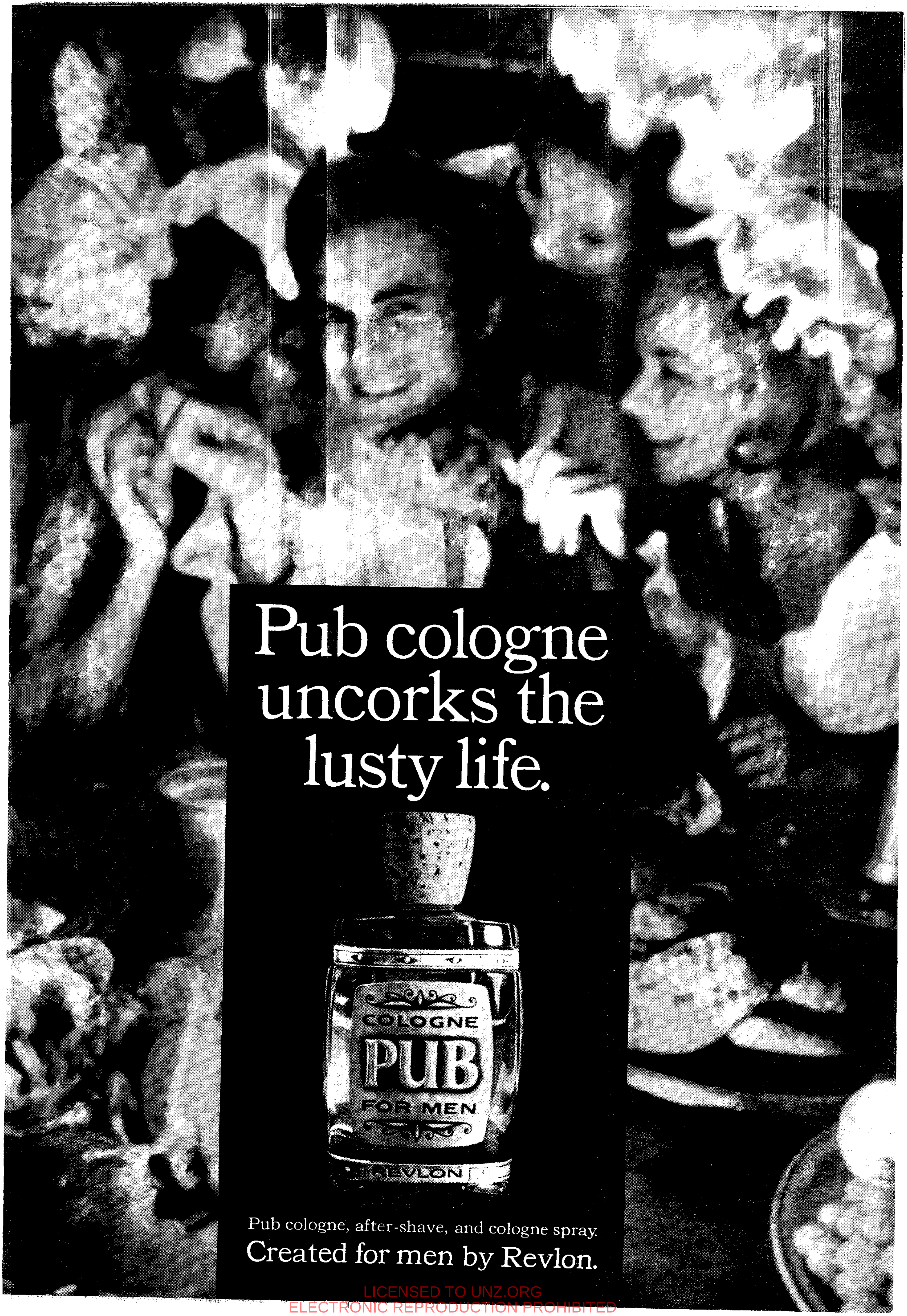
NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Tourists from the States get Stateside arias. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Up aloft, in an Edith Wharton drawing room, Bobby Short sings the very best songs that sixpence can buy, and (with the assistance of his piano and his accomplished accomplices Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) sings them like mad. The ballads begin after ten. . . . ¶ On the ground floor, in a Volstead sort of bar and grill, there are songs, various and sundry, by Jimmie Daniels, the boulevardier troubadour, and (when she feels like it) Lorelei arias by Nancy Steele. Mary Small, back in action after a long holiday, sings, too, and, Murray Grand's nourishing piano is also audible. Nothing much happens until after the theatre. The whole shop shuts down Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): A youth convocation whose purpose is wholly social—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; the Ned Odum Boys, who do the singing, are further along in our century. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have.

NOTE—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, can best be viewed by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout by Killer Joe Piro and his dancers, who add not only verses but whole chapters to the exercise manual of the Royal Canadian Air Force. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music comes from a teleprinter, the hours are nine until last gasp every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Gambolling on a Village green in any old clothes at all, but nevertheless an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of the Chambers Brothers (to be replaced on Tuesday, April 26, by the crew called The Cyrkle). And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. Inaki & Carlos, a brace of Basque strolling players, are at home in a lot of languages. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's piano and songs (moonlight and roses) occupy this opulent countinghouse parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and Elysian bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The most active promenaders are the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions seem diminished. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, there are piano and baritone by Delos Rios, from Chile's coral strand. Between five-thirty and twelve-thirty, he is in fairly constant attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Leslie Uggams, that gay little firefly, is sometimes tempted to be as staccato as any of the celebrated dime-a-dozen sopranos; otherwhile, she is a gay little firefly. Billy Baxter, whose sense of humor is British, presents no problems at all to American listeners. Then, too, there is a bunch of beautiful Copa ballerinas, piquantly taking their very first steps. Dancing for the guests, too. On Thursday, April 28, a change of venue: Louis Prima (from the mythological days of New Orleans), his band, his leading lady (Gia Maione), and his floor show. By carefully timing your arrival, you can miss the *soi-disant* comedian who proceeds this motley crew. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. In the reviewing stand is Teresa Brewer, a little Southern caroller who cooks with sassafras, and well; rarely in the background is a raging fire named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dionne Warwick, the sunrise the whole world has been waiting for, is also the sweet chariot that has come for to carry us home to gospel and folk song. Cab Calloway is the jack-in-the-box of a vast orchestra. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts: the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W.

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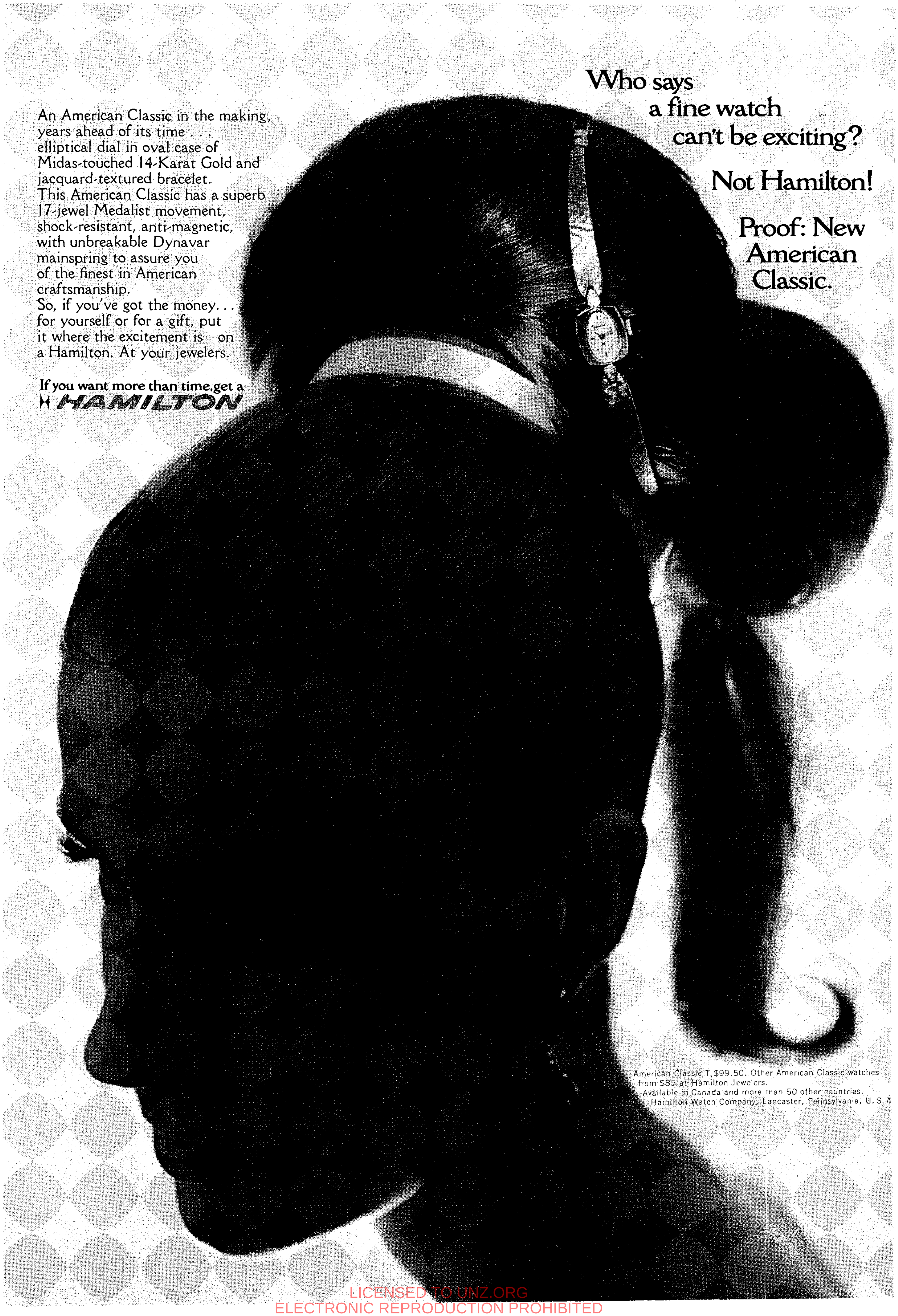

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles and his covey of balletomanes are fun-loving Rover Boys and Girls as they swarm over the stage in the back room; Juan Lejido, the tenor of the occasion, is cheerful, too, even when he recites the tribulations of love among the Iberians. This happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons, and only a dinnertime song-and-dance interlude on Sunday evenings. On Thursday, April 28, the stage becomes the property of Rosario Galán and his Ballet Español, who will be around for a while. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Mario Escudero, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who (to hear her tell it) is beyond the help of anything at all, has her first fit of manic depression after ten. Warren Vaughn, a pianist and singer who can make romance sound romantic, has his innings, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but it also proves that there is still lots of merit in the old revue format. R. G. Brown is principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair and Fannie Flagg. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Coleman Hawkins, who is now getting his twenty-second wind, blows paeans to auld lang syne, of which he is an illustrious part. His quartet and the trio of Mose Allison, an upholder of the virtues of latter-day pianism, take turns. Sundays, there are matinées, too, five to nine. Mondays, as usual, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band amiably takes the place apart. On Tuesday, April 26, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers begin a three-day stand; on April 29, Miles Davis and his group begin a series of Friday-through-Sunday stands. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The restaurant, where Dave Pike's trio gets to work late in the evening, along with Cousin Joe, a New Orleans pianist, is open every night but Monday. Sundays, from five to nine, it becomes a Strivers' Row, where a varied assemblage called the Jazz Inter Action Group get its thoughts into the air. . . . ¶ The grotto operates like this: Friday and Saturday, April 22-23, conversation by Dick Gregory, whose motif is *arma virumque cano;* Tuesday, April 26, a benefit show starting at nine, with Max Roach's quintet, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Art Farmer's quintet, Jimmy Giuffre's quartet, Roy Eldridge, Roland Kirk, Ruby Braff, and Carol Sloane; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, a whirlwind of song reaped by Felicia Sanders, the night world's most dramatic soprano. Every Monday, the fare is a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on a bearable level, such as, right now, the activities of a newcomer, Tracy Newman. On Wednesday, April 27, the folksters named The Womenfolk will be added to the cast. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and Morey Feld. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The cheerful counterplay of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is the specialty of the quintet in residence. Fridays through Sundays, Jimmy Rushing adds his stentorian voice to the rumble. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Abbey Lincoln's come-chase-me ballads are surrounded by the *force majeure* of Max Roach's quintet. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding-off. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for evening workouts with the likes of Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Tuesdays, a bagpiper is included. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): Chinos pant and pedals push as the band plays on, night after night. Through Sunday, April 24, Randy Weston's quintet will be in the saddle; on Tuesday, April 26, Yusef Lateef's quartet returns to action. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NELL BLAINE—Expressionist paintings of the West Indies; through Saturday, April 23. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract bronze sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, April 23. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT DASH—Nudes, interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Friday, April 29. (Osborne, 26 E. 63rd St.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Nanas, which are colorful, blimplike dolls representing women; through Saturday, April 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract black-on-black paintings; through May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH FARRIS—Collage-paintings; through Saturday, April 30. (Eggleston, 969 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MARY FAULCONER—Flowers and Portugal; through Saturday, April 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK FRIESEKE (1874-1939)—Impressionist paintings; through May 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN GELB—Abstractions; through May 7. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE GLICKMAN—Small bronzes; through Saturday, April 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALEXIS GRITCHENKO—"Constantinople and Greece 1919-23," an exhibition of paintings and drawings by this Ukrainian artist, who now lives in Vence; through Saturday, April 30. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

WALTER GUTMAN—Figure paintings; through May 7. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—An exhibition of paintings from the Bauhaus years (1922-32), marking

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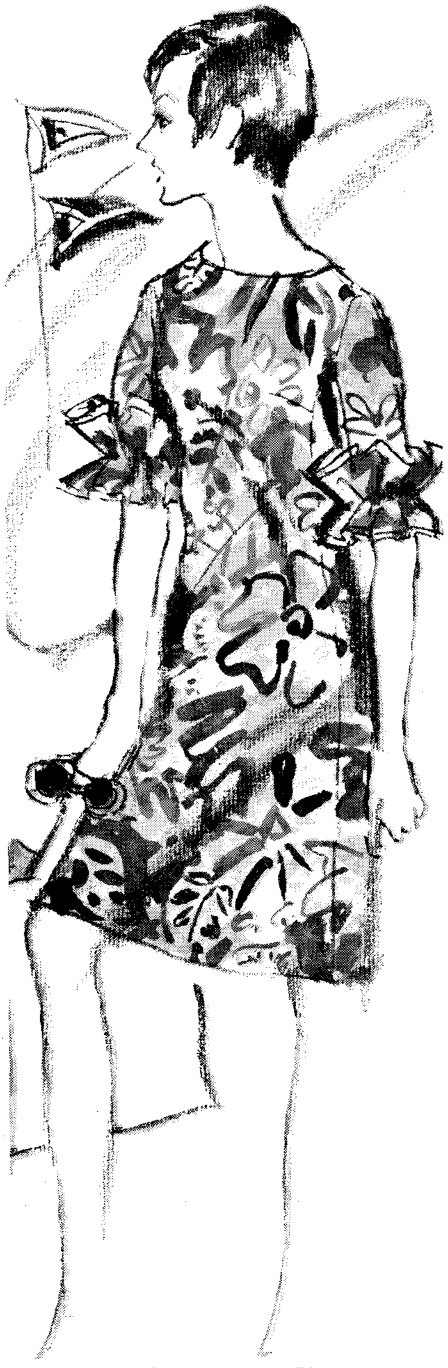

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the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Abstract oil-and-sand paintings (1965); through Saturday, April 23. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Phillip King—Polychrome sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 30. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Gary Kuehn—Abstract sculptures; through May 7. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn—Early works: landscapes, circus scenes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 7. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

Gerald Laing and Peter Phillips—Constructions; through May 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jennett Lam—Beach-chair paintings; through May 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Jack Levine—Figurative paintings and drawings; through May 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Lipchitz—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Heinz Mack—Aluminum and stainless-steel constructions by a German artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marisol—Life-size figures; through May 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gabriele Münter (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through Saturday, April 30. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Abbott Pattison—Sculptures in bronze and silver; through Saturday, April 23. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings and drawings of nudes; through Saturday, April 23. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Savo Radulovic—Paintings; through Saturday, April 30. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sakier—Paintings; through May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Schanker—Wood sculptures; through Saturday, April 30. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Clara Skinner—*Optical paintings; through* Saturday, April 23. (Castellane, 764 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Simeon Solomon (1840-1905)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Raphael Soyer—Portrait and figure paintings; through Friday, April 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures, mostly in iron and concrete; through Saturday, April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Figures; through Saturday, April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Italy; through Saturday, April 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Andy Warhol—Wallpaper and clouds; through Wednesday, April 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, April 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jane Wilson—Landscapes; through May 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arline Wingate—Sculptures, mainly of plant life, in bronze, brass, stainless steel, and marble; through Saturday, April 23. (Funt, 16 E. 78th St.)

Romantics and Realists in French Painting (1820-70)—A benefit loan exhibition of works by Chasseriau, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Gericault, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau; through May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirty-third annual of sculptures, bas-reliefs, and medals; through May 1. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The American Sculptor 1900-30—Pieces by artists ranging from Frederick MacMonnies *to Alexander Calder; through Saturday,* April 30. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-ninth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Show—"Protest Paintings—U.S.A. 1930-45," a show of works by Ben Shahn, Reginald Marsh, George Grosz, and others; through Saturday, April 23. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom,** 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Man Ray, Isamu Noguchi, and Jean Dubuffet are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of objects, collages, and paintings; through Saturday, April 23. . . . **hahn,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through Saturday, April 23. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 23.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **knoedler,** 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and prints (by Rembrandt, Monet, Cassatt, and others) from the collection of the Electra Havemeyer Webb Fund, which will subsequently be housed in the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont; through Saturday, April 23. . . . **slatkin,** 115 E. 92nd St.: The annual showing of fifteenth- to nineteenth-century drawings, pastels, and watercolors, including works by Francesco Guardi, Watteau, and Kokoschka; through May 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum; through May 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early print-

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ed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association, in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred glass paperweights, including American examples from the Sandwich, Mt. Washington, and Millville factories and such French examples as Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Madame Butterfly." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Opera Association—The first New York performances of Haydn's "L'Infedeltà Delusa," in English. Staged by Hugh Thompson and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Lukas Foss conducting on Thursday, April 21, at 8:30; Friday, April 22, at 2:15; Saturday, April 23, at 8:30; and Monday, April 25, at 7:30 (all with Marilyn Horne, soprano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 28, at 8:30; Friday, April 29, at 2:15; Saturday, April 30, at 8:30; and Monday, May 2, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Schumacher, piano; David Diamond will conduct one of his own works at each concert).

American Opera Society—Gianfranco Rivoli directing a performance of Bellini's "Il Pirata" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé and Sylvia Khatchadourian, sopranos, and Barnabé Martì and Herbert Kraus, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 25, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" in concert form. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, April 26, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 7:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a program of Italian baroque music, with Crail Conner, soprano; Corinne Curry, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 24, at 8.)

Easter Festival Concert—Hugh Ross directing the choirs of Shelton College and the University of Maryland, and members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Richard Goode and Marvin Morgenstern—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in an all-Mozart program, with the New York Orchestral Society conducted by Joseph Eger. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Odetta—Folk singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 22, at 8:30. For tickets, phone UN 1-2440.)

Gilbert Bécaud—Pop singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8:40.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Pousseur, Stravinsky, Andriessen, and Rzewski. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Benita Valente, soprano; Peter Serkin, piano; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Arnold Steinhardt, violin-viola. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 29, at 8.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 30, at 5:15.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Josephine Premice. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, April 25, at 8:30 and 11.) . . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, April 23, at 2:15, and Sunday, April 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, April 25-26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Saturday, April 30, at 2:15.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Dick Tiger, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Monday, April 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 23.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, Princeton, and M.I.T. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 30.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 23-24.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 23.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 23.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 23; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 27; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 30. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Monday, May 30. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 23; after that, 2. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 30. The Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, April 23.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 23, at 1.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets**: "The Three Wishes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 23, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions**: "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **paper bag players**: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466

Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD PRODUCTIONS:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. TR 7-1889. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Beauty and the Beast." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "The Purple Dragon." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. YU 8-6500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets; through May 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Among the new arrivals this year are a community of prairie dogs, a baby llama, and a fresh crop of bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Washington Square Room, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Thursday, April 28, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 27, from 12 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—The final sales of a seven-day auction of property of the late Helena Rubinstein—Thursday, April 21, at 8:30: Part I of a collection of African and Oceanic art. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Friday, April 22, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, April 23, at 1:45: French and other furniture; Venetian and other glass; Mexican and other silver; Egyptian and Roman antiquities; primitive nineteenth-century Mexican paintings; Russian and other bibelots and icons; and French and Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 27, at 1:45: Part II of a collection of modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Utrillo, Raoul Dufy, Tchelitchew, and Nadelman. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century engravings, etchings, and lithographs, by Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8:30: Part II of a collection of African and Oceanic art. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 24, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of present-day London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 26.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 27.)

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, Hal Holbrook, and a great many others. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 26.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., *Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 26*, except the afternoons of April 23-24.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary, made by the government for showing abroad. Well worth seeing in spite of its faults. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Lord Love a Duck—A wild and woolly contemporary comedy, written and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 27.... ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU *8-9304; starting April 27, tentative.*)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through April 26.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through April 26.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—An American version of James Bond's veddy British brand of international undercover work. Starring James Coburn, who is a funny fellow. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 26.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 27.)

Scorpio Rising—A strong and beautiful account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

Shakespeare Wallah—A sweetly sad story of contemporary India, directed by James Ivory and with a mixed cast of Indian and English actors. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through April 24.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting April 27.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 26.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 26, except the afternoons of April 23-24.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid *mainly in Paris*. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The 10th Victim—According to this comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. (In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through April 26.... ¶ In Italian at the Symphony, *B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April* 26.... ¶ In Italian at the Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 27.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 26.... ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting April 27.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 26.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 26, except the afternoons of April 23-24.)

Compulsion (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reenactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 22.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through April 24.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A François Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 26.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through April 23.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle *between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie* Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 26.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; April 24-26.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through April 23.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 26-27.)

Three Little Words (1950)—A musical biography setting forth the life stories of song-*writers Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. With* Fred Astaire, Vera Ellen, and Red Skelton. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; April 27.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—April 21 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Love at Twenty" (1963), five languages, five episodes.... ¶ April 22 at 2 and 5:30, and April 23 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Sound of Trumpets" (1963), in Italian.... ¶ April 24-25 at 2 and 5:30: "The New Gulliver" (1934), in Russian.... ¶ April 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Road to Life" (1931), in Russian.... ¶ April 27 at 2 and 5:30: "America" (1924), with Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster.... **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." April 21: "Those Love Pangs" (1914), "Dough and Dynamite" (1914), "The Bank" (1915), and "The Count" (1916).... ¶ April 22-24: "His Trysting Place" (1914), "The Rounders" (1914), "A Night at the Show" (1915), and "The Rink" (1916).... ¶ Starting April 26: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), "The Fireman" (1916), and "Triple Trouble" (1916). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.)... **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through April 26: "Flame and the Fire," a French documentary film, with an English narration.
From April 27: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MARY POPPINS, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 26: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
From April 27: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through April 26: **THE LOVED ONE**; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).
From April 27: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 26: To be announced.
From April 27: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 26: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From April 27 (tentative): "The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World," Tom Adams; and "The Little Nuns," Catherine Spaak.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 24: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From April 25: "A Tout Prendre" (in French).

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 24: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**
From April 25: "Judex" (in French), Channing Pollock.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 26: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.
From April 27: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine," Vincent Price, Frankie Avalon.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 26: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From April 27: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 26: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From April 27 (tentative): **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 26: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian). On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, April 23-24, part one of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" will be shown instead.
From April 27: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 26: **THE 10TH VICTIM**; and **DARLING.**
From April 27: "The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World," Tom Adams; and "The Little Nuns," Catherine Spaak.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING; and "The Brig."

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through April 23: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.
April 24-26: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
April 27: **THREE LITTLE WORDS**, revival; and "Words and Music," revival, June Allyson, Judy Garland.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 26: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From April 27: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 26: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From April 27: "Sallah" (in Hebrew).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 26: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 27: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 26: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, April 23-24, part one of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" will be shown instead.)
From April 27: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 26: "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker; and "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), revival, Jenny Karezi.
From April 27: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 26: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.
From April 27: To be announced.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Black Fox" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 21: "The Royal Family of Broadway," revival, Fredric March.
April 22-23: "Go West, Young Man," revival, Mae West.
April 24-25: "Devil and the Deep," revival, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Laughton.
April 26: "The Sea Beast" (silent), John Barrymore.
April 27: "Hot Saturday," revival, Nancy Carroll, Cary Grant.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl Getters," Oliver Reed.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

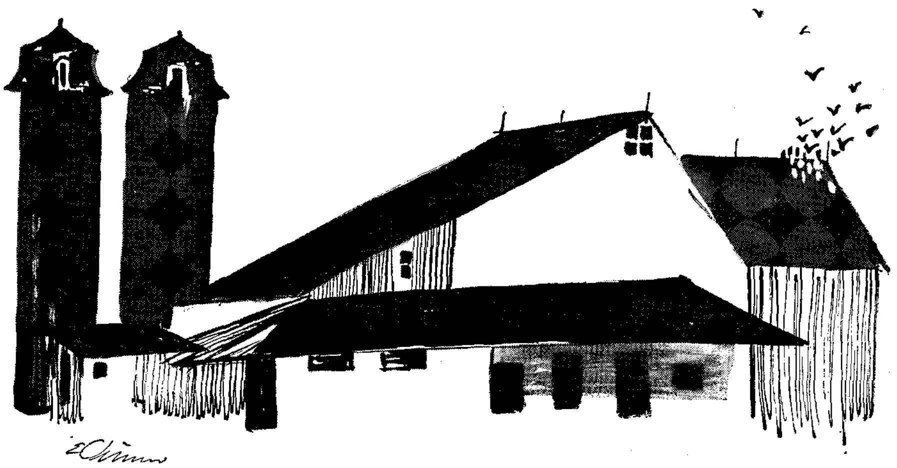
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Cloportes" (in French), Charles Aznavour.

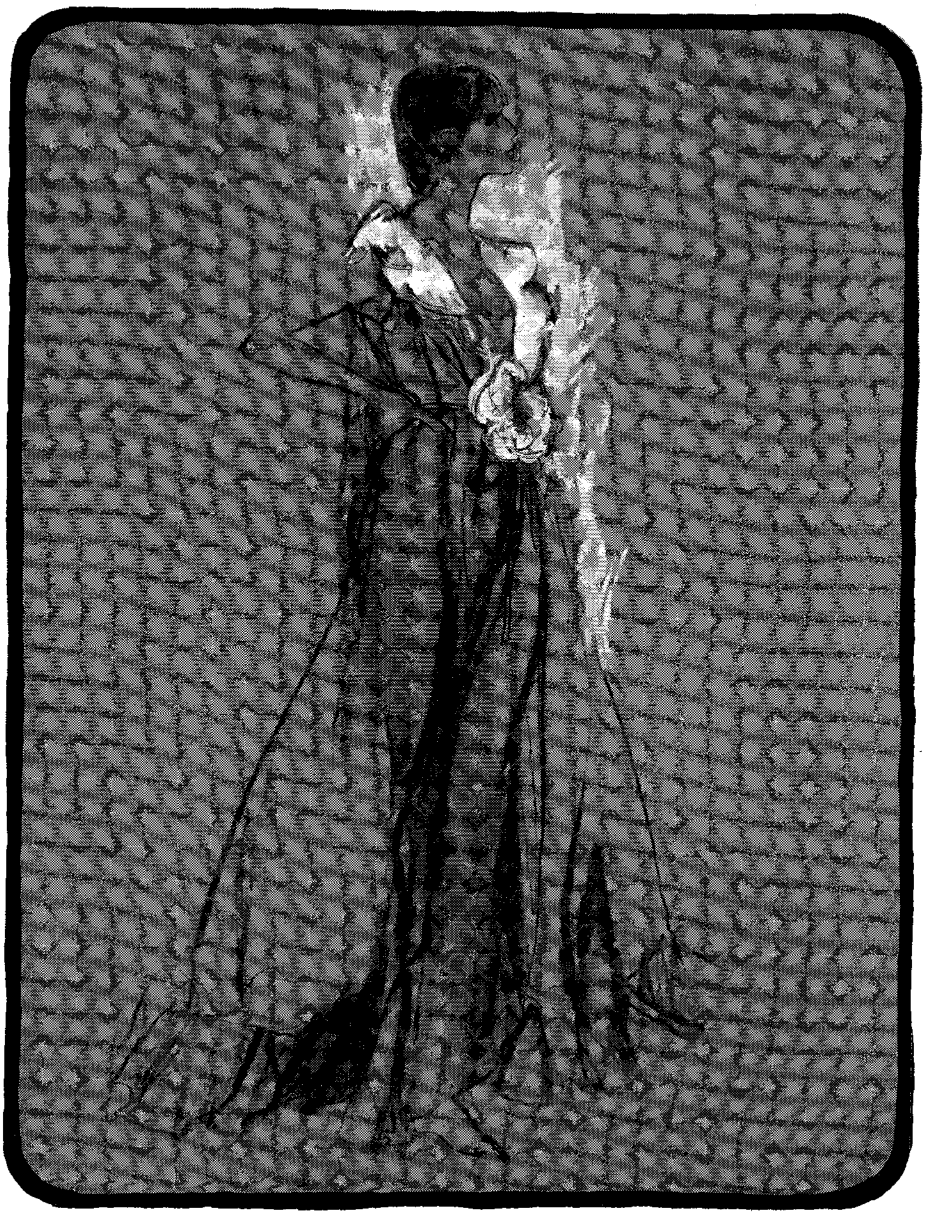
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 22: **COMPULSION**, revival; and **THE HUSTLER**, revival.
April 23-25 (last showing April 25 at 2:50): "The Time Machine," revival, Rod Taylor, Alan Young; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
April 25 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: "Block Heads," revival, Laurel and Hardy; and a short with Charlie Chaplin.
April 26-27: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 26: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**
From April 27: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 21: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (both in French and both revivals).
April 22-25: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), revival, Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
From April 26: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 26: "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker; and "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), revival, Jenny Karezi.
From April 27: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**





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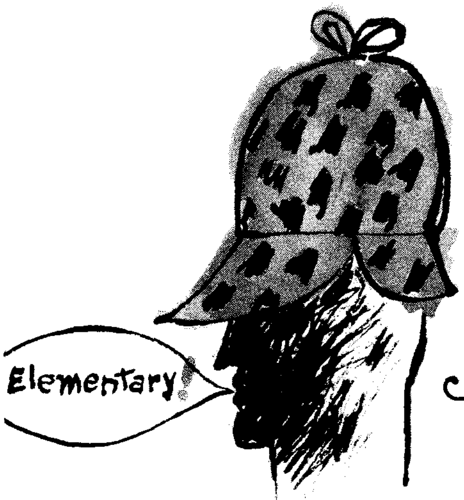

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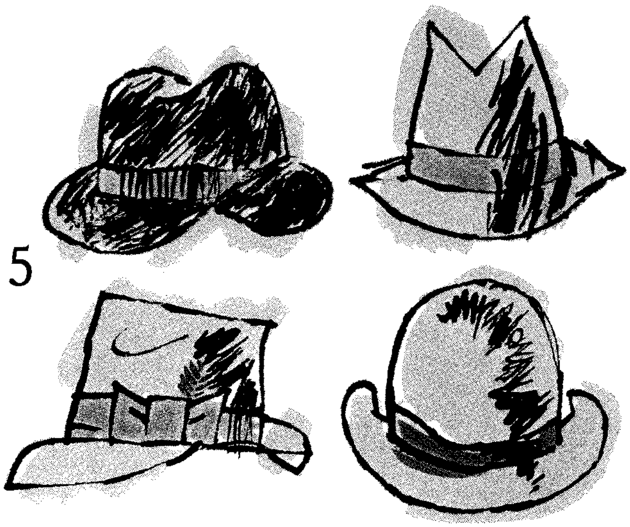

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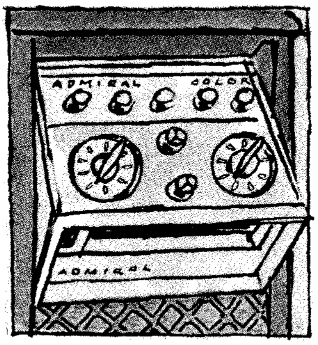

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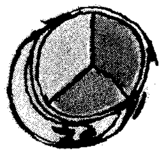

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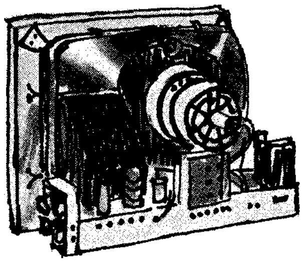

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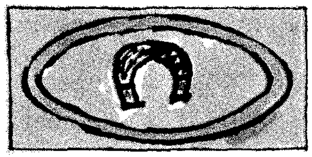

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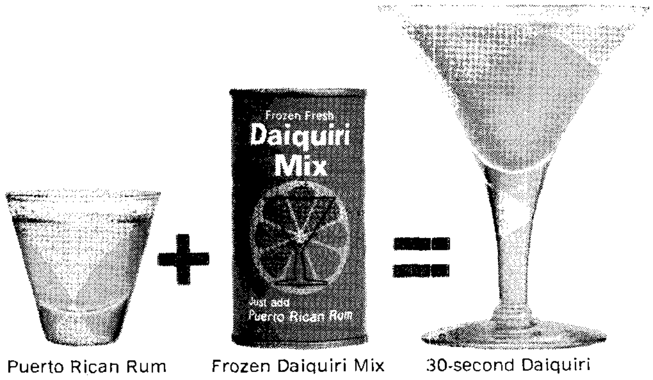
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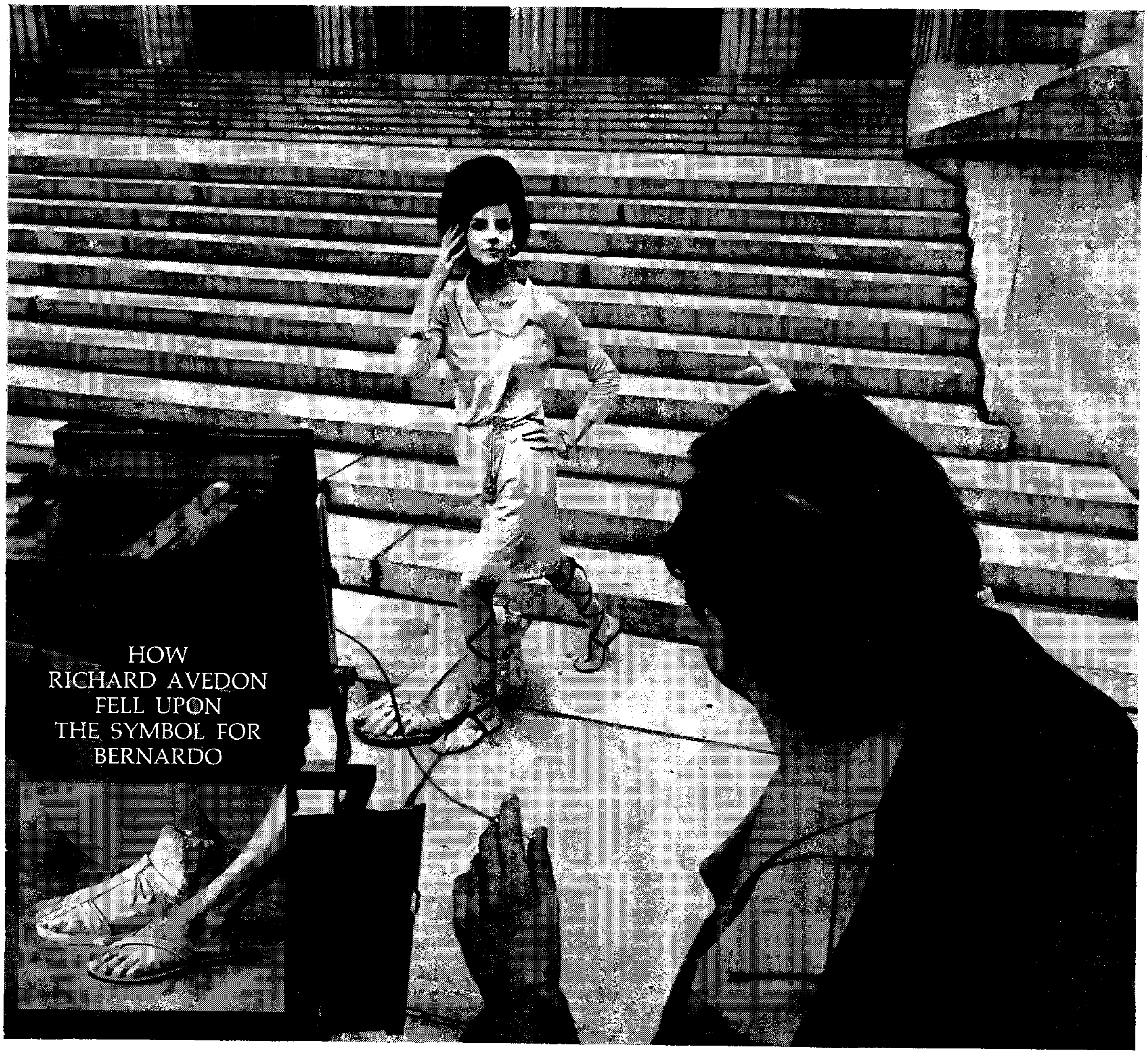

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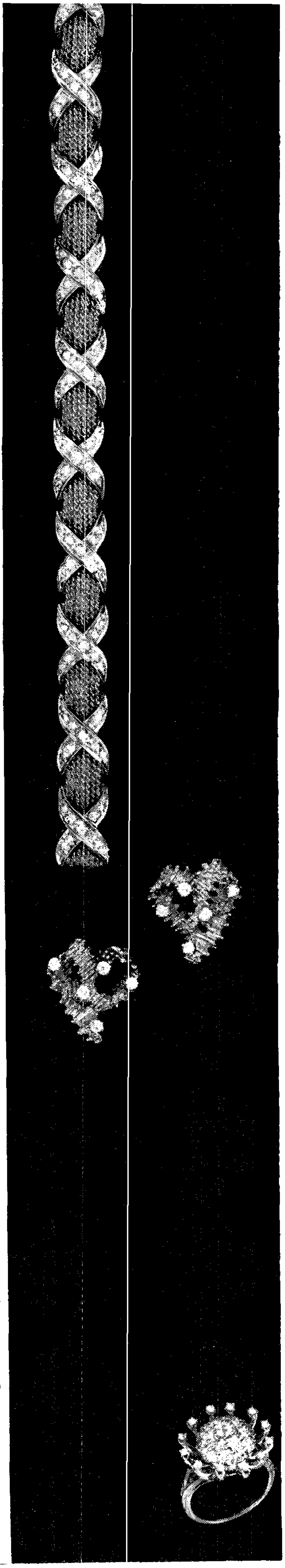

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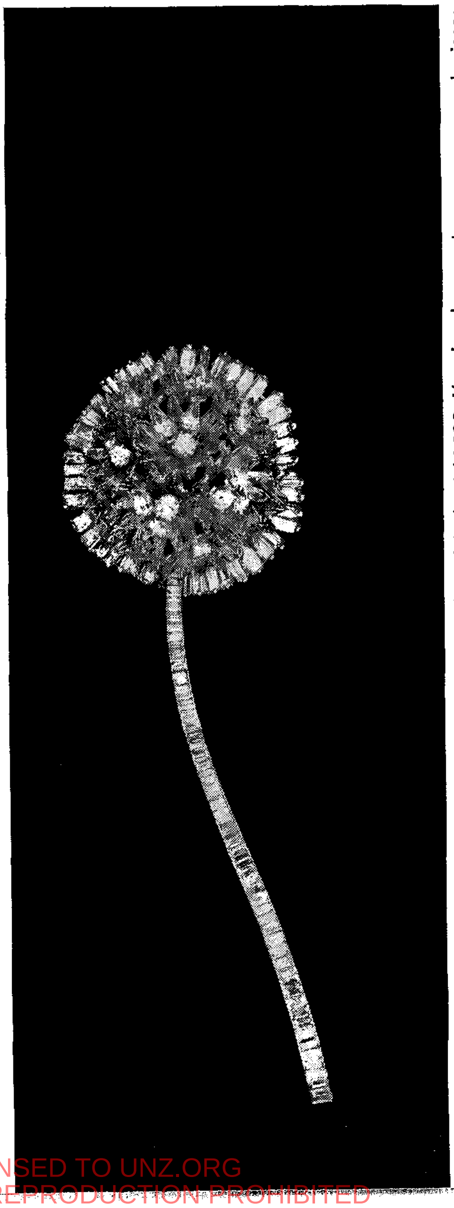

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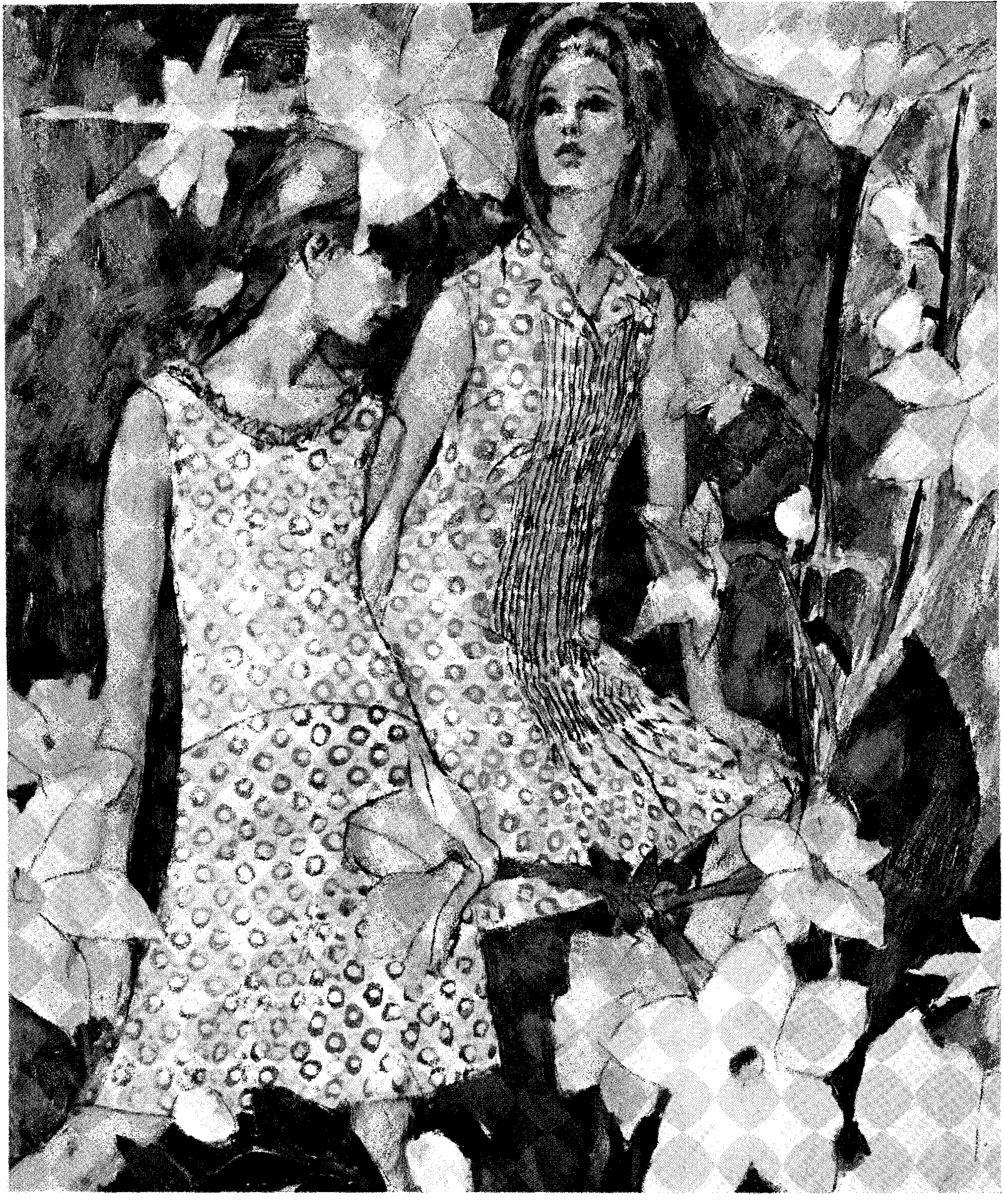

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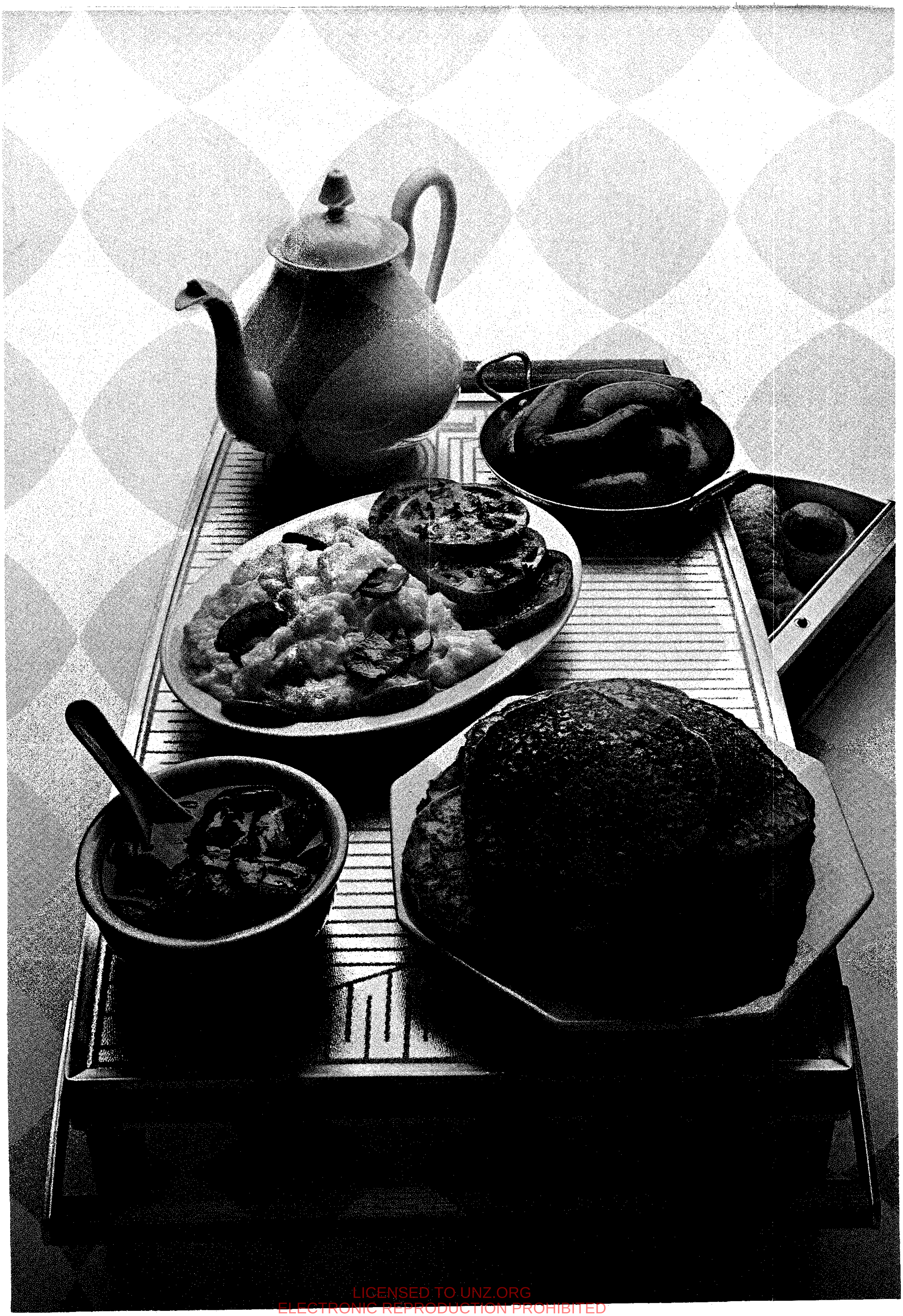

The Salton Hotray® will keep meals hot before you serve them, as you serve them, after you serve them, so you can come back for seconds that taste like firsts.

Hot foods should be eaten hot. But seldom are because food cools off too swiftly. So not only do seconds always taste different than firsts—but sometimes, even firsts don't taste like firsts if you don't serve them instantly right out of the oven.

Putting foods back in the oven doesn't help. Because then they overcook. And dry out.

Then there are other problems with hot foods. Such as people coming late. Or people eating the same meal at different times—at breakfast, for example, when people rise at different times.

The Salton Hotray will relieve you of all these problems. And many more. Once and for all. Three meals a day. Every day in the year.

Breakfast. (How to stop making 6 separate breakfasts on Sunday.)

With your Salton Hotray, you can stop making individual breakfasts for each separate Sunday riser. Instead, you can make one Master Breakfast, keep it hot for hours on your Salton Hotray and serve as needed. You can even omit the serving and let family and guests serve themselves. Rest assured that this breakfast, consumed even hours later, will be as hot and fresh as when it came off the stove. (And by breakfast we mean french toast, sausages, pancakes, cereals, ham, potatoes, coffee—and even eggs sunnyside up.)

OK? Why make work for yourself when you have a Salton Hotray?

Lunch. (How to transform yourself from waitress to mother.)

If you have children coming home from school, your Salton Hotray can help you to retire from your job as waitress. Because now, you can make lunch any time before noon that is convenient, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray until the children come home, and then have lunch *with* the children. Instead of just cooking and serving.

If your children come home for lunch at different hours, that's no problem either. Make one Master Lunch, keep it hot and fresh on your Salton Hotray, and serve as needed. Your Salton Hotray will keep soups, vegetables, meats, fish and fowl hot and fresh for hours—as hot and fresh as when they came off the stove. (Try not to overcook your vegetables—children like them crisp.)

Dinner. (How to stop letting the clock ruin your digestion.)

The first thing your Salton Hotray can do for you at dinner time, is to eliminate your chronic anxieties about all the dishes having to be finished at exactly the same moment. Forget time. You have a Salton Hotray. Let each separate food finish cooking as it will, then put it into a serving dish and put the serving dish onto the Hotray. The Hotray will keep the finished dishes hot and fresh until they're eaten. As hot and fresh as when they left the stove.

Another big thing your Hotray will do for you is eliminate ruined dinners because the diners came late—or decided to have an extra cocktail. If your dinner is finished at seven, but there's nobody around to eat it until nine, your whole dinner will wait peacefully and quietly on your Hotray without losing a thing. And it will taste as hot and fresh at nine as it would have at seven. And if your dinner is a stew or includes spaghetti sauce, it will taste *even better* than it would have two hours before.

Also, why not quit running in and out of the kitchen all evening long? Put your whole dinner on your Salton Hotray, put your Hotray on the dining table and serve from there. (Join the group, so to speak.)

Last and Least, Hors d'oeuvres.

On a Salton Hotray, hot hors d'oeuvres will not continue to cook and fry—as they do in a chafing dish. So a Hotray is just as handy for a party as it is for every other dining occasion. But—using your Hotray just for parties, unless you throw one every night, is sheer waste. You honestly don't need Hotray just for hot hors d'oeuvres. It's silly. Hotray was made for better things.

How the Salton Hotray Works:

Hot foods lose their flavor in two principal ways. Overcooking. Or cooling off and drying out. Either way, they lose most of what they ever had. A Salton Hotray prevents both of these because the heat of its exclusive radiant heat, shatterproof glass panel is thermostatically controlled to a point *right under* the cooking point. So the food on it neither continues to cook, nor to stand around growing cold.

The most accurate way to explain the Salton Hotray is this: *The Salton Hotray puts foods into a state of suspended animation.* Thus, they neither progress. Nor regress. But stay exactly as they were when they came off the stove.

If you're the one who prepares the food at your house, then hopefully, the information you now possess will add years to your life. Enjoy them.

Shown, "Gastronome," $39.95. Hotray electric food warmers from $5.95 to $59.50. Available in U.S.A., Canada, Great Britain and Continental Europe. For catalogue and Gourmet recipe booklet, write to Salton, Inc.,

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SALTON HOTRAY

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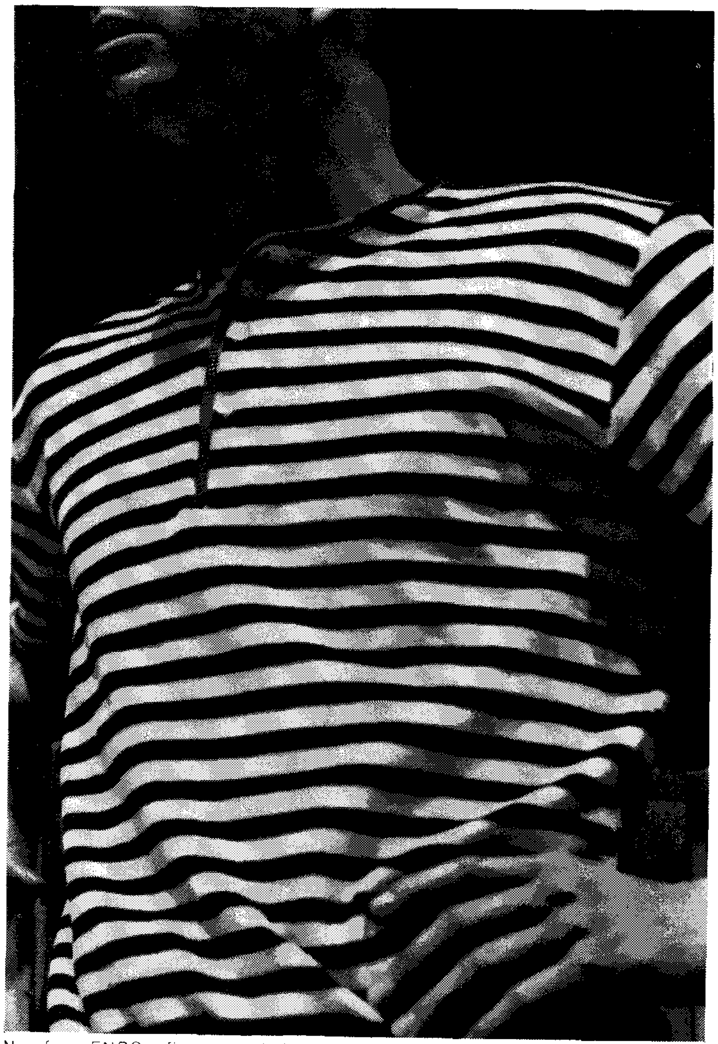
Enro shirt company
discusses Henley with present advertising agency



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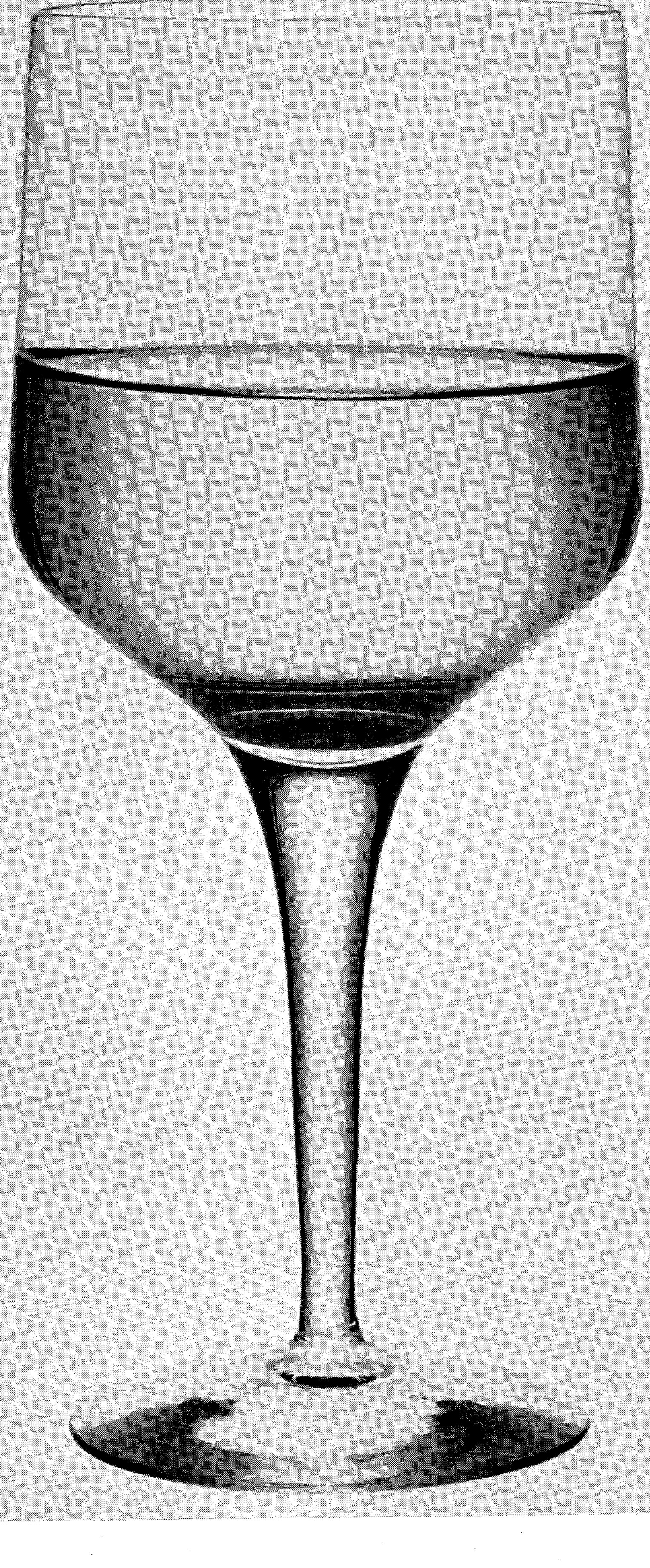

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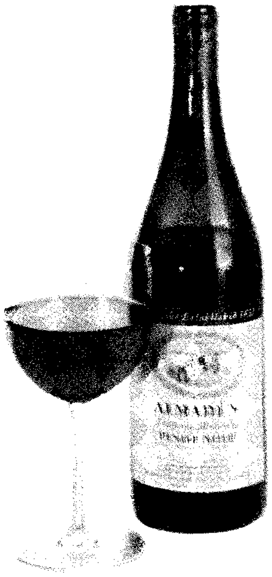
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET • U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE: FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106

The superb difference
in Almadén Wine stems from
a bunch of little things



Varietal grapes. Little things. But essential for the finest wines. Ours have a unique premium character . . . because we grow them to our own exacting standards of quality. We need not rely on other wine growers for grapes of possibly lesser quality.

Our advantage is Paicines Mountain Vineyard, the largest varietal vineyards in the world. Here, where California nature has been uniquely generous, all of the major European varietals prosper—to a special degree of perfection that is imparted to *every* Almadén wine.

That's why you are assured of superb quality *every* time you serve any kind of Almadén. Prove it by candlelight. Learn how important little things can be.

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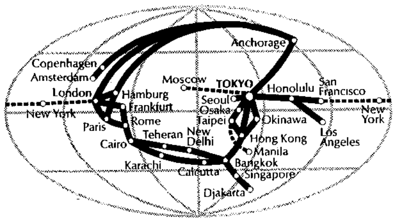
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Our new solid state Optronic® eye won't let you. Unlike the conventional electric eye, this system is located *behind the lens,* where the light hits the film. So you can get shots you never could get before, perfectly exposed, even when you go from bright sunlight to dark shade.

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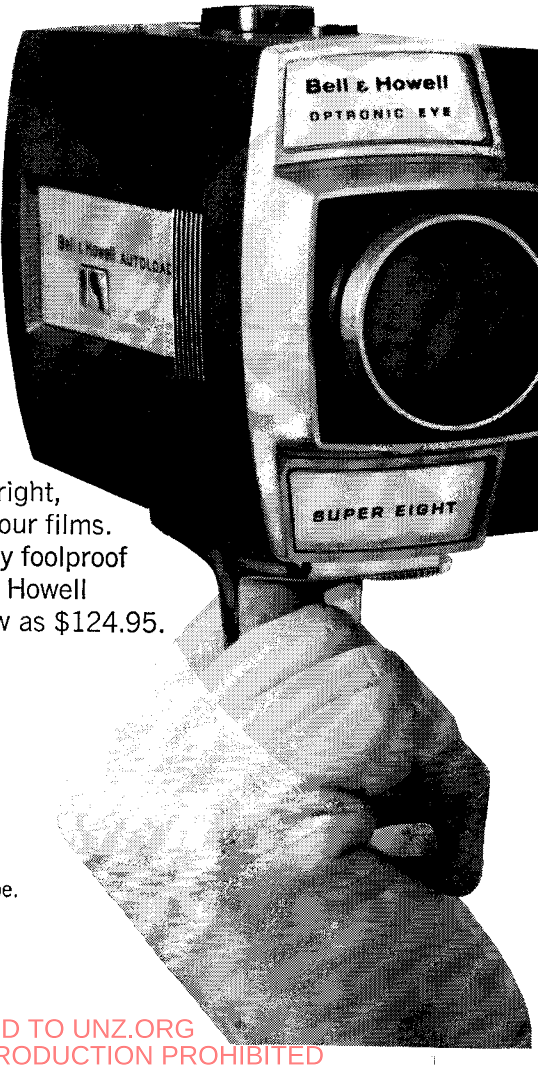

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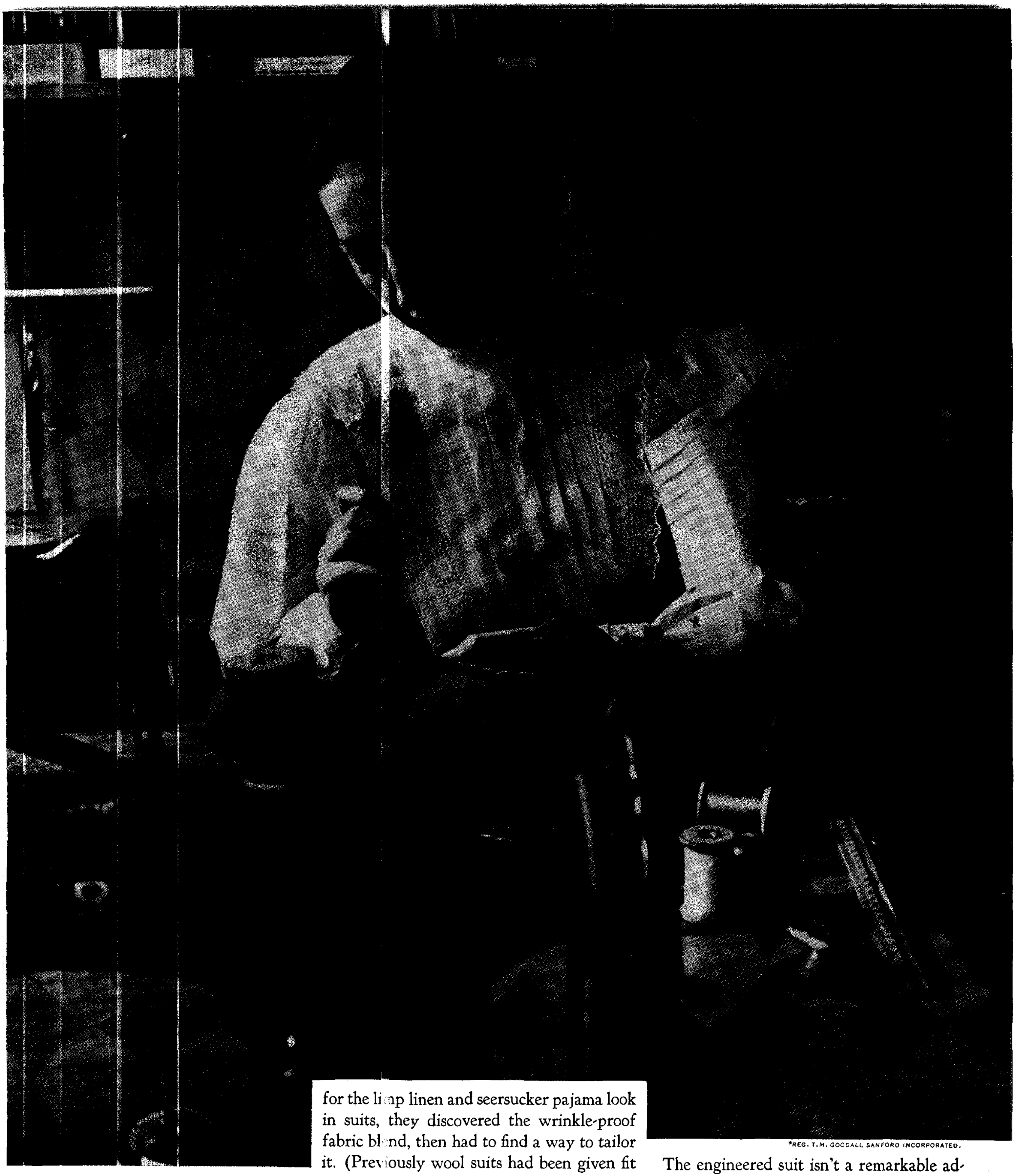

s the choice still
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The first sewing machines chewed up more
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Palm Beach became the pioneer in engi-
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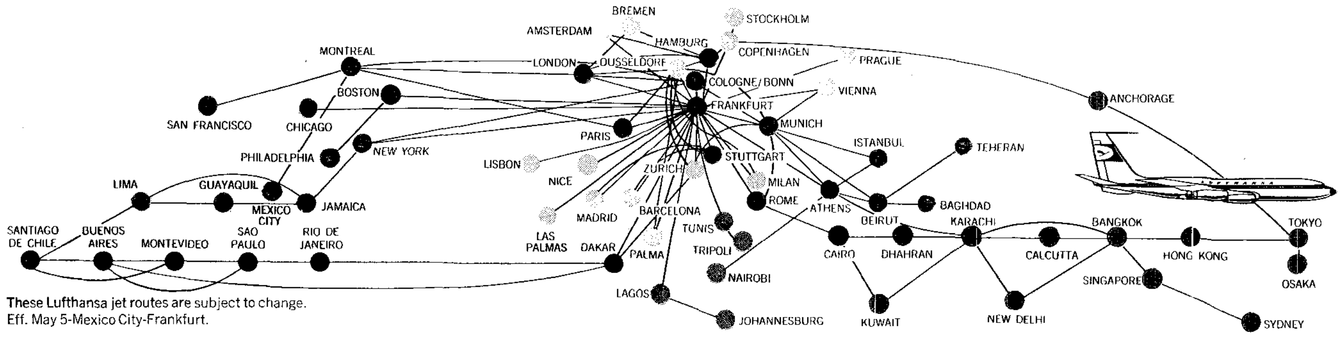
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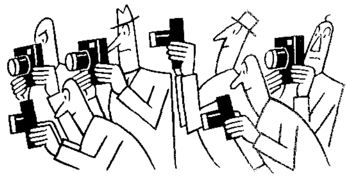
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE role of the camera as hero in the events it also records reached what must be considered some kind of climax the other day when a newspaper, in a caption for a fine series of Associated Press Wirephotos action shots of an unexpected drama at the International Automobile Show, wrote, "Statuesque model Nell Theobald, 25, poses with lion in top photo for opening fanfare of Auto Show at New York Coliseum Friday afternoon. Moments later, as photographers moved in with cameras flashing, the lion whirled around and bit Miss Theobald on the left knee, causing a 10-inch gash. Screaming and writhing in terror, the model tried to shake free, but the 250-pound lion held on until beaten into submission by its trainers. In center photo . . ." When it comes to determining who got the biggest piece of the action in this episode, there seems to be a three-way dead heat, involving the photographers, who "moved in with cameras flashing;" the lion, who "whirled . . . and bit;" and the unfortunate Miss Theobald, who, as it turned out, was a victim of both the lion and the cameras. A little later that day, another newspaper, in a caption for an A.P. Photofax picture covering the safe arrival on shore of one of the survivors of the fire aboard the cruise ship Viking Princess, promoted the camera to the No. 1 role in the drama. The caption read, "Cameras grind away and lights glare as a survivor of the Viking Princess fire, wrapped in a bedsheet, clings to a friend after arrival at Miami airport." In this nstance, what the A.P. sent out was a photograph that incidentally included the survivor in the bedsheet but concentrated mainly on other cameras, crowding in upon the scene and grinding away while their lights glared. To turn back to the Auto Show, the involvement of the cameras began quite early in the incident. The *Herald Tribune* account, the next morning, put it this way: "Cleveland Amory, director of the Humane Society of the United States, blamed newsmen's flashbulbs and television lights for the tragedy. . . . Witnesses said that the animal had been beaten with a stick and that its tail had been pulled to get it out of the cage for picture taking." In a sense, the cameras were not merely recording the event but creating it—a double role we seem to recall seeing enacted at recent national political conventions, in race riots, and in the streets, jungles, villages, and paddies of South Vietnam. Instead of wondering, as we once did, whether the table out in the forest exists if we are not there to observe it, we are forced to wonder, these days, whether the cameraman took the table out to the forest in the first place. The camera as agent, the camera as creator, the camera as certifier of reality, the camera as hero, and the camera as the action—perhaps all this has come about because the camera "is," and because whatever "is," such is the mood of the sixties, must be all right. Eventually, no doubt, the camera will be put back into its box, so that it no longer goes lunging and writhing and snapping and clawing—and posing—among us.



O.A.O.

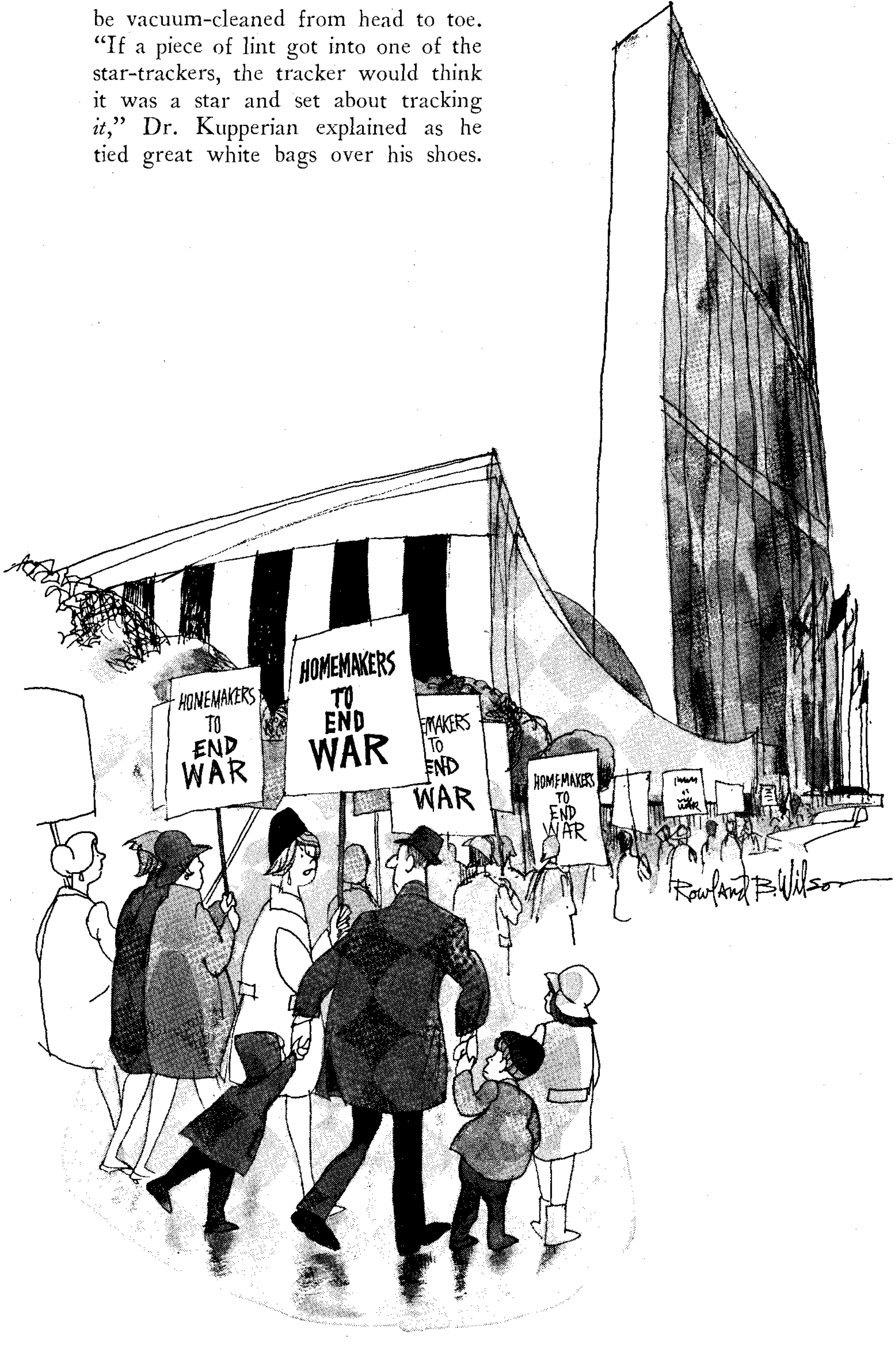
WE were at the Goddard Space Flight Center, outside Washington, last week when the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory, representing the first attempt to put a telescope deep in space, failed to report in during its second day in orbit. Although the loss of the satellite (whose worth has been estimated at around sixty million dollars, or as much as the George Washington Bridge) was a major disappointment, at least three more O.A.O.s will be launched to make up for it. It would have been miraculous if the O.A.O. *had* worked the first time, since it is such a complex piece of equipment (its electronic brain is more complicated than a Mercury capsule's and a Gemini capsule's combined), and since the satellite operates a little as though someone tied a telescope onto a football, kicked it, and expected the telescope to remain focussed steadily on a star. Even before this first O.A.O. left the ground, it led a perilous life. In November, when it was at the Grumman factory at Bethpage, Long Island, undergoing delicate tests, its wiring was barely saved from being gutted by the wildly pulsing current just before the great blackout. In January, when it was on its way to Cape Kennedy by truck, one of the truck's wheels came off, almost toppling the O.A.O. into a ditch. While it awaited launching at the Cape, a flock of buzzards circled portentously over its pad. The buzzards had a long time to circle, because it took four attempts to get the O.A.O. off the pad. Twice, the countdown went all the way to the command to fire, with only a puff of smoke to show for it. The O.A.O. is the only satellite that ever had to sit out a tornado on the Cape. " 'O.A.O.' stands for 'On and On,' " one exasperated technician told us later. Another said he thought the initials stood for "On and Off."

The reason the initials "O.A.O." were chosen for the satellite is that

Dr. James E. Kupperian, Jr., the project scientist, wanted initials that could never conceivably spell a word. "You get awful sick of acronyms around Goddard and the Cape," he told us. Last fall, we accompanied Dr. Kupperian, who is a stocky, square-headed man with a perpetual grin, to the Grumman factory to see the O.A.O. Before either of us was allowed into the Clean Room, the dustproof room where the first O.A.O. and its two immediate successors, O.A.O.-B and O.A.O.-C, were under construction, we each had to don a white suit and a face mask and be vacuum-cleaned from head to toe. "If a piece of lint got into one of the star-trackers, the tracker would think it was a star and set about tracking *it*," Dr. Kupperian explained as he tied great white bags over his shoes. "That happened in one of the tests." Each O.A.O., he continued, has six star-trackers, which are like electric eyes, and which, in space, fix on any one, two, or three of thirty-seven guide stars, chosen because of their brightness; once the star-trackers are locked on their stars, the telescopes can point at any star within range. When we got inside the Clean Room, where the three O.A.O.s were being assembled, men from an upholsterers' union were wrapping the satellites with a thin film called Mylar, for insulation. The satellites were three octagonal drums, ter feet high. Their solar paddles and balancing booms, which would unfold ir space, had not yet been attached. Ir the center of each satellite was a cylindrical cavity, into which the telescope would fit. Dr. Kupperian surveyed hi three satellites with pride.

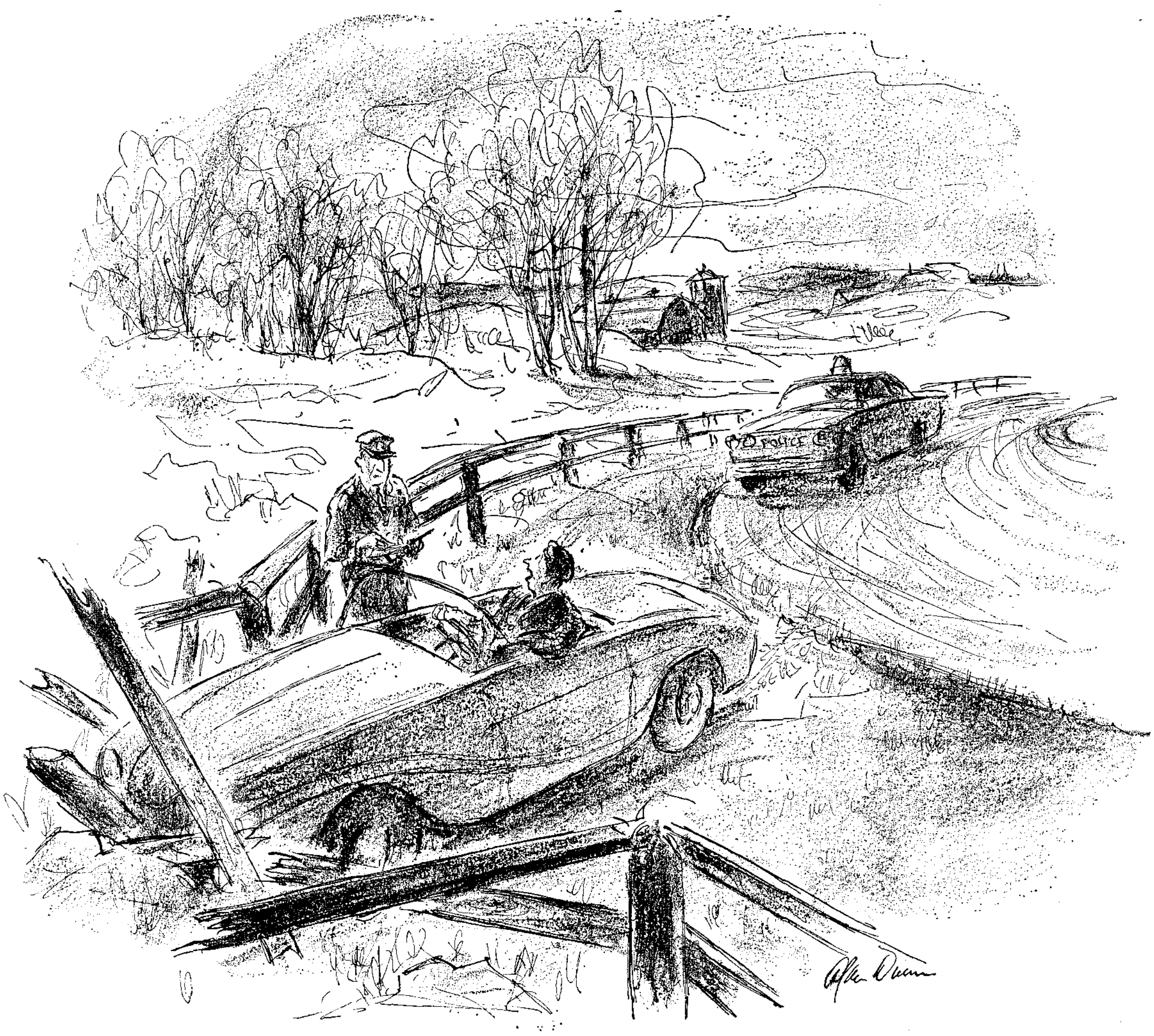
The next time we saw Dr. Kup perian was immediately before th launching, and he seemed less sanguine He was pacing a corridor outside th O.A.O. control center at Goddard an puffing rapidly at a cigarette. His tie which had a rocket pattern on it (h called it his "launch tie"), was loos ened. "For the launch, we scientist are out of it," he said. "The engineer have taken over, and there isn't a thin we can do. It's like waiting for a baby." Inside the O.A.O. control center, score of young engineers milled abou the computers, which throbbed an hummed in a muted way. An oscillo scope, in which jagged blue spark bounced around, was recording the dat being fed back from the satellite to th computers at Goddard. Many of th men in the room (which was know as the O.C.C., or Operations Contr Center) had important-sounding in tials; there was the P.O.D. (Proje Operations Director) and the P.O.M (Project Operations Manager). W talked briefly with the P.O.M., M Robert R. Ziemer, who was wearin a bright plaid jacket with brass bu tons. "The O.A.O. is like a ship," th P.O.M., who is the equivalent of a admiral, told us. "It has to be drive all the time. When it is operationa the astronomers will tell the P.O.D who is the equivalent of a ship's captai what stars they want to look at, and th P.O.D. will aim the spacecraft a cordingly. The O.A.O. can aim dow to one minute of arc."

We spent a large part of a day an a half after the launching—the peri in which the satellite was operating- in the experimenters' room with the a tronomers. The experimenters' roo was next to the O.C.C. Dr. Arth Code, a slender, soft-spoken man in gray sweater, was the chief astronom present. Professor of astronomy the University of Wisconsin, he h worked up the main experiment to in the O.A.O.—a group of seven sm telescopes sensitive to various forms ultraviolet light. The University Wisconsin experiment had the fro half of the O.A.O., and three oth experiments—Goddard's, Lockheed and M.I.T.'s—were together in t rear half. Most of the time, the Bac up Experimental Package—as t



"For goodness' sake, can't you fix yourselves something from the freezer?"

three were collectively called—had to look out the back of the craft at what Wisconsin wasn't looking at. We asked the astronomer in charge of the Goddard experiment, a stocky, broad-shouldered young man named Dr. Kenneth Frost, whether he objected to this state of affairs, and he said, “Quite the contrary.” The Goddard experiment, he explained, had been slated to go up in a balloon, and the M.I.T. experiment had been lying in a museum for years. “We're delighted to get the space at all,” he said. “It's like riding in a Cadillac—someone else's Cadillac.”



“Unfortunately, I was waiting until ‘Unsafe at Any Speed’ came out in paperback.”

• •

The next day, Saturday, we sought out Dr. Code—the Cadillac's owner, so to speak—and he showed us some of the apparatus in the experimenters' room, including a panel for checking the seven telescopes in the Wisconsin experiment. The commands for the satellite and for the telescopes were on computer tapes, ready for transmission by radio to the satellite, and at that moment the astronomers of the Backup experiments were seated around a table checking computer cards to make sure that the command to their experiments was staying at “OFF” for the first fourteen orbits. Dr. Code showed us a small computer for sampling the scientific data as they came back from the satellite. “The most difficult part of it all is learning how to use a telescope in space,” Dr. Code said. “On the ground, everything is fixed, but in space everything is freewheeling. There is no fixed point, except the stars themselves. Each orbit, we'll have to change stars, because the chances are the star we are looking at, and some of the guide stars, will slip behind the earth. This is really the new astronomy. If we don't succeed this time, we'll keep trying again until we do.”

The chances of success were beginning to look dim. On Saturday afternoon, one of the batteries—the batteries supply all the solar power for the spacecraft—started to overheat, and it appeared impossible to switch to one of two reserve sets of batteries. In the O.C.C., the engineers waited, sombre and alert, for every hundredth minute, when the satellite passed over an antenna in Rosman, North Carolina; Santiago, Chile; or Quito, Ecuador, to see if it had managed to switch batteries. Once, a technician came out of the O.C.C. to ask Dr. Code whether, by any chance, the Wisconsin experiment might be on; Dr. Code said he didn't see how it could be. “Who knows what state the whole flipflop is in?” the technician said, with a shrug, and hurried off.

Late Saturday night, the engineers managed the switch of batteries. A cheer went up. The satellite did well in the next few orbits, the star-trackers finding appropriate stars. But early Sunday morning the batteries again began to fail. In midmorning, the antenna at Rosman failed to pick up the beeps of the satellite's warning beacon. On the next orbit, the beeping beacon was picked up for the last time, over Santiago, Chile. At three o'clock Sunday afternoon, we stood in the doorway of the O.C.C. with a young technician named Kermit Smith, who had been working on the Lockheed experiment. The big board, which the day before had glittered with lights reporting on the well-being of the star-trackers, the solar paddles, and the other components of the spacecraft, was dark. The O.C.C. was hushed in the hope of getting word of another contact. Intermittently, an intercom crackled. “P.O.M., this is P.O.D.,” it said. “Rosman reports no contact. Repeat. No contact.” Mr. Smith, whose home is in California, was saying that he had spent most of his time since December at Goddard. “If there's no contact on the next pass, I'm flying home,” he said. “I have a young son in California I've hardly seen yet.”

Dr. Frost and another Goddard astronomer, Mr. Henry Horstmann, were making plans to send the Goddard experiment up in a balloon, as they had originally planned to do. Dr. Kupperian and Dr. Code had already left. After the next pass, Mr. Smith called the airport for a reservation. Soon after that, he was poring over charts and maps with Dr. Frost. "I'm trying to find out when the satellite will be over California," he said. "I may be able to see it from the plane on my way home."

•

OVERHEARD *on the* Brearley School bus:

FIRST PINK AND PLUMP YOUNG LADY: My mom has gone ape again. Wants me to lose weight. She insists I take Metrecal every single day.

SECOND PINK AND PLUMP: Oh, that's nothing. I take Metrecal, and I always put in a scoop of ice cream.

Mark Twain Tonight!
Hal Holbrook This Morning!

AT 10:42 A.M., of a sunny Wednesday, we accompanied Hal Holbrook—brown suit, blue eyes, fast gait—as he hurried up the fire stairs of the Longacre Theatre to his dressing room, on the second floor, took off his brown suit, put on a blue wrapper, sat down at his dressing table, spread a towel over his lap, and began applying his makeup—a silent and solitary chore that would end three hours and twenty minutes later, when he would shuffle onto the stage downstairs as an elderly, white-haired Mark Twain, for a matinée performance of "Mark Twain Tonight!" A young, pipe-smoking assistant named Stephan Peters hung Holbrook's clothes in a closet, where the white Twain suit was hanging; a record-player projected a Frank Sinatra L.P. Holbrook crouched in front of a makeup box that was half a wooden suitcase, standing on edge and divided into compartments, with a mirror in the center, and started brushing a flesh-colored base makeup onto his face and neck. Then he put a white streak down the ridge of his nose.

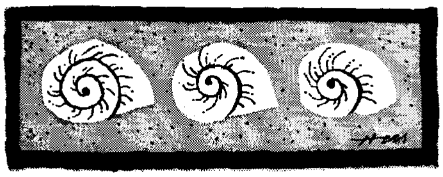
10:50 A.M. Holbrook darkened the lids of his eyes. The dressing room, a pale blue with a darker-blue rug and an orange sofa (on which we sat), was hung with pictures: Eugene O'Neill reclining on a lawn with a Dalmatian; George Arliss wearing a monocle; a Spy print of Mark Twain; a Twain autograph ("Punctuality is the thief of time—Truly yours, Mark Twain"); and an inscribed photograph of Twain wearing a cap and seated jauntily aboard a ship, his feet up on the railing, the inscription reading, "Be good and you will be lonesome. Mark Twain." On the dressing-table mirror were stuck a list entitled "People to Meet," with all the people and dates crossed out, and a cheerful note from Robert Preston. On the dressing table were a gold watch and chain, a bottle of rubbing alcohol, three tins of "lining color," three containers of base makeup, a collection of sponges, five small brushes, one large brush, an ashtray, a pipe, assorted pencils, two combs, two face-powder containers, a pen, a roll of cotton, a clothesbrush, a palette knife, a bottle of Stein's Spirit Gum Remover, two bottles of spirit gum, a stack of letters, some hairpins, Kleenex, cigarettes, a magnifying mirror on a stand, a small mirror, a roll of Scotch Tape, and a wig block, with a curly white Twain wig on it. On a nearby table six clean glasses stood on a clean tablecloth, along with a bottle of vodka, a bottle of Scotch, and a bottle of brandy.

11:06 A.M. Holbrook's assistant, seated in a chair, was reading "Romeo and Juliet" to himself and marking some of the lines with a pencil. Holbrook had not spoken for twenty minutes. Working intently, he had drawn reddish lines across his cheeks, radiating from his eyes, and had painted the circles under his eyes red. The effect was ghastly. Barbra Streisand, on the record-player, was singing "I'm All Smiles."

11:15 A.M. Holbrook cleared his throat and drew lines from the bottom of his nose down to the outer edges of his mouth and back up to his eyes. The lines were dark brown or black now. The effect was positively frightening.

11:22 A.M. Holbrook had blended and smoothed some of the more menacing lines and was powdering over them. He held a small mirror in his hand and turned this way and that, getting a reflection from two mirrors and all angles. Then he started to paint white highlights on his cheekbones. On the record-player, Harold Arlen sang, "Hear the train a-callin'. . . . Hear dat lonesome whistle blowin', 'cross the trestle . . . blues in the night." Holbrook sighed, shifted his position, and lit a cigarette. He still had not spoken since beginning his makeup, but he now asked his assistant to go out and buy some cigars (Twain smokes several during the show) and some milk. The assistant left; Harold Arlen sang "A Sleepin' Bee."

11:36 A.M. Holbrook was working on his left eye. He was beginning to look naturally aged, rather than like a performer in a horror movie. The radiator gurgled. Arlen sang "My Shining Hour."



11:43 A.M. A new record plopped down: Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Flat (Gilels).

11:46 A.M. Holbrook lit a fresh cigarette, sighed, and arched his neck; it was clear that a new phase was about to begin. He brushed flesh color under his chin and on his neck, holding his chin down to make wrinkles and bulges. Then he brushed reddish lines into the crevices, drew brown lines with a pencil around his neck from one ear to the other. He whittled a new point on the pencil with a single-edge razor blade.

11:54 A.M. The assistant returned with a container of milk and a bag full of El Productos, and refilled the humidor. "Warm in here," Holbrook said suddenly. "Maybe we ought to open the window." The assistant opened the window. Holbrook drank milk through a straw. Brahms surged.

11:56 A.M. We stretched and went down to the stage. It was very dark and very still. On an Oriental rug, stage center, stood three pieces of Victorian furniture: a lectern, an inlaid table, and an elaborate high-backed chair. On the lectern was a pile of books; on the table were a pitcher, a glass, and an ashtray with safety matches.

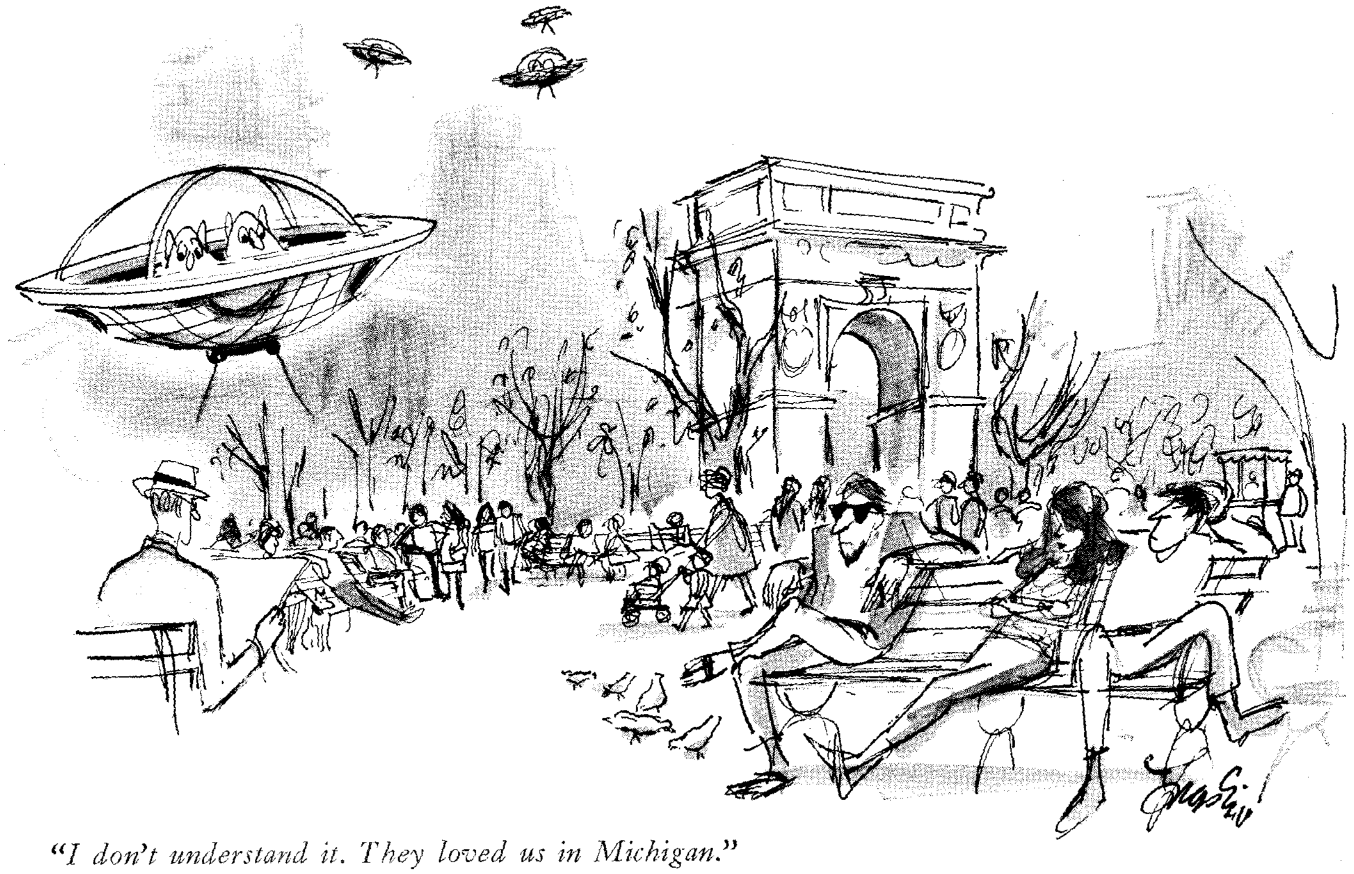
12:01 P.M. We tiptoed back into the dressing room. Holbrook was working on his jowls.

12:07 P.M. The overture to "Man of La Mancha" began on the phonograph. Holbrook started to look oddly diseased, with many small pale-red lines all over his face, and whitish areas that had bright-red stripes on them. He was totally absorbed, withdrawn.

12:32 P.M. Eileen Farrell was singing Puccini arias. We went out for a quick stroll. It was a nice day, with sunshine. People were buying tickets in the lobby of the Longacre.

12:40 P.M. We were back in the dressing room again. Holbrook put on more tiny red lines. Finally, his whole right cheek bore a web of age lines.

12:44 P.M. Holbrook dumped his ashtray and started to work on his forehead. He put a block of linoleum on the table and, using the palette knife scooped a blob of red makeup from a jar and spread it on the block until it covered exactly half the surface. Then he spread dark-brown or black makeup on the other half. Judy Garland sang "Who Cares?" Holbrook picked up a small sponge, wet it, and plonked it on the red, plonked it on the brown o



"I don't understand it. They loved us in Michigan."

• •

black, tapped it on a paper towel, and then dabbed it on his face, over and over, swiftly. It seemed to give his face an uneven, blotchy surface. "The winds grow colder. . . . And suddenly you're older," Miss Garland sang.

12:57 P.M. Holbrook did the back of his neck.

1:06 P.M. Hideously blotched, Holbrook powdered his face.

1:09 P.M. Holbrook's assistant brought him a steaming cup of chicken broth. Holbrook was again beginning to look less sick, and more aged. "Hey, Steff," he said as "That's Entertainment" ended, "put on another Judy Garland?"

1:12 P.M. Holbrook stretched a hree-inch-wide elastic band around his head, holding his hair back from the front of his skull, and stuck hairpins hrough the band. He lifted the white wig from the wig block and lowered t, very slowly and carefully, onto his head. He whistled an obbligato to Miss Garland's song, combed the wig, and it a cigarette. The record-player started "A Foggy Day." The tempo picked up. Holbrook put glue on the edges of he wig. "Zing went the strings of my heart," the record-player said. Holbrook painted the back of his neck with pirit gum, glued the wig down, and hen brushed flesh tone on to cover the seam. The background music now was "Stormy Weather."

1:37 P.M. The wig finished, Holbrook worked on his eyebrows. He took small bits of artificial eyebrow from tissue paper, glued them on, practically hair by hair, and held them in place with a lemon stick as they dried. Then he combed them. The assistant dusted Mark Twain's white trousers. The flip side of "La Mancha" was being played: "To fight the unbeatable foe . . . to right the unrightable wrong . . . I am I, Don Quixote."

1:55 P.M. Holbrook painted his upper lip with spirit gum, smoothed out a gray-white mustache, and stuck it on. None of Hal Holbrook was visible anymore, except two bare feet.

1:58 P.M. Holbrook stood up, stretched, bent over, and touched his toes. His assistant helped him to dress. "M-mu-mu-mu-mu," Holbrook said, tuning up his voice. He put on a back-support corset (he needs it because, as Twain, he must stoop slightly), padding (front and back, to make him look heavier), socks, long underwear, a white shirt. He attached cufflinks, fixed a stickpin in his tie, put on the white trousers, stepped into shoes, buttoned on a vest, and then got into his coat. He looked in the mirror, attached the watch chain, and dropped the watch into a vest pocket.

"Two minutes, Hal?" a voice asked from the stairs.

"Two to three minutes," Holbrook replied, and sat down once more at the table. He picked up the pencil and began retouching under his eyes. Then he sponged his eyelids again, put on powder again, combed again, poked the mustache up and down, stood, straightened his coat, lit a cigarette, put three El Productos in his coat pocket, and strode out of the dressing room. "M-um-um-um-um-mu," he intoned loudly as he went down the fire stairs. "One, two, three, four . . ."

2 P.M. The curtain rose, revealing—in a soft light—the chair, table, and lectern. There was a pause, and then Mark Twain walked out onto the stage, old but spry and full of the devil. "Ladies and gentlemen . . ." he began, with the quaver of an old man.

Solicitous

WE should like to pay a small tribute to an anonymous voice in a big city. We put in a call the other day to the reservations desk of a local airline, and the clear voice of the operator asked us to hold on a moment, because the reservations lines were all busy. She was back in a moment, asking us to keep holding. She returned at least four times more to say that the lines were still busy. On the seventh go-around, she sighed wearily and said, "If you are becoming despondent and hang up, I will certainly understand."

HARV IS PLOWING NOW

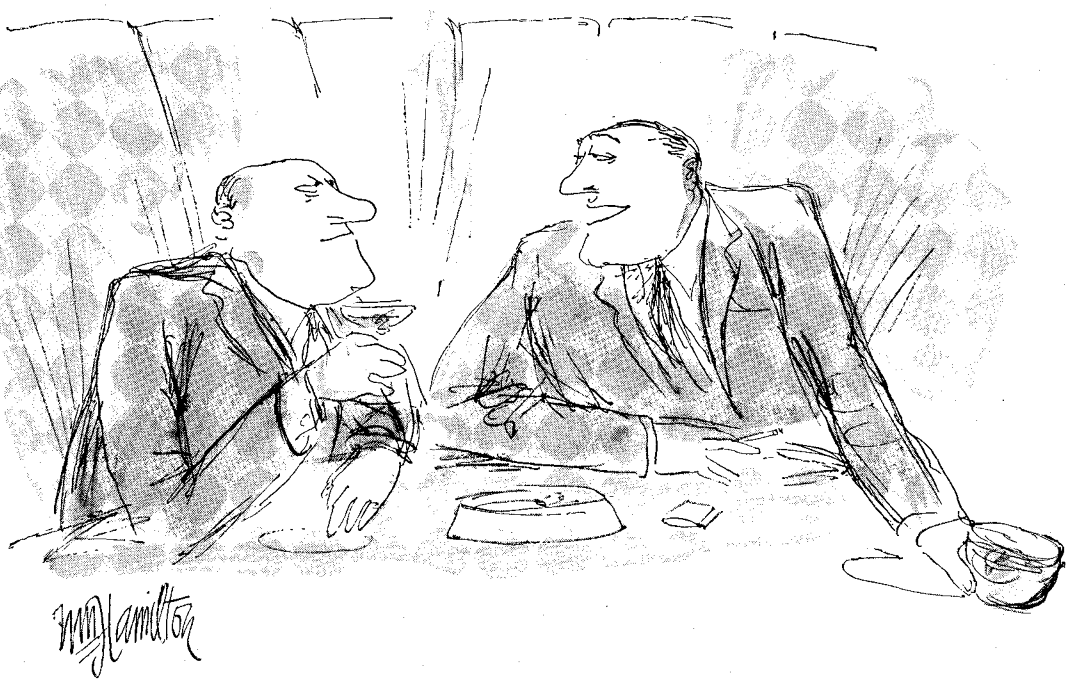
OUR lives submit to archeology. For a period in my life that seems longer ago than it was, I lived in a farmhouse that lacked electricity and central heating. In the living room we had a fireplace and, as I remember, a kind of chocolate-colored rectangular stove whose top was a double row of slots and whose metal feet rested on a sheet of asbestos. I have not thought of this stove for years; its image seems to thrust one corner from the bottom of a trench. It was as high as a boy and heated a rectangular space of air around it; when I was sick, my parents would huddle me, in blankets, on a blue sofa next to the stove, and I would try to align myself with its margin of warmth while my fever rose and fell, transforming at its height my blanketed knees into weird, intimate mountains at whose base a bowl of broth seemed a circular lake seen from afar. The stove was fuelled with what we called coal oil. I wonder now, what must have been obvious then, if coal oil and kerosene are exactly the same thing. Yes, they must be, for I remember filling the stove and the kerosene lamps from the same can, a five-gallon can with a side spout and a central cap that had to be loosened when I poured—otherwise by some trick of air pressure the can would bob and buck in my hands like an awkwardly live thing and the spurting liquid, transparent and pungent, would spill. What was kerosene in the lamps became coal oil in the stove; so there are essential distinctions as well as existential ones. What is bread in the oven becomes Christ in the mouth.

When spring came, our attention thawed and was free to run outdoors. From where we lived not a highway, not a tower, not even a telephone pole was visible. We lived on the side of a hill, surrounded by trees and grass and clouds. Across a shallow valley where a greening meadow lay idle, another farm faced ours from a mirroring rise of land. Though the disposition of the barns and sheds was different, the houses were virtually identical—Pennsylvania sandstone farmhouses, set square to the compass and slightly tall for their breadth, as if the attic windows were straining to see over the trees. They must have been built at about the same time in the last century, and had been similarly covered, at a later date, with sandy, warm-colored stucco now crumbling away in patches. On chill April and May mornings, thin blue smoke from the chimney of the far house would seem to answer the smoke from the chimney of ours and to translate into another dimension the hissing blaze of cherry logs I had watched my father build in our fireplace.

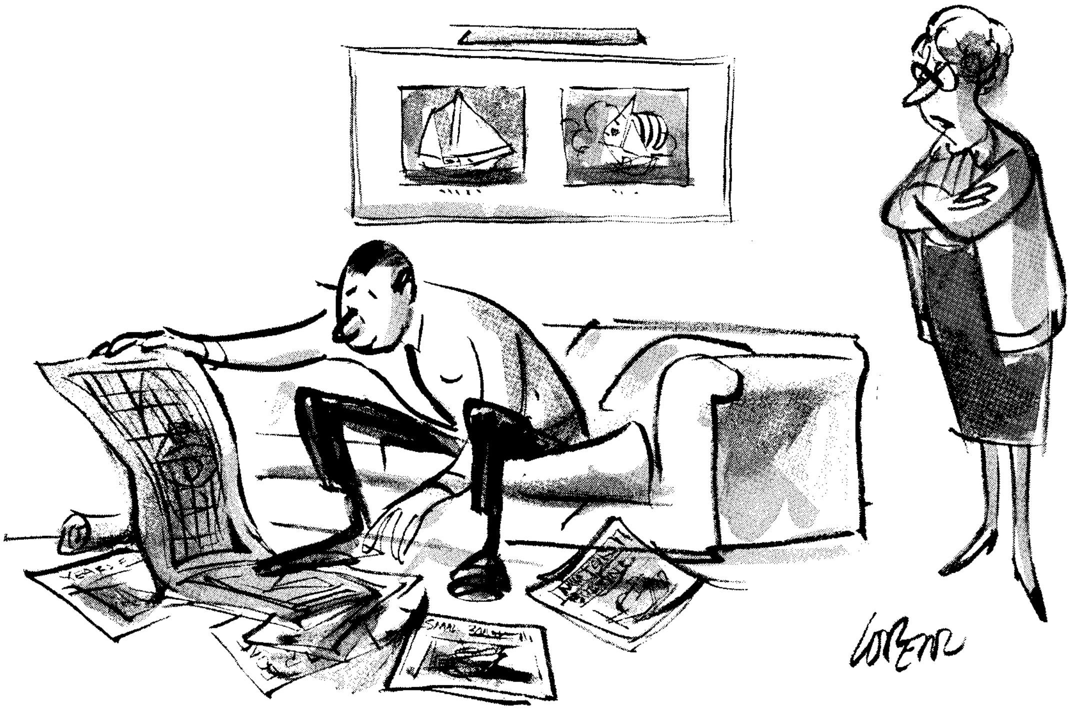
The neighboring farm was owned and run by a mother, Carrie, and a son, Harvey. Even in her unimaginable prime Carrie could not have been much over five feet tall. Now she was so bent by sixty years of stooping labor that in conversation her face was roguishly uptwisted. She wore tight high-top shoes that put a kind of hop into all her motions, and an old-fashioned bonnet, so that in profile she frightened me with her resemblance to the first bogy of my childhood, the faceless woman on the Dutch Cleanser can, chasing herself around and around with a stick. Harvey—called, in the country way, Harv—was fat but silent-footed; his rap would rattle our door before we knew he was on the porch. There he would stand, surrounded by beagles, an uncocked shotgun drooping from his arm, while my parents vainly tried to invite him in. He preferred to talk outdoors, and his voice was faint and far, like wind caught in a bottle; when, at night, he hunted coons in our woods, which merged with his, the yapping of his beagles seemed to be escorting a silent spirit that travelled through the trees as resistlessly as the moon above travelled through the clouds.

In the spring, Harv hitched up their mule and horizontally plowed the gradual rise of land that mirrored the one where I stood. The linked silhouettes of the man and the mule moved back and forth like a slow brush repainting the parched pallor of the winter-faded land with the wet dark color of loam. It seemed to be happening *in me;* and as I age with this century, I hold within myself this memory, this image unearthed from a pastoral epoch predating my birth, this deposit lower than which there is only the mineral void.

THE English excavators of Ur as they deepened their trench through the strata of rubbish deposited by successive epochs of the Sumerian civilization, suddenly encountered a bed of perfectly clean clay, which they at first took to be the primordial silt of the delta. But measurements were taken and the clay proved too high to be the original riverbed; digging deeper, they found that after eight feet the clay stopped, yielding to soil again pregnant with flints and potsherds. Bu whereas Sumerian pottery had been turned on wheel and not painted these fragments bor traces of color and ha been entirely hand formed. In fact, thes remnants were of an entirely different civilization called "al-'Ubaid," an the eight feet of clay wer



"To me, a have-not is someone who just doesn't have what it takes."



"Too bad I'm not made of Fiberglas. Then maybe I'd get some attention."

the physical record of the legendary Flood survived by Noah.

My existence seems similarly stratified. At the top there is a skin of rubbish, of minutes, hours, and days, and the events and objects that occupy these days. At the bottom there is the hidden space where Harv—who since his mother died has sold the farm and married and moved to Florida—eternally plows. Between them, as thick as the distance from the grass to the clouds and no more like clay than fire is like air, interposes the dense vacancy where like an inundation the woman came and went. Let us be quite clear. She is not there. But she *was* there; this is proved by the curious hollowness of virtually every piece of debris examined in the course of scavenging the days. While of course great caution should attend assertions about evidence so tenuous, so disjointed, and so befouled with the mud of phlegm and fatigue, each fragment seems hollow *in the same way;* and a kind of shape, or at least a tendency of motion which if we could imagine it continuing uninterrupted would produce a shape, might be hypothesized. But we will be on firmer ground simply describing the surface layer of days.

Abundantly present are small items of wearing apparel, particularly belts and shoelaces; china plates, patterned and plain; stainless-steel eating implements; small tables with one loose leg; glasses containing, like irregular jewels hurriedly stashed at the cataclysmic end of an antique queen's reign, ice cubes; children's faces, voices, and toys; newspapers; and isolated glimpses of weather, sky, towers, and vegetation. The order of occurrence is not random; generally, in the probing of each fresh stratum, a toothbrush is the first object encountered, often followed by an automobile gearshift and a ball-point pen, or a fountain pen which is invariably dry. Contraceptive devices and phials apparently of medicine are not uncommon. Sometimes the page of a book is found involved with a bar of soap, and confusing snowstorms of cigarette filters and golf balls must be painstakingly worked through. Care is crucial; days, though in sum their supply of rubbish seems endless, are each an integument of ghostly thinness. At Ur, in the delicate excavations of the tomb of Queen Shub-ad, a clumsy foot might crush a hidden skull, or a random pick driven an inch too deep might prematurely bring to light a bit of gold ribbon, or a diadem, or a golden beech leaf more fragile than a wafer.

So, too, the days of my life threaten, even where the crust appears to be most solid, to crumble and plunge my vision into a dreadful forsaken gold. At the touch of an old hope, the wallpaper parts and reveals the lack of a wall. A lilac bush, and the woman's hair engulfs me. Guitar music drifts from a window, and I turn to see if she notices, and newly discover that she is not there; grief fills the cavern of my mouth with a taste like ancient metal, and loss like some sweeping hypothesis of ethereal physics floods the transparent volume between the grass and the clouds. Vast streets open up, stream outward, under the revelation, and the entire world, cities and trees, seems a negative imprint of her absence, a kind of tinted hollowness from which her presence might be rebuilt, as wooden artifacts, long rotted to nothing, can be re-created from the impress they have left in clay, a shadow of paint and grain more easily erased by a finger than the dusty pattern on a butterfly's wing.

IMAGINE a beach. At night. The usual immutable web of stars overhead. Boats anchored, lightly swapping slaps with the water, off the sand. Many people, a picnic; there is a large bonfire, lighting up faces. She is there. She, herself, is there, here. Cold with fear, under the mantle of darkness, I go up to her; restored beside my shoulder, her human smallness amazes and delights me. "How are you?"

"Fine, just fine."

"No. Really."

"Don't ask me. I'm all right. You're looking very well."

"Thank you."

The nervous glitter of her eyes, looking past my shoulder into the fire, translates into yet another dimension the fire my father had set to burning aeons ago. She looks at last at me. The fire goes out in her eyes. She asks, "Would you like some coffee?"

"I don't have a cup."

"I have a cup."

"Thank you. You're very kind." I add, touching the cup that she is touching, "Don't hate me."

"I don't hate you. I don't think I do."

The taste of metal follows the taste of coffee in my mouth. "I'm glad," I say. "For me, it's still bad."

"You like to think that. You enjoy suffering because you don't know what suffering is." And from the trapped quickness with which she moves her head from one side to the other, toward the fire and away, I realize that she is struggling not to cry; a towering exultation seizes me and for a moment I am again her master, riding the flood.

I protest, "I do know."

"No."

"I'm sorry you hate me," I say, to wrench a contradiction from her.

The contradiction does not come. "I don't think that's what it is," she says thoughtfully, and takes our cup from my hand, and sips as if to give her words precision. "I think it's just that I'm dead. I'm dead to you"—and with sweet firmness she pronounces my name. "Please try to understand. I expect nothing from you; it's a great relief. I'm very tired. All I want from you is to be left alone."

And I find myself saying, "Yes," as she walks away, her long hair bouncing on her back with the quick light step she has preserved, "yes," as if I am giving assent, aloof and scholarly, to the invincible facts around me: the rigid spatter of stars above, the sand that in passing accepts the print of my feet, the sea absent-mindedly tipping pale surf over the edge of darkness—ribbons of phosphorescent white that unravel again and again, always in the same direction, like a typewriter carriage.

Where am I? It has ceased to matter. I am infinitesimal, lost, invisible, nothing. I leave the fire, the company of the others, and wander beyond the farthest ring, the circumference where guitar music can still be heard. Something distant is attracting me. I look up, and the stars in their near clarity press upon my face, bear in upon my guilt and shame with the strange, liquidly strong certainty that, humanly considered, the universe is perfectly transparent: we exist as flaws in ancient glass. And in apprehending this transparence my mind enters a sudden freedom, like insanity; the stars seem to me a roof, the roof of days from which we fall each night and survive, a miracle. I await resurrection. Archeology is the science of the incredible; Troy and Harappa were fables until the shovel struck home.

On the beach at night, it is never totally dark or totally silent. The sea soliloquizes, the moon broods, its glitter pattering in hyphens on the water. And something else is happening, something like the aftermath of a plucked string. What? Having fallen through the void where the woman was, I still live; I move, and pause, and listen, and know. Standing on the slope of sand, I know what is happening across the meadow, on the far side of the line where water and air maintain their elemental truce. Harv is plowing now.

—John Updike

A CITY GARDEN IN APRIL

THE MAGNOLIA

In the shade
each tight cone

untwists to a goblet.
Under light

the rim widens,
splits like silk.
Seven spatulate

white flakes
float open, purple
dregs at the nape.

THE OLD AILANTHUS

Impossible to count
your fingers,

and all of them crooked.
How many tips

intending further tender
tips, in rigid grapple-

clusters weave with the
wind, with the shift

of the puffy rain cloud?
With the first big

honey-heat of the sun
you'll unloose

your secret explosion.
Then impossible to count

all the lubricious torches
in your labyrinth of arms.

DAFFODILS

Yellow telephones
in a row in the garden
are ringing,
shrill with light.

Old-fashioned spring
brings earliest models out
each April the same,
naïve and classical.

Look into the yolk-
colored mouthpieces
alert with echoes.
Say hello to time.

THE LITTLE FOUNTAIN

The sun's force
and the fountain's

cool hypnosis—
opposed purities

begin their marathon.
Colorless and motionful

the bowl feels twirl
a liquid hub,

the soft, incessant wheel
slurs over marble

until the dilation frays,
dribbling crystal strings.

The circle encircled,
the reborn circle

synchronized,
repeats the friction,

plash and whisper,
as of feathers rubbed

together or glossy hair.
Bounced from the sun's

breastplate, fierce colors
of flowers, fat leaves,

flinching birds—
while the gray dial

of water keeps all day
its constancy and flicker.

THE VINE

You've put out
new nooses since
yesterday.

With a hook and
a hook and a hook
you took territory

over brick,
seized that side
and knitted

outward to snare
the air with knots
and nipples of leaves.

Your old rope-root,
gray and dried,
made us think you'd

died self-strangled.
One day you inflated
a green parachute,

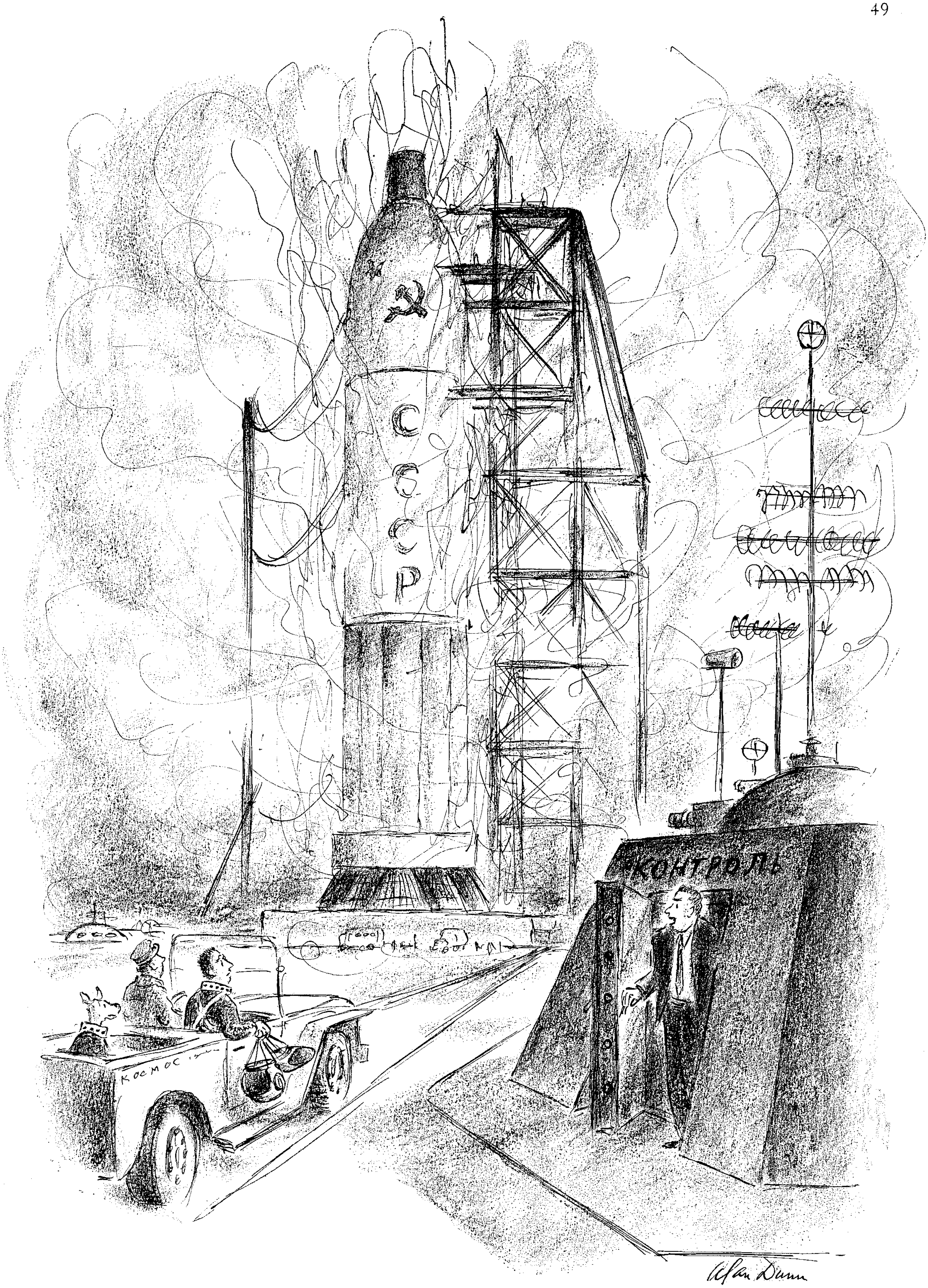
then breezily invented
a tent, and in five
you've proliferated

a whole plumed pavilion.
Not only alive
but splurging

up and out like a geyser.
Old Faithful,
it's worth a winter

hung up stiff
in sullen petrifaction
for such excess.

—May Swenson


СССР
КОНТРОЛЬ
КОСМОС
Alan Dunn

"Comrade, we've just thought of another Russian first. On your fifth orbit, you're to leave the capsule and walk the dog."

SOWING ASPHODEL

Amabel looked from the magazine propped against the toaster to the faces round the table. It was Sunday morning, in London. Everyone was peacefully eating or drinking, and she thought they didn't look altogether unreceptive. So, tapping the point of a knuckle against the doubled-back page, she announced, "It says here people are always talking to themselves when they're not talking to someone else."

Charles raised one eyebrow at his mother, with an effect of amiable response. Dorothy put down her cup and said with unexpected energy that it was perfectly true as far as she herself was concerned; she sometimes wished she could stop. Their fifteen-year-old daughter, Cynthia, said, "Gammer always talks to herself when she's alone. You do, Gammer. Your door was open this morning when I passed, and I heard you say, 'Now, wherever have you got to this time, I wonder.' "

"I wasn't talking to myself. I was talking to my shoe," Amabel said. She turned to Charles. "It says here that everybody keeps up an incessant discourse with themselves."

"Like Mrs. Bloom," Dorothy said.

Amabel thought it was more desultory than Mrs. Bloom's unpunctuated reminiscences. "More like Mr. Bloom, I think."

"I refuse to identify myself with either of the Blooms," said Frances Liddell, who had come to give Cynthia a music lesson and had been persuaded to sit down for a cup of coffee first. "And how does a writer in the *Scientific American* know what's going on inside other people?"

" 'The isle is full of voices,' " Amabel suggested, as if in tentative explanation.

" 'Noises,' " Frances corrected.

Amabel sighed. " 'Voices' would have been nicer." She nipped a corner of the page between her finger and thumb, tilting it toward the others as if she were Counsel for the Defense displaying Exhibit One to the jury. "The article's called 'Internal Speech,' but it's mostly about reading. It used to be considered the thing to stress the sound element in teaching children—more dynamic, or something—but modern psychologists . . ." Here Amabel began reading boldly from the printed page. " 'Modern psychologists incline to the opinion that emphasis on aural reception may inhibit visual perception.' "

Dorothy looked vague, Frances repeated injuriously, "Modern psychologists!," and Cynthia jumped up from the table, saying it was time to take the poor Wogs out. At the sound of his name, a grizzled Scotty emerged from somewhere near Charles' feet and ambled cautiously round the corner of the swing door, which Cynthia was holding for him.

An alert look had come into Charles' eyes while his mother was reading, and he now said, "Aural reception is not essential. The deaf can be taught to read."

"Perhaps children should be taught to read as if they *were* deaf," Amabel proposed brightly, but Frances reminded her that the Americans had tried this, with disastrous results.

"You said yourself they were bringing up a generation of illiterates."

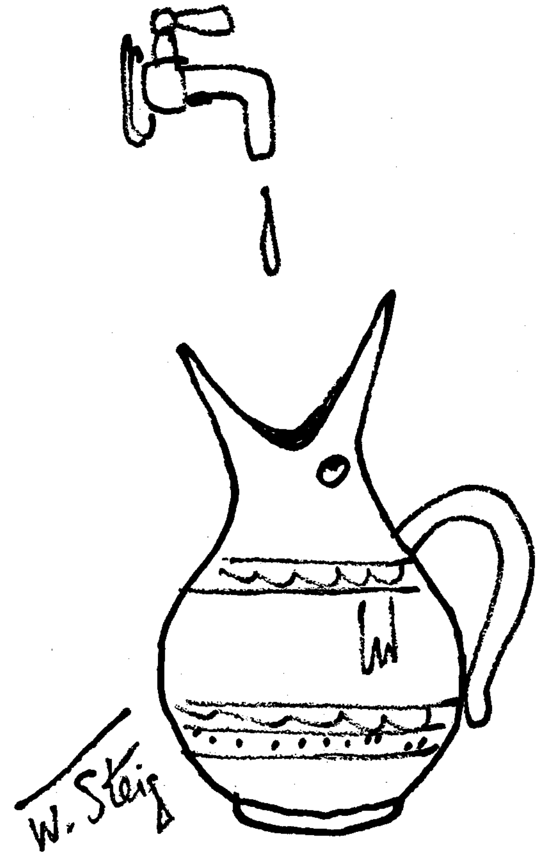
"Did I?" said Amabel, pleased.

"Nobody knows exactly how we recognize symbols," Charles said. "It's one of the things that make it so hard to teach machines to read."

"Children aren't machines," Frances said, and Dorothy sprang to her husband's defense.

"Charles never said they were."

"I don't know about machines," Amabel said, "but I'm sure *my* memory is purely visual."



All three women were eager to take their claims in the field of visual memory. Frances, playing recklessly into the hands of modern psychologists, could never remember how many "c"s and "s"s there were in "vicissitudes" till she saw it written down. Dorothy said that she had been forced to try out "psychiatry" and "schizophrenia" on a scratch pad when sitting for her medicals. Amabel always wanted to put a "t" in "bachelor," but, realizing that this was hardly an argument for visual memory, checked herself. Each had a tale of its uncanny workings. Dorothy had recognized the merest acquaintance after the lapse of thirty years in a crowded railway terminus; Frances had spotted her former kindergarten teacher sunbathing on the beach at Brighton. And Amabel was ready with a story of much greater entertainment value, though perhaps less cogency. She cleared her throat for a brilliant beginning. "When I was in Geneva—"

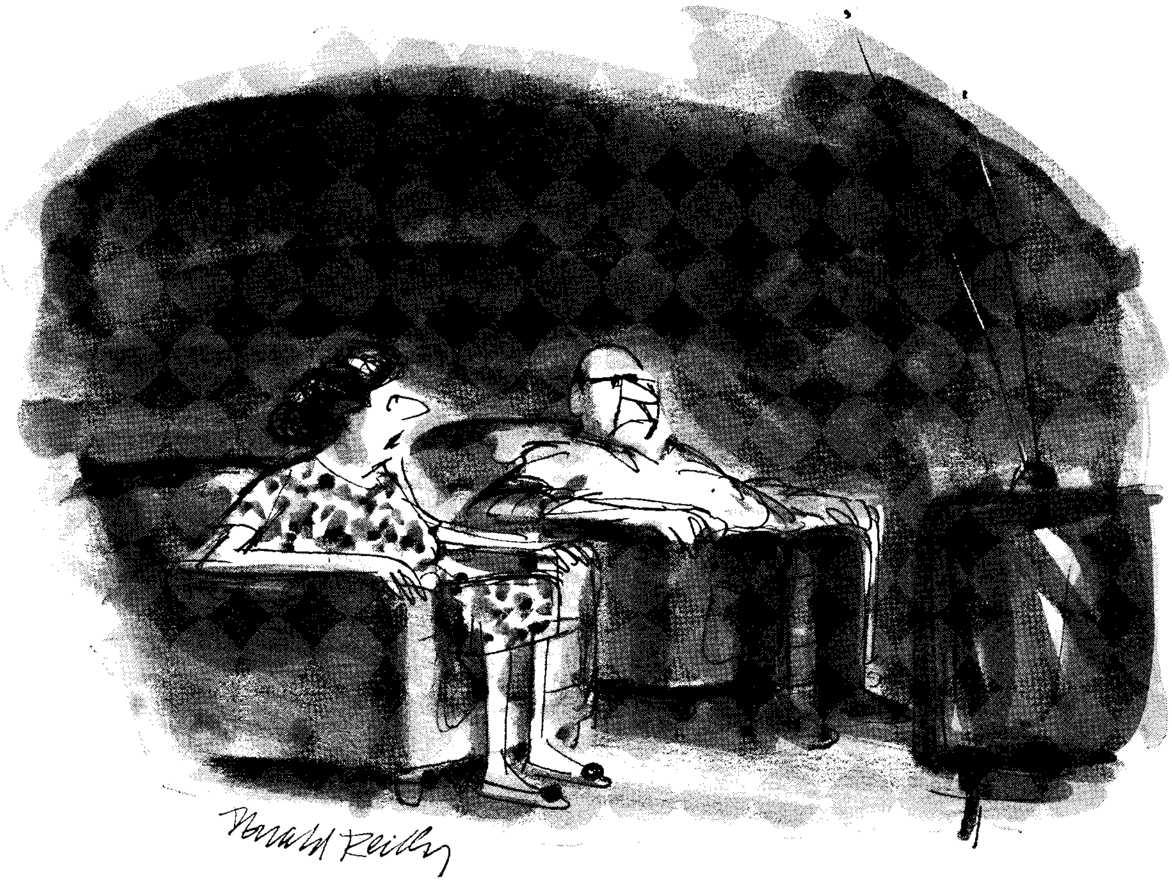
Charles, who had half risen from the table, waiting for a convenient pause to escape to the news broadcast, sat down again. When it appeared from Amabel's next words that this was only going to be another story of instantaneous recognition, he straightened himself and made for the door, pushing it as far as the hinges would allow but checking its backward swing with his foot. "Try not to use the telephone while the broadcast's going on," he begged, looking from his wife to his mother.

"And if Tom rings up?" Dorothy said, low-voiced.

"Much more likely to be somebody trying to get hold of Tom." Charles' voice was not as urbane as usual.

No one spoke for some seconds, and when the front-door bell rang, all except Amabel, who did not hear it, started. It was only Cynthia and the Wogs back from their walk, but Amabel could see from the expression on her daughter-in-law's face that she was thinking of nineteen-year-old Tom, who had flung out of the house three days before and not been seen or heard of since. Charles sent his wife a keen, steady look before removing his foot to step out of the door's orbit into the hall.

Frances pushed herself from the table and stood up. "Time for Cynthia's music lesson, for which we shall both require all that aural and visual memory can do for us."



"Night after night, we just sit here like two pieces of Pop Art."

Plus a little something that Cynthia hasn't got, said the imp inside Amabel. But a no less watchful imp prevented the words from escaping into the public domain. Now Amabel was alone with her daughter-in-law. She shoved her plate, cup, and saucer toward the end of the table for Dorothy's greater convenience, but knew better than to offer help with the washing up. "What was I saying?" she asked. "Oh, yes, Geneva. The only person I made friends with there, strange to say, was the wife of the German delegate."

Just then Frances came back into the kitchen to pick up her glasses. "The Germans weren't in the League of Nations," she rapped out and was gone again.

"Did I say they were?" Amabel moaned to the imperturbably swinging door. "It was the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference."

Dorothy gave a short laugh and turned a stream of scalding water on the dishes.

"Where did I get to?" Amabel said. "Oh, yes. Frau von Benckendorff. She spoke English perfectly; some people thought she *was* English. She wore English tailor-mades and pale billowy scarves, and she was madly well-read. We often met in bookshops, and I can remember her surprise when she discovered I hadn't read Rousseau's 'Confessions.' She thought I was very lucky to be reading it for the first time in Geneva. We met like old friends at the second session, and the only thing that induced me to go to the third was the hope of meeting Frau von Benckendorff again."

"You mean you didn't *want* to go?"

"By that time I was bored to death with Geneva—stony, drony Geneva. Frau von Benckendorff and the heavenly bookshops were the two bright spots."

"But the Alps! You can look at bookshops in London, but you can't see Alps every time you look out of the window."

"You can't in Geneva, either. Sometimes you don't see an alp for weeks. One evening, I went out in a Scotch mist that suddenly rolled away, and there was Mont Blanc, pink all the way up in the sunset. And another time—But never mind scenery. When we arrived for the third session, I was disgusted not to see Frau von Benckendorff anywhere. At first, I thought the delegation hadn't yet come, but the Graf was in his place at the opening, and when I asked one of their interpreters after Frau von Benckendorff she said she thought she wasn't coming. The next day, I had an appointment for a perm—"

"You went in for perms, Amabel?" Dorothy could not imagine her mother-in-law's smooth head plowed into symmetrical ridges.

"I did, poor fool, and to general acclaim. I got the girl who always set Frau von Benckendorff's hair, and she told me she had heard the Frau had just had a stroke. At once, it seemed to me that there had been something strange about the interpreter's expression. I kept catching sight of the Graf in the corridors, but he was never alone and I didn't like to go up to him."

Dorothy interrupted to ask how old the countess was, but Amabel didn't know. "She was older than me, of course. Everybody seemed to be older than me then."

The interruption had altered the course of her thoughts, and she had to pick up her story a little further on. "The last day of the session, our Miss Oliver and I went to have chocolate *Schlagobers* at the principal café in Geneva—I can't remember its name. I have a haunting vision of 'Café Royal' in gilt flourishes on a plate-glass window, but on second thought surely not! Could it have been 'Majestique'? Even that . . ."

"What does it matter?" Dorothy said.

"What does anything matter?" Amabel said. "Oh, I believe it was 'Café des Alpes.' Yes, that was it. There was a splendid view of the lake out of the window, but people mostly watched the door for celebrities. While we were waiting for our *Schlagobers*, somebody came into the café and stood holding the door for an old lady leaning on the arm of a young girl. They looked like Death and the Maiden. I don't think there was a soul in the café who didn't look up for a moment. The girl at the pay desk pulled back the little green curtain on her side window to watch them walk slowly to a table in the middle of the floor, and none of the waitresses moved till they reached it. When they were settled, the old one turned and looked across the room, and I saw her face clearly. It was Frau von Benckendorff, but changed into an old witch. There was still something of her former self left that could have been nobody else. Miss Oliver saw the likeness as soon as I pointed it out, but at first she couldn't believe her eyes. She took another look and said she supposed I was right. And when the poor old thing tugged impatiently to free her lorgnette from the mauve chiffon scarf she was wearing, Miss Oliver and I exchanged glances—we had so often seen her raking the tables at a sitting of the Commission. That and the mauve scarf convinced us, and from that moment neither of us had any more doubts. Miss Oliver still thought it almost incredible that a woman who had been so full of life and energy a few months before could have collapsed so utterly after a single stroke."

"We get cases like that every week," Dorothy said. "Why, Amabel, it could happen to—" She broke off and began again with an inept "It's fairly common."

Amabel hurried back to her story, feeling a little guilty at having embarrassed her daughter-in-law. But the life had evaporated from her voice; she became unnecessarily descriptive, hopelessly discursive. When at last she allowed herself to look toward the sink, she discovered that she was alone and—judging by the absolute immobility of the door—must have been talking to herself for at least a minute. Dorothy had probably rushed to answer the telephone, with an apology that had fallen short of her mother-in-law's zone of hearing. "I'm an old bore," Amabel told herself tolerantly. "I'll go to my room and stay there."

A backward glance from the door sent her to the table to wind the cord of the toaster round its base and set it on the shelf beside the upended electric iron. It was a point of honor with them all, even the slapdash Cynthia, to keep the kitchen tidy. It was easy, really; you only had to make sure there was nothing in the sink or on the table, to hang mops and towels on their hooks, and stow leftovers in the icebox.

Out in the hall, Amabel almost collided with Dorothy. "Was it Tom?" she asked, though Dorothy's bright eyes had already told her it was. "Is he coming?"

Dorothy tried to sound indifferent—indeed, severe. "And without a word of apology! Just says he'll be back for dinner. And we're all supposed to be delighted."

"As we all are," Amabel said.

"I told him if he wasn't in time there wouldn't *be* any dinner, but I doubt if it registered." Dorothy passed on, smiling and humming, and through two swings of the kitchen door Amabel heard her break into song.

AMABEL decided to call Deborah, but before lifting the receiver she opened the door next to the telephone, discovering Charles crouched in front of his set, a pipe stuck in the side of his mouth. "Could you bear it if I rang up Debbie?" she asked.

Without removing the pipe, Charles said he hoped she wouldn't take half an hour over it. As it was, there was a music lesson going on in the next room.

Now that he mentioned it, Amabel's dull ear caught the perky melody of a Kuhlau sonatina played with hatred and exasperation. She handed the *Scientific American* to Charles and promised not to be long at the telephone.

He took the magazine with a deprecating smile intended to soften any bearishness.

"I'll just . . ." Amabel said, as she closed his door. She began dialling, but set herself back by calling out, "I hear Tom's coming home!" Wondering if he had heard her through the closed door, she put back the receiver and then had to start dialling all over again.

A dull "Hullo!" thudded against her eardrum.

"Good morning, Grannie Butts!" she cried brightly, but the voice that answered her was now cool and clear.

"It's Susan. I'll call Mother."

Cursing her clumsiness, Amabel forced a laugh into the receiver and was relieved when Debbie's voice—mellow, noncommittally cordial—carried everything onto another plane. "Hullo! Oh, hullo, Am!"

"Oh dear, I took Sue for Grannie Butts again!"

Deborah's voice came back a little dry. "Sue's in the sulks. . . . Oh, nothing special. Sunday morning. Daughter late for breakfast. Father nags. Daughter answers back."

"And Grannie Butts smiling into her plate, I suppose."

Grannie Butts, it appeared, was away for the weekend.

"Well, cheers! I mean that's something, at any rate. And what's Ianthe up to?"

Ianthe wasn't up to anything. In fact, Ianthe wasn't up.

There was a slight pause for readjustment of nerves, and Amabel remembered that she had news. "Tom called up. He's coming home."

A few caustic remarks were exchanged on this subject, Deborah asked her mother how she had slept, Amabel reciprocated, and they hung up almost simultaneously, but not before Amabel had caught the end of a sharp, short sigh. "How often when you go to the telephone for distraction," she told her-

CONJUGAL ODE

Although you fail to know
what depth in me is dark and what is day
(for I am dawn and dimness all in one),
I make you love a god
in an unloving man.
No, you will never guess when I need you
or I when you need me,
for I have seen you lying in my bed
still wearily asleep
when chariots of desire were in my blood,
and other times you wanted me instead
and saw me sound asleep,
dreaming of goddesses.
Then you, a woman longing for a man,
despised the god in me
and all the gods in one.

—JOSEPH TUSIANI

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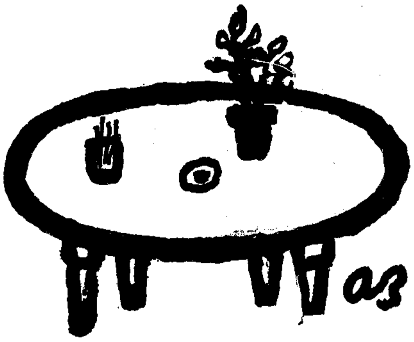


self, "you leave it with chagrin as your only reward."

Just inside her room, Amabel stubbed her toe on a brass pestle and mortar sometimes used to prop the kitchen door. Swearing innocuously, she shoved them into the hall with the foot that didn't hurt.

The cluttered interior of her room offered no refreshment to her spirits. It was not so easy to keep a room used only by oneself as tidy as a room used by the whole family. The old portable Remington on her desk attracted her attention no longer than it took to pick up the lid from the floor and replace it. She had allowed herself to be upset, and it would be no good attempting to finish the long letter to a woman friend begun a few days before, still less to add a passage to the memoirs. Amabel yawned. She wished there was a box of chocolates in the drawer of her desk, and then was glad there wasn't. She could have given herself to a game or two of anagrams, but everybody was home; at any moment, any member of the family, or Frances, might catch her at it and receive the undesirable impression that Amabel did nothing from morning to night but play anagrams. Or the detestable suggestion "Why not go for a little stroll to get an appetite for dinner?" might be made. Most of all, she longed to lie down, though she had been up only a few hours after a tolerable night. "And that is what I will do," she said.

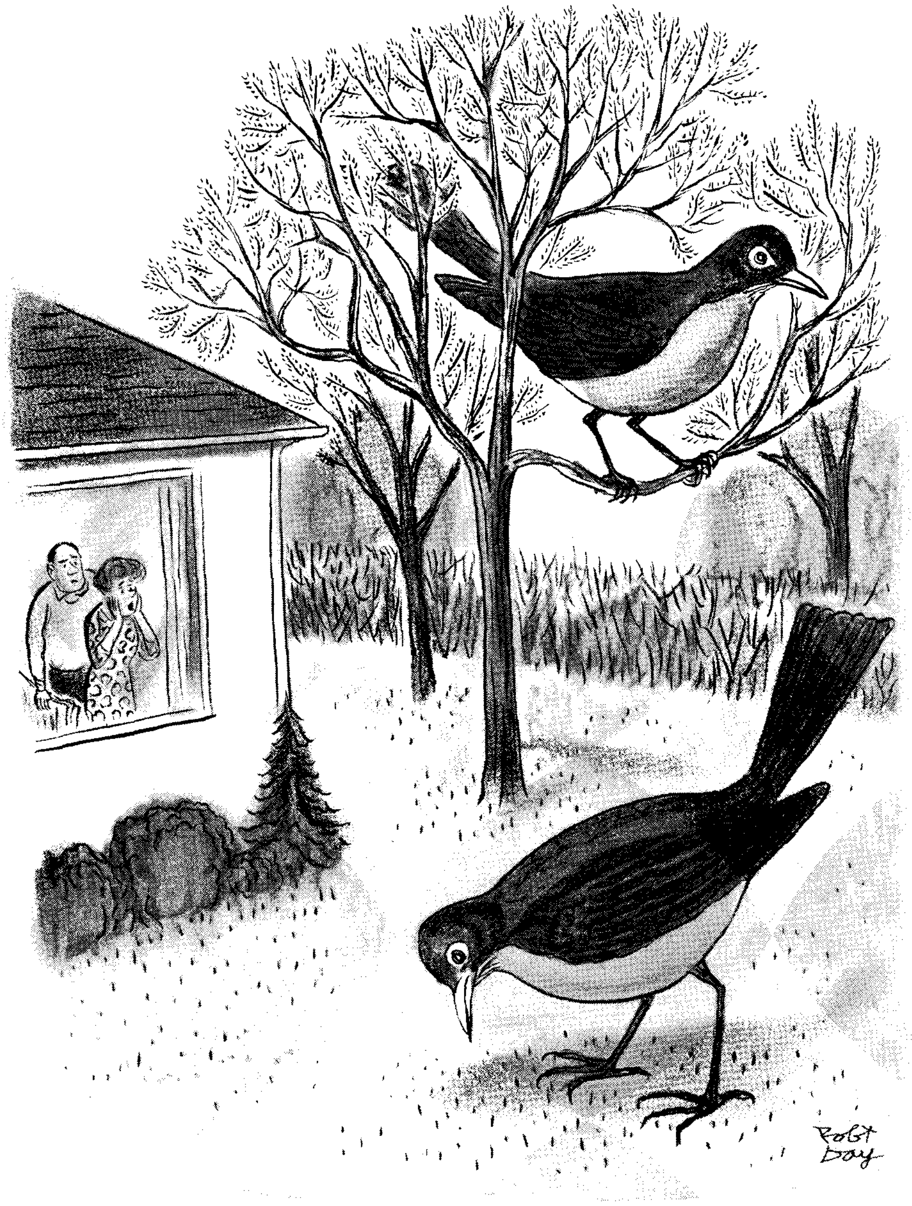
Just then the door opened and a grave, ingratiating face appeared in the opening. Dorothy wanted to borrow five shillings till Thursday; Charles had no more penicillin left. She came right into the room to help Amabel search for her pocketbook, which was so slim and dark as to be almost invisible, though Amabel was sure she always kept it on top of a row of books. But which row, Dorothy asked, and Amabel had to admit she did not always use the same row, sometimes choosing the top of tall volumes on the bottom shelf, sometimes the line of Trollopes. This time, the pocketbook was found lying across dictionaries and reference books.

"And why on earth I keep my father's Sanskrit dictionary is a thing I should like to know," Amabel said.

"To hide your pocketbook on the top of," Dorothy told her.

Amabel dropped assorted coins into the palm of her daughter-in-law's hand. "No better?"

"The minute one heals, another starts," Dorothy said plaintively.



"My! Where do you suppose they spent the winter?"

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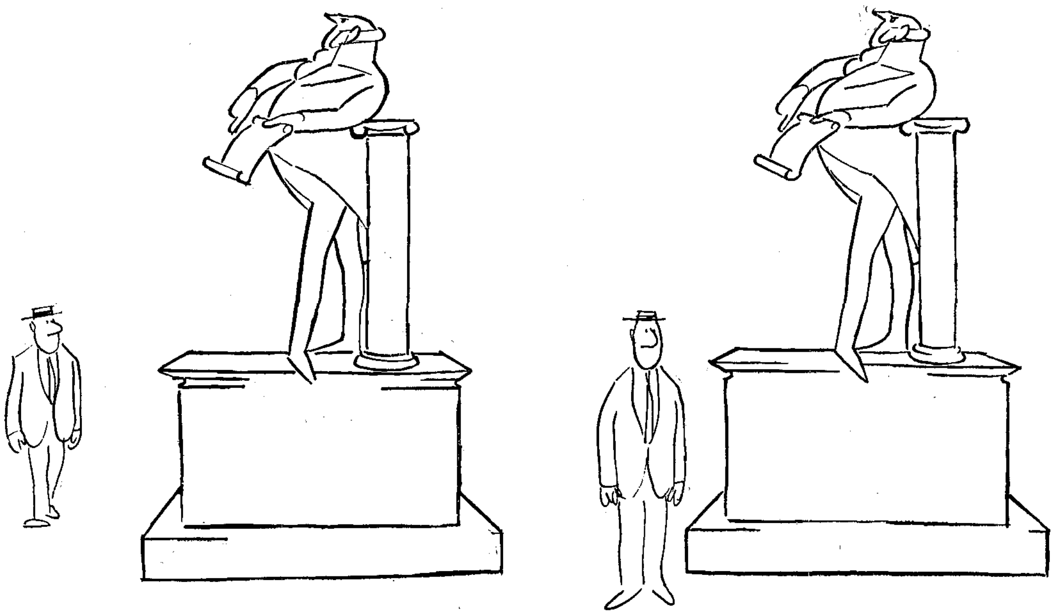
Charles' furunculosis was a kind of shared secret among his womenfolk, never referred to in his hearing.

Dorothy went away, closing the door with gentle firmness, and Amabel was sure she would be alone till dinnertime now. She went to her bookshelves to find something she had read uncounted times, but not too recently. Beginning with "A," her right hand hovered from the "Arabian Nights" to "Persuasion" and stopped for a moment to take "Mansfield Park" from its place and transfer it to her left hand. Then the right hand travelled on, paused for a moment at "Corduroy," at "Boswell's London Journal," at "The Unquiet Grave"—all, all, too familiar. "The Egoist" had got among the "E"s and she put it in its place three shelves down. Feeling she had been a little harsh, she stroked the spine compunctiously before skipping the great line of "D"s, and, quite ignoring Freud and Flaubert, she stopped again at "G." "Loving"? "Back"? Not for reading in bed. The exploring hand fell to her side. "Mansfield Park" would have to do.

Amabel's great mahogany bed fitted nicely into the oblong recess that made such a good bed-sitter of the room—you had only to draw the voluminous blue curtains together for bed and clothespress to disappear. She drew them now, and, pulling aside the heavy counterpane (*when had Dorothy found the spare minutes to do the bed?*), let herself down on the blanket without taking off her dressing gown and pulled the eiderdown up to her shoulders. It was quite dark behind the curtains, and she switched on her table lamp before dropping her head



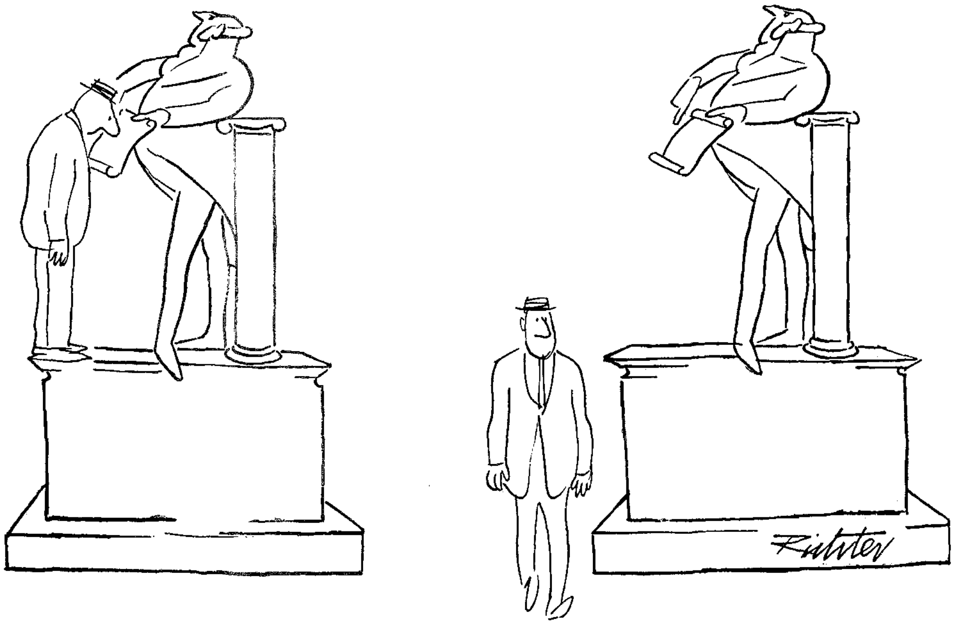
onto the piled pillows and opening her book at Chapter 1. "About thirty years ago," Amabel read, "Miss Maria Ward, of Huntingdon, with only seven thousand pounds, had the good luck to captivate Sir Thomas Bertram, of Mansfield Park in the county of Northampton, and to be hereby raised to the rank of a baronet's lady, with all the comforts and consequences of a handsome house and large income."

A scratching at the door, a faint, short whine made Amabel look up. She might not hear electric bells, but she never failed to hear the Wogs' humble plea for admission. When she opened to him, he hesitated in the doorway, looked up appealingly, down deprecatingly, and at last, heavy head drooped, shortish fringed tail swinging, came into the room as far as the edge of the carpet and waited for Amabel to shut the door behind him and receive him into her presence before he ventured to waddle to the armchair at the other end of the room. There he again stood waiting, till told to jump up. The short spring seemed an effort, and once on the cushioned seat he sank onto his side, front paws limply curved, hind paws sloping to meet them. The edge of a crimson tongue, the gleam of an eyetooth were the only points of light in the dense black hulk. Amabel wooed it with fond and foolish words, but nothing gleamed from the slit under beetling brows; only the tip of the tail twitched, once. The Wogs slept. "And I will, too," Amabel said.

OPENING her eyes to heavy darkness, Amabel switched on her bedside lamp and was astonished to find it was half past twelve. She could not remember exactly when she had turned off the light, but it was clear that half a day and half a night had been slept away. This was good news in one way, but how on earth was she to get through the hours till daylight? She pushed back the eiderdown and put a foot out of bed, and the moment she parted the curtains she stepped into broad daylight and understood that she had slept an hour and a half at the most. The Wogs was bolt upright on the seat of the armchair, his ears standing up like distant turrets. When he saw Amabel, he dropped to the carpet and thudded to the door, evidently excited by confused sounds from the hall. Amabel listened for a moment—Tom, of course. Releasing the Wogs through the narrowest possible crack, she closed the door softly behind him, without looking out. Partly, she did not wish to be seen rumpled and creased from her nap, but also she was determined not to make a "thing" of Tom's return. Prolonged growls and hysterical yelps told her that the Wogs was grovelling at the feet of the returned prodigal. (He had not greeted *her* so exuberantly when she came back from her summer holiday.)

Now Tom was home, the next thing would be dinner, and it was time for Amabel to dress. Instead, she sat on the side of the mattress in her dressing gown, trying to remember her dream. Her sleep had not refreshed her; in fact, she felt a fit of depression coming on. Like an invalid who doesn't know which pill to take till he has discovered whether the pain comes from heart or liver, she tried to trace the trouble to its source. *What can ail thee, knight at arms?* The mounting anxiety was too intense to be accounted for by habitual worries. Experience had taught her that intolerable anxiety was always tied up with feelings of guilt, and her thoughts, travelling backward, arrived quickly at the story she had been prevented from finishing. It was a story she had told once before up to the same point, to her own mother, at a time when she had not known its sequel. Now, sensing again the chill of Dorothy's careless "It could happen to—," she was compelled by the integrity of memory to recall the look of distress her story had brought to her mother's eyes. Her mother needn't have worried, poor darling. The lingering illness, the devastating stroke she feared, had not come; she had died without the slightest warning, peacefully (*how does anyone know?*) in her sleep. Amabel had not seen her for over a year, so there had been no moment of shock, no sense of loss even. But the dead are patient; they wait for us to understand what we were unable to understand while they were with us, and Amabel was forced now to remember her mother with grief and remorse.

Amabel had accompanied her husband to Berlin just after the burning of the Reichstag. Diplomatic receptions were less frequent than before, but they still occurred, and at one of them a Swedish lady whom Amabel had met at Geneva and not seen since came up to her to say, "A friend of yours wants to know if you remember her." Then Amabel realized that there was something special about a figure standing a few paces behind the Swedish lady—the aura that surrounds an unrecognized individual who has recognized oneself. The aura thickened for a moment and dispersed completely when Amabel identified Frau von Benckendorff. It was her very self, the brisk and elegant Frau von Benckendorff of Geneva—not the wreck who had been towed into the Café des Alpes. Her hair was quite white, but still set in rigid waves already a little old-fashioned; she wore horn-rimmed glasses instead of carrying a lorgnette, and a strip of orange tulle was tucked into the opening of her tailored suit instead of the exuberant folds of pastel-hued chiffon that Amabel remembered. The folds of flesh in her face, on the contrary, had broadened and paled, but



the features were notably firm and symmetrical; there was no trace of their ever having been knocked sidewise by a paralytic stroke.

Amabel faltered something that she felt to be not quite tactful about the third session of the Disarmament Commission, when her friend had had such a terrible illness. Frau von Benckendorff raised her eyebrows. She had never been to Geneva after the second session, she said with a touch of asperity. And had never had a serious illness in her life. Almost at once, she had walked away with the Swedish lady. Perhaps she had put Amabel's embarrassment down to political causes. "And bang goes visual memory," Amabel said.

Certain comings and goings in the hall, the rattle of dishes on a tray, Cynthia's high, defensive voice, a gruff remark and a guffaw from Tom, the closing of a door, and profound silence suggested to Amabel that all were seated round the dining-room table. They've forgotten all about me, or perhaps they think I'm asleep, she thought. But there came a careless thump on her door, and, hardly giving her time to huddle her dressing gown over her nylon slip, Tom was in the room. "Dinner's ready," he said.

"Hullo, Tom!" Amabel moved toward him and he took a step to meet her, stooping to kiss her forehead—the last few years in which Tom had been shooting upward, Amabel's frame had spent in settling on its roots. Amabel kissed him on his glowing cheek, turning her own to rest against his full, childish lips. His return kiss was warm and impetuous. "That's better," Amabel said. "I hate unilateral kisses. Say I'm just coming."

She brushed her hair in front of the mirror over the bathroom basin, pinned it in a coil to the back of her head, and splashed her face with silky, tepid water. A glance into the mirror was enough to direct the mechanical thrusts of the hairpins, but as she scrubbed her knuckles under the tap she examined her reflection closely, trying to preserve for the benefit of the assembled family the mellow liveliness that the encounter with Tom had brought to her face.

All looked up as she came into the room, and Cynthia started from "Gammer's place" and slid into the empty chair next to Tom. Gammer hated this, and they all knew she hated it. Would she have liked them to keep the seat by the window inviolate, even when she was not there? Yes.

"Where's Frances?" Amabel asked, unfolding her napkin.

"She went home to get John's dinner," Dorothy said. "She promised they'd be back by three for bridge."

The eating part of dinner, as Cynthia called it, was over by half past two, and Dorothy wanted to know why Amabel shouldn't get in a little nap before her guests arrived. "Charles and I will hold them in parley till you wake."

"I've had a nap," Amabel said. "I don't want to sleep my life away." *Why not?*

"I'll bring the bridge table," Charles said. "I took it for drying negatives. Shall I get the bathroom stool for the Freak?"

"No," Amabel said, "the encyclopedia's better, really." Tiny Mr. Carruthers was the fourth member of the bridge group. Amabel, who believed it was less painful to accept another's deformity than to ignore it, always called with loud cheerfulness for a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica to put on Mr. Carruthers' chair when he approached the table.

AN hour later, the flat was as silent as a seashell on the mantelpiece. In Amabel's room, the bridge players hardly spoke; Charles and Dorothy dozed on their beds, the Wogs snoring lightly on the mat between them; Cynthia had made a getaway before her mother could catch her; and Tom was sleeping off what had perhaps been his first solid meal for three days, curled up on the dining-room sofa with his shoes on.

"Everybody vulnerable," John Liddell announced.

"Telephone!" Frances said.

"I'll go," said Amabel, who happened to be dummy. "I don't want anybody waking the children."

The call was for her. From Deborah. "No. It's all right," Amabel said. "I'm dummy. Frances and John and the darling Freak have come to help me abridge my doleful days. . . . Did I? And did you look it up? Look under 'doleful,' 'death,' or 'days.' "

Amabel had left the door of her room open, and every word she said could be heard by the bridge players, so when she strolled back it was to a set of smiling faces. Nobody showed the slightest sign of embarrassment. Mr. Carruthers had long ago discovered that he was known to them all as the Freak. He minded the title no more (perhaps no less) than court jesters of old were supposed to mind being mocked at as dwarfs and hunchbacks. "And how is my friend Deborah?" he asked now, with his usual courtliness.

Amabel yawned and took her place at the bridge table. "Same old round of poverty, hunger, and dirt."

Frances made indistinguishable sounds of indignation.

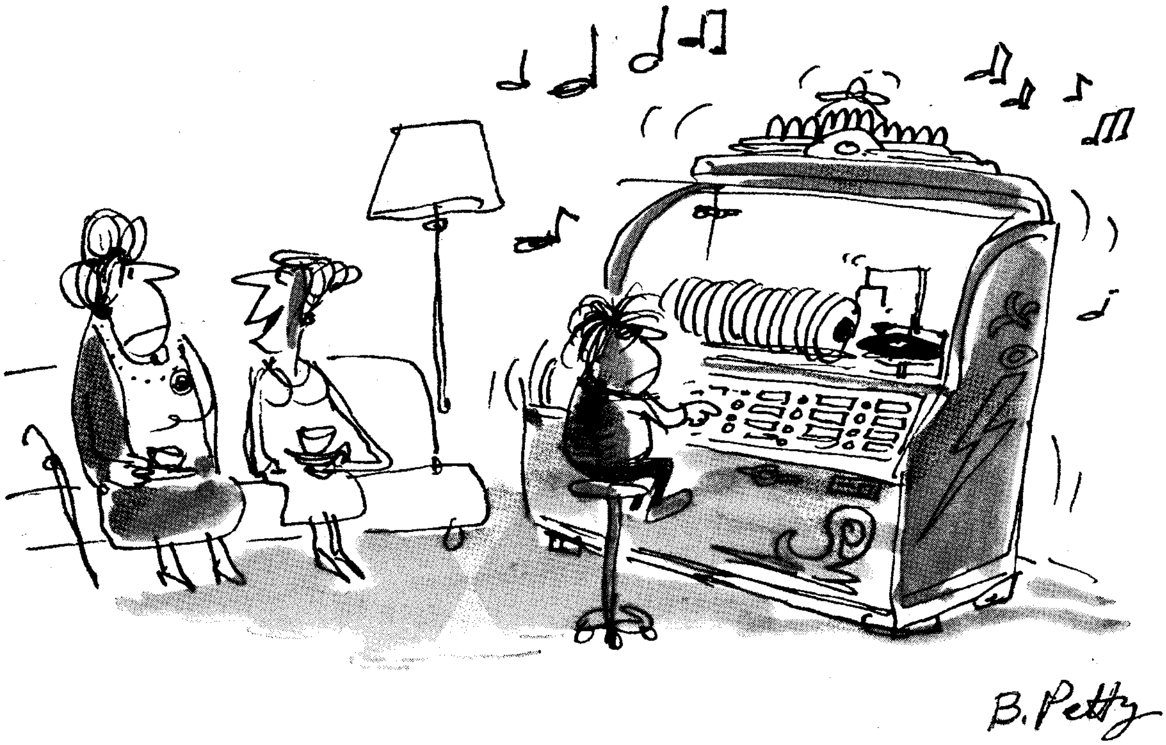
"What did you say?" Amabel asked sweetly.

"Nothing. I didn't say anything."

"Then what did you snort?"

Again John Liddell reminded them that everyone was vulnerable.

Sounds in the hall told of Cynthia's return. More complicated sounds followed. Steps passing and repassing, a sour exchange of admonitions and defense between Dorothy and Cynthia—the unwashed dishes. Charles spoke once with calm authority; the sound of rushing waters between the opening and shutting of a door; a deep growl



"Of course, his father was very musical."

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from Tom. The front door slammed. The silence that followed was soon broken again by a muted whine in the hall.

Frances, now dummy, got up and stretched her arms. "I'll go and put the coffee on," she said, and, not allowing the Wogs time for his ceremonial hesitations, she bundled him into the room with a kindly push from behind. Frustrated, he stood at the edge of the carpet twitching all over, then wriggled up to Amabel, wagging his tail and nuzzling at her ankles.

"Yes, you love me very much when there's no one else at home," Amabel said.

The rubber was over and had been hotly discussed by the time Frances came in with the tray.

"What have you been doing?" Amabel asked suspiciously. "Not washing up, I hope. Dorothy'll be furious."

"I had to do a little to get at the tap," Frances said pacifically. "There's plenty left."

Coffee was drunk in relaxed silence, as if everyone was suddenly tired. Afterward, there was time for one more rubber, in the middle of which the family could be heard returning. Amabel was longing to know what they had seen, but she knew they wouldn't come into her room; they never did when she had friends. But somebody opened the door a crack to let the Wogs out for his bedtime walk.

The last rubber came to an end, and goodbyes were said in the room. John Liddell stood looking at Amabel as if he were again going to say, "Everybody vulnerable," but he only gave a stiff half bow over her hand and thanked her for a pleasant evening. Mr. Carruthers bowed over her hand as if he were going to kiss it, but he didn't. Frances and Amabel exchanged faintly conspiratorial glances and nodded to one another.

WHEN she heard the front door close gently behind them, Amabel went into the hall to put out the light. And if Charles has forgotten to leave me the paper, he's a bastard, she thought. He wouldn't, of course; he never does. But it would be just like that Tom to have quietly snitched it without a thought of his poor old grandmother lying awake with nothing to read. If he has, I'll drag it from under his very pillow, whether I wake him or not—as if anybody could. . . .

But there was the *Observer*, folded lengthwise on the telephone table. Why does one always prepare for the worst, she wondered. So as not to be let down, I suppose—insurance against disappointment.

Amabel remembered, as she had to remember every Sunday evening, how her husband began the difficult crossword with the Greek name at home and took it to the F.O. to finish—*in collegium*, he said—and brought the paper back on Monday for her to do the Everyman with her mother. She could never quite finish them now; her mother had been better at them than she was.

Amabel undressed, glancing the while at the front page, but as soon as she was in bed turned to the book section. An article about Meredith seemed to start out of the page as if there was nothing else on it, and Amabel suddenly remembered her dream. She had dreamed that Meredith was dead and it was all her fault. For ten minutes, she lay on her back with closed eyes, searching for associations. None came, but the depression returned in full force. She knew the thing to do was to recall the pleasant things that had happened during the day—the talk over the breakfast table had been nice; Tom was back; the dinner had been good, the bridge party a success; Charles, the Wogs had been darlings, as usual, Dorothy affectionate. But what was the good when Meredith was lying in wait for her at the end like this?

It was a clear case for the golden capsule that put you to sleep for three hours and the green capsule that took over for the rest of the night. Amabel struggled out of bed to go for a glass of water—lukewarm was supposed to be best; it dissolved the capsules quicker. *Meredith.* —IVY LITVINOFF

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[From a job-service paper published in Boston]

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

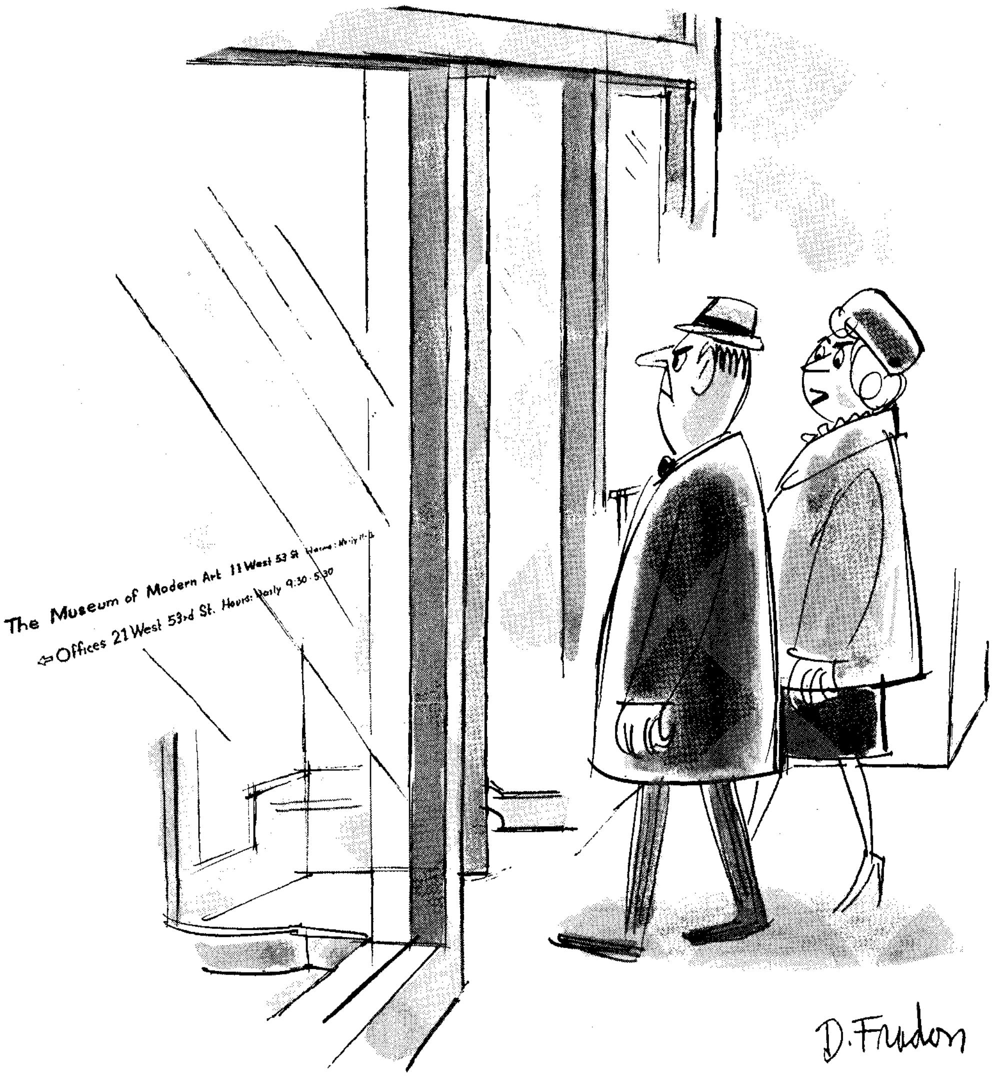
CHINA NOTES—I

THE summers of Peking are as hot as those of New York, and in Peking, too, people tell each other, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity." Both cities lie at the eastern edge of a continent, and both are at about forty degrees north latitude—and those forty-latitude city summers are worse than the real tropics, because the houses and life in general cannot be readily adapted to the heat. In Peking, as in New York, the winters are gray and cold, but both cities have a marvellous Indian summer, with a limitless blue sky and heartbreaking sunsets. That is about where the similarities end. No two places could be farther apart in all senses of the term, and no two societies seem more different right now than those of China and the United States. The differences, though, are themselves somewhat different from what people here and people over there are told; the American public's picture of China is at least as wrong as the Chinese public's picture of America.

Peking is in its seventeenth year as the capital of a Communist China and in, say, its one-thousand-and-first year as the capital of that section of the earth's surface which was known in the West as Imperial China, both Chinas being known to their inhabitants as Chung Kuo, the Central Country—or Middle Kingdom, as it used to be translated into English. The city should not be visualized as a new metropolis, a sinister Orwellian capital, or as an Oriental Moscow, filled with gingerbread government offices in the style Stalin admired, or as an enlarged American Chinatown. Parts of Peking—its poorest sections—are like Jakarta, at least during the hot months; otherwise, Peking isn't reminiscent of any other capital. It rarely gives one the feeling of being in a big city, although it has six million people within its boundaries. The wide avenues, the new buildings, and the old gates, temples, and palaces are but a very loose grid, filled in, as it were, with dozens of villages. These are villages—Asian villages—in that their inhabitants pursue a good many of their activities on the street or in sight of the street: they dine, have their hair cut, wash their babies, and buy and sell on the sidewalks. The villages are very un-Asian in being clean, without smells, without beggars, and even without flies. In their daily comings and goings, the people look strikingly normal. They seem neither "blue ants" (as one widely quoted journalist called them), slaving away, nor eager revolutionaries, marching, chin upward, into glory. They certainly do not work as hard as the American experts fear and their own government may hope. Any number of them can be observed at any hour sitting on benches nursing cigarettes and staring into space. The Tien Chiao fairground at the southern city gate is still in full swing, and every afternoon its vaudeville theatres, cabarets, and opera houses are filled to the last seat with men who seem to have as little to do or to worry about as an American race-track crowd. In one show, a magician pulls out of a hat a red flag that bears the words "Strength Through Self-Reliance," but the audience takes that in its stride and does not react in any way at all. Road-mending crews have a familiar air of defiant, trade-unionistic slowness.

A half-dozen years after the catastrophes of the Great Leap Forward and the great drought, the men and women of Peking seem quieter, but also less grim and more content, than the Chinese of Singapore or the Indians of Calcutta. They look well fed and reasonably well dressed. There is quite a lot of color in their appearance, and every now and again one's eye is caught by somebody who is actually elegant by any standards—a girl, for instance, in a Pucci-type dress and high heels, with marvellously coiffed hair, carrying a black parasol, and even wearing the distant, slightly haughty look that beautiful women all over the world affect in public. The people of Peking look better off than they did in the chaotic years before 1949, and, in spite of all the overwhelming changes in their society, they stubbornly continue to look like just people.

Peking, though, is very much in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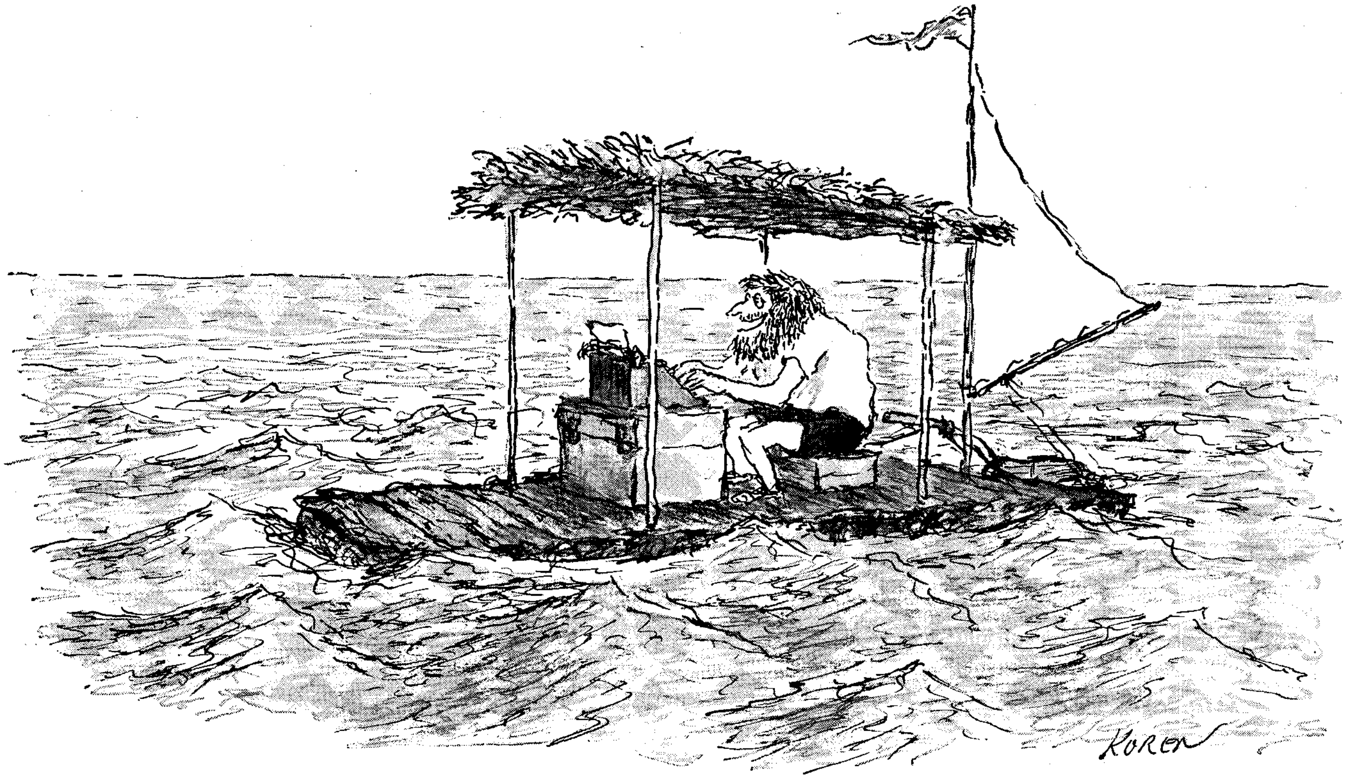

"April 20: The weather continues sunny and warm."

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flux. Centuries seem to march through it. The so-called Forbidden City, which had deteriorated but has been restored by the Communist government, again looks more or less as Marco Polo found it in Khanbalik, but schoolchildren with red Pioneer scarves now play hopscotch where Kublai Khan used to play with his Thousand Women. As they did hundreds of years ago, old men still sing in falsetto voices and do calisthenics at dawn on Coal Hill. Factories belch smoke. In government buildings, cadres deliver Brave New World lectures to deputies from Sinkiang and Tibet. In an alleyway, an old, old woman in a sarong, her shrivelled breasts bare, cooks her supper of rice and vegetables in an iron pot on a charcoal fire. Little boys play card games at tables in front of their houses, or, in the evening, under a street light, right in the middle of the roadway; men play checkers in the shadow of the old gate towers. The famous city walls are being torn down and are almost gone. A silversmith painstakingly boards up his shopwindow with numbered planks. Swallows circle through the sky in patterns, as if they were posing for a bamboo-paper print. Cicadas sing in the trees, and crickets chirp in little reed cages hanging against doorposts. Neon advertisements blink from rooftops. Chinese-made and Hungarian-made buses dash through the streets. And, riding in one of these just after nightfall, for instance, with a threat of rain in the air, packed in with people going home and too deeply preoccupied to stare much, the lights of shops and lampposts streaking by, and a conductress with a tired smile counting out your change, you may suddenly feel that Peking is soon going to be a big city like any other.

WALLS, typically, used to be the most striking feature of Peking. The town had the contour of two boxes set against each other at right angles—a square box, called the Tartar City, and an oblong box, called the Chinese City. Within the square box was another walled box, the Imperial City, and, within that, still another one, the Forbidden City. All those walls served the very necessary function of preventing the populace from going where it pleased; through the centuries, China has been at war with itself. After the Manchus captured Peking, in 1644, and established their dynasty, the Tartar City became an exclusive residence for them and their Chinese collaborators. But after the last emperor had been overthrown, in 1911, the Forbidden City remained forbidden, and by that time the Western nations had added another out-of-bounds spot—the Legation Quarter, which almost stopped up the gap left between the south wall of the Imperial City and the north wall of the Chinese City. Part of the Chinese City wall looked down upon the Legation Quarter, and Western troops patrolled and Western ladies and gentlemen strolled along it in the evenings and on Sundays after church. The promenade was open to dogs, unlike Shanghai Park, but, like that park, was closed to the Chinese themselves. Until 1949, the gates in the outer city wall were closed at eight in the evening in summer and at twilight in winter. Peking was the last big town in the world to fit its days in such a medieval frame. It had reason to do so, for life then under the Kuomintang was as insecure as it had been in the worst times of the empire. By then, Peking (the name means "Northern Capital") had been rechristened Peiping (which means "Northern Peace") by Chiang Kai-shek, and the capital had been moved to Nanking. In 1949, when the Communists took the town, they made it the capital once more and gave it back the name Peking. The United States State Department (off and on) and most American mapmakers have gone on talking about the nonexistent town of Peiping and putting it in atlases—an interesting example of a nominalistic, well-nigh old-Chinese view of reality. It is reminiscent of that Ming emperor who, instead of bothering to build dikes, changed the name of

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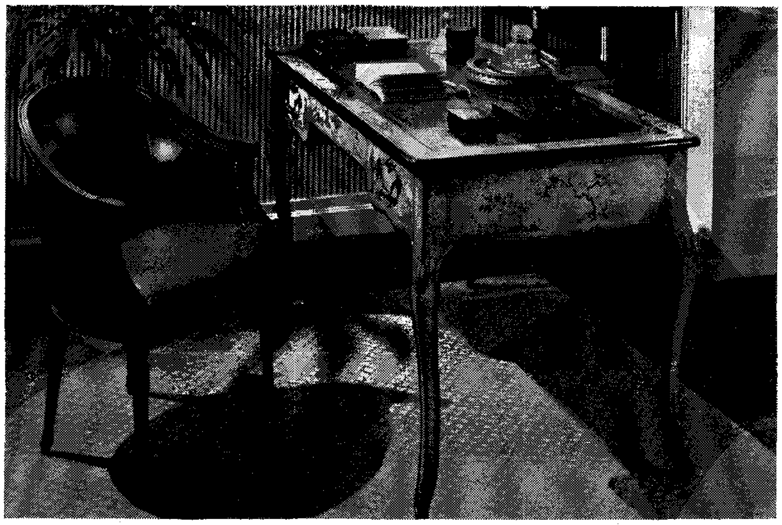

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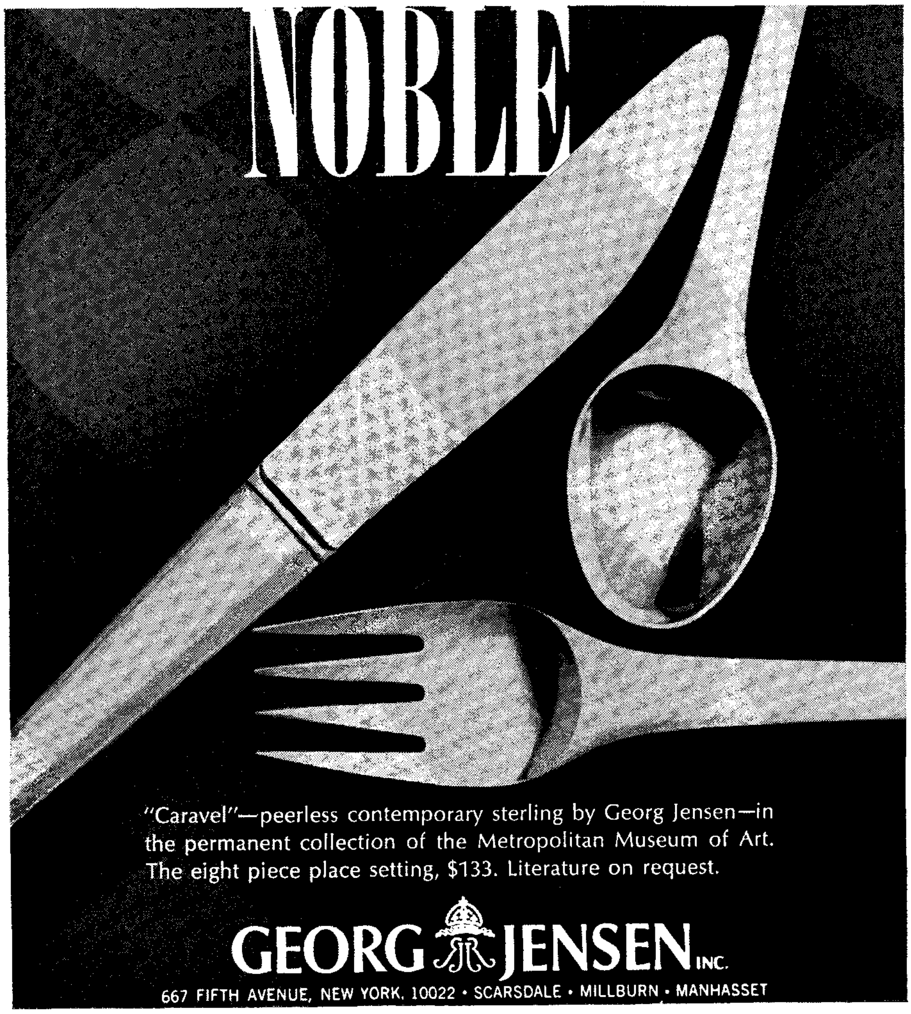

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a turbulent river from the Wild One to the Peaceful One. It didn't help.

The beautiful gate towers of Peking have been left standing, with their double and triple roofs curving upward at the corners, exactly as the tents of the Golden Horde once did. A few stretches of wall are left, too, though the city has spread beyond them in housing developments, factories, schools, and student dormitories. Chinese archeologists regret the destruction of the walls; one of them predicted that in a couple of generations everyone would mourn those vanished walls, including Party officials who, in his words, "were not quick enough to overcome their prejudices." But the same thing has happened in cities all over the world, from Paris to Samarkand; it is not difficult to see how the tearing down of medieval walls ("feudal walls," they would say in China) can provide post-revolution city planners with an almost sensual pleasure. The Forbidden City is now the Palace Museum, and as for the Legation Quarter, probably the sorest spot of all to local sensitivities, it is now just some ordinary city blocks. Its main street is still called Legation Street by the few Westerners in Peking, and a letter with that address will reach its destination. It is pretty and shady, and it again houses a number of diplomatic posts—the Rumanian, the Indian, the Burmese, and the East German. (The last occupies an ornate building behind red-lacquered columns; the Germans are remarkably busy in China.) The only original Western mission left on the street is that of the Dutch, who have a cluster of charming houses, in old Dutch East Indies style, around a lawn that has not only shade trees but a swimming pool—the one diplomatic pool in town, and thus a center of social gravity. The Dutch are on notice to pack up, as though the Chinese government felt nervous as long as even one of the masters from the old days remained in his traditional home. They may have to move, as the British and the French have already done, to one of the new buildings put up for foreigners, far from the center of town—air-conditioned, shadeless horrors in New Jersey neo-suburban style. The onetime American Embassy, next to the Dutch, is now used as a guesthouse for foreign V.I.P.s; it usually stands empty, with a lonely gardener squatting amid the well-kept lawns, smoking, or feeding his chickens. The International Club is still the International Club, and it, too, has a swimming pool. Under the new Chinese law, everyone who

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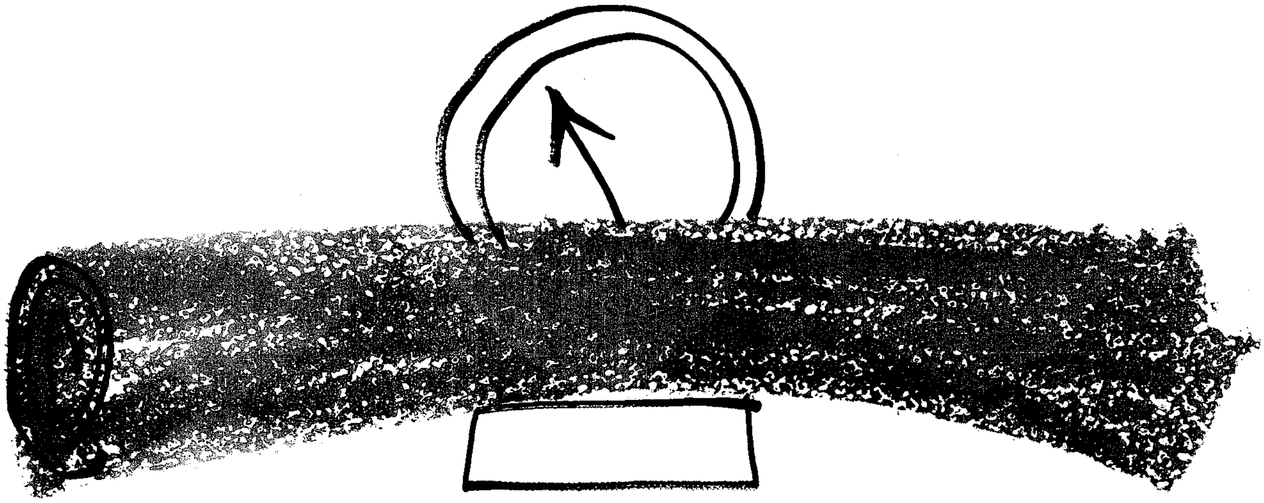

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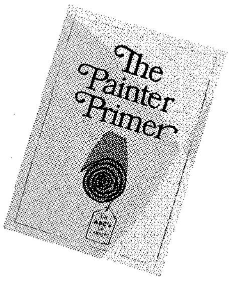

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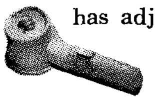

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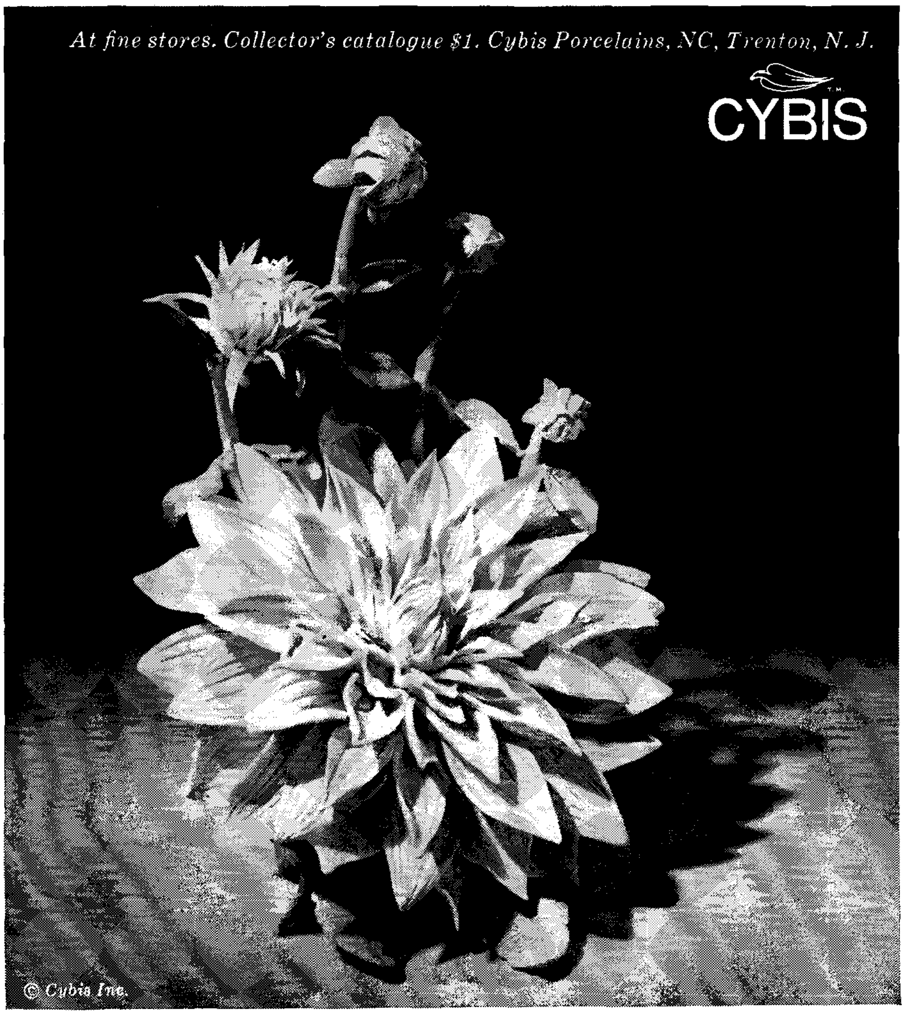

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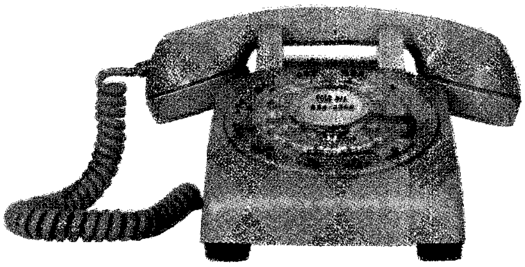
uses the pool for the first time must produce a doctor's certificate that he has no contagious disease. The club's members, mainly non-diplomatic Westerners, think such fanatical cleanliness almost as strangely Oriental as their fathers thought the traditional Chinese dirtiness.

In the simple symmetry of Peking's avenues, Tien An Men Square, in the Tartar City, forms the focal point. Here indeed is monumentality suited to a capital. "Men" means "gate," and "Tien An Men" is the Gate of Heavenly Peace. It closes off the north side of the square named after it, and makes the background in all those photographs of May Day parades and October 1st celebrations; it has the hierarchical and hieratic role that is filled by Lenin's tomb against the Kremlin wall in Moscow, and one may expect that Mao Tse-tung will be buried here one day. Tien An Men dates back to the Ming emperors of the late Middle Ages, and its red brick walls have a marvellous patina; on either side are somewhat jarring wooden boards with inscriptions reading, "Long Live the Chinese People's Republic!" and "Long Live the Great Unity of the Peoples of the World!" (The Western exclamation mark has been incorporated into the list of Chinese characters.) Official tours of the Imperial City begin at Tien An Men, and in front of it tourists, soldiers on leave, and classes of schoolchildren stand to have their pictures taken by each other or by a photographer who spends his days in the square and who lugs one of those old machines on a tripod, with a black cloth to tuck his head under. The east and west sides of the square are taken up by two new buildings—the Museum of Chinese History and the Great Hall of the People. Each, as visitors are told repeatedly, was put up in a period of just ten months. They look alike, having long, low façades, with columns and pilasters. Looking south, Tien An Men faces the great axial road through Chien Men, which was once the gate leading from the Chinese City into the Tartar City. There is a little park outside the gate, with benches, which serves on summer evenings as a lovers' lane. Chien Men is one of the classical Peking beauty spots, and, as such, has to be savored at a specific time—when the full moon stands directly above the gate. The Marco Polo Bridge, to name another one, must be seen under a waning moon, and the imperial stone that so informs us still stands. Crossing the



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Tien An Men was the gate through which the emperor left the Imperial City for the yearly sacrifices to Heaven and Earth which alone, it was believed, preserved the harmony of man and nature; and from the top of this gate all his edicts were proclaimed. The Imperial City must have presented an overwhelming spectacle in the days when it was filled with the thousands of officials, servants, concubines, and soldiers of the emperor's household; now, empty but for the eternal tourists (here, too, with cameras), it does not come to life anymore, and its ever-repeated architectural pattern grows tedious.

Temples and palaces as reminders of a dead past, the monumental thoroughfares and the teeming narrow side streets, the throngs of pedestrians (many newly in from the countryside) in all kinds of getups and speaking a dozen dialects, the scarcity of wheeled traffic—all give Peking a touch of a long-vanished Europe, perhaps of an Italian town in the sixteenth century. Fitting into that place

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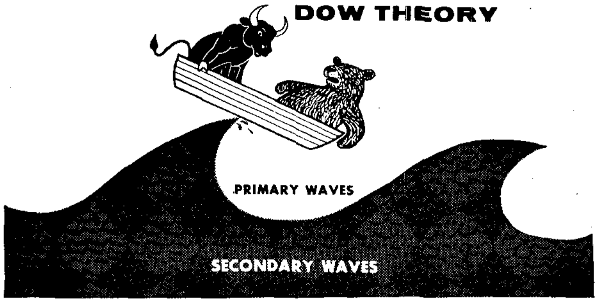

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770 Lexington Ave.	PL 2-7700
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2235 Church Ave. (Brooklyn)	UL 6-4050
2449 Morris Ave. (Bronx)	CY 5-7200
375 E. 149th St. (Bronx)	MO 5-6000
Oil City, Pennsylvania	644-1231
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	CE 6-3041
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and time is the role that foreigners play; there are many emissaries from faraway places but little contact with those countries and no mass travel across frontiers. Especially in this respect, Peking must look once more as it did three hundred years ago. It should be remembered that Marco Polo, who travelled with relative ease, happened to arrive in Peking during a brief foreign occupation of China by the Mongols, and that the occupiers needed foreign collaborators to keep the Chinese in their place. The next prominent visitor to Peking was Matteo Ricci, of the Society of Jesus, who, arriving in the year 1601, had needed eighteen years to work his way there from Macao.

Foreign Ministers or heads of state who visit Peking today invariably receive the local equivalent of a ticker-tape parade—a flags-and-flowers parade from the airport to the Great Hall of the People. In China's total isolation from the power centers of the world, every one of these official visitors, no matter how tiny his country, is important, for he demonstrates to the people that China has not been forgotten and is not unloved. There must be a complicated schedule in operation determining which school classes get off on which days in order to line Changan Avenue at the right hour and place. The children participating in these welcomes look happy, as children everywhere do when they are skipping class, and the colorfulness of their dresses or blouses, the flags and balloons in their hands, and the huge bouquets of artificial flowers they carry add up to a festiveness that is bound to impress a visitor, no matter how unspontaneous it may all be. These vast crowds of cheering children are one of Peking's main assets when it is introducing itself, but once the distinguished foreign visitor is in town, his environment undergoes a change for the worse, and some relentless and inescapable dinners and sightseeing follow. The banquets, which are attended by the entire diplomatic corps (minus the representatives of those countries that may not be on speaking terms with the visitor's country), by the press, including the complete Western press (three men), and by a selection of Chinese officials, are the highlights of Peking's not very extensive social calendar. The diplomats may bring their wives, but the officials and the journalists have to come alone; any Chinese lady in the hall is there under her own professional steam. The food is marvellous, the conversation halting. En-

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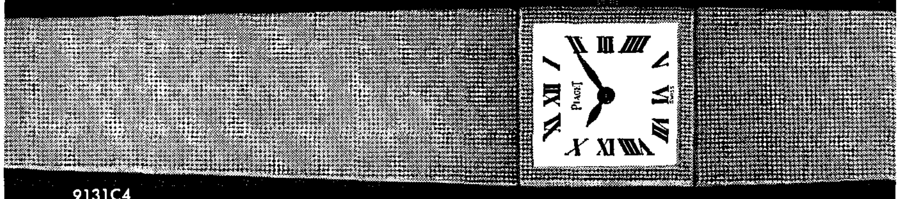

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graved in my memory is the visit of the President of Somalia, a man who probably speaks impeccable Italian but, for obvious political reasons, had to use another language. He chose English. He stumbled over many words and, unfortunately—since everyone held a copy of his text anyway, and a Chinese translation followed—did not pass over these but repeated them until he felt he had them right. The word "people" bothered him especially; every time, he started it with two syllables—"pee-o." ("People" and "peoples" are words that occur frequently in speeches at Chinese diplomatic banquets.) His address, in which he appealed several times to the United Nations, would have left his Chinese audience fairly cold at best; under the circumstances, it was endured in agonized silence. At my table, which I shared with a journalist from the Mongolian People's Republic, one from Bulgaria, one from Pakistan, one from East Germany, and two press representatives from the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs—a man and a woman—nothing was said for a long time afterward. Finally, as we were struggling to get some very slippery shrimp between our chopsticks, the Foreign Ministry lady, who was seated beside me, leaned over and asked me, "Are there many Chinese restaurants in Warsaw?" It was by all standards a surprising gambit, for she could not conceivably have thought I was a Pole. By the time I managed to answer that I did not know, the band had struck up one of those lively airs that blissfully drown out all talk, and thus I never found out how, if at all, she was going to connect this question with Somalia, the shrimp, or me.

I am Dutch. Although I now live in New York, I am a citizen of Holland, and I visited China on a Dutch passport. I arrived by way of Russia and left by way of Hong Kong. The Chinese government kept me waiting more than four years for my visa and, once I had got it and had entered the country, refused most of the special requests I made, but I travelled alone and wandered around alone, because there is no reason for the government to have a foreigner trailed; there is nothing he could see or do that would harm the country. If there are indeed "underground Chinese" left working for Chiang Kai-shek, which no one in China believes, they wouldn't talk with a Westerner. The government wouldn't give him permission to visit an atomic-energy plant or any spot in Sinkiang or Tibet where there was

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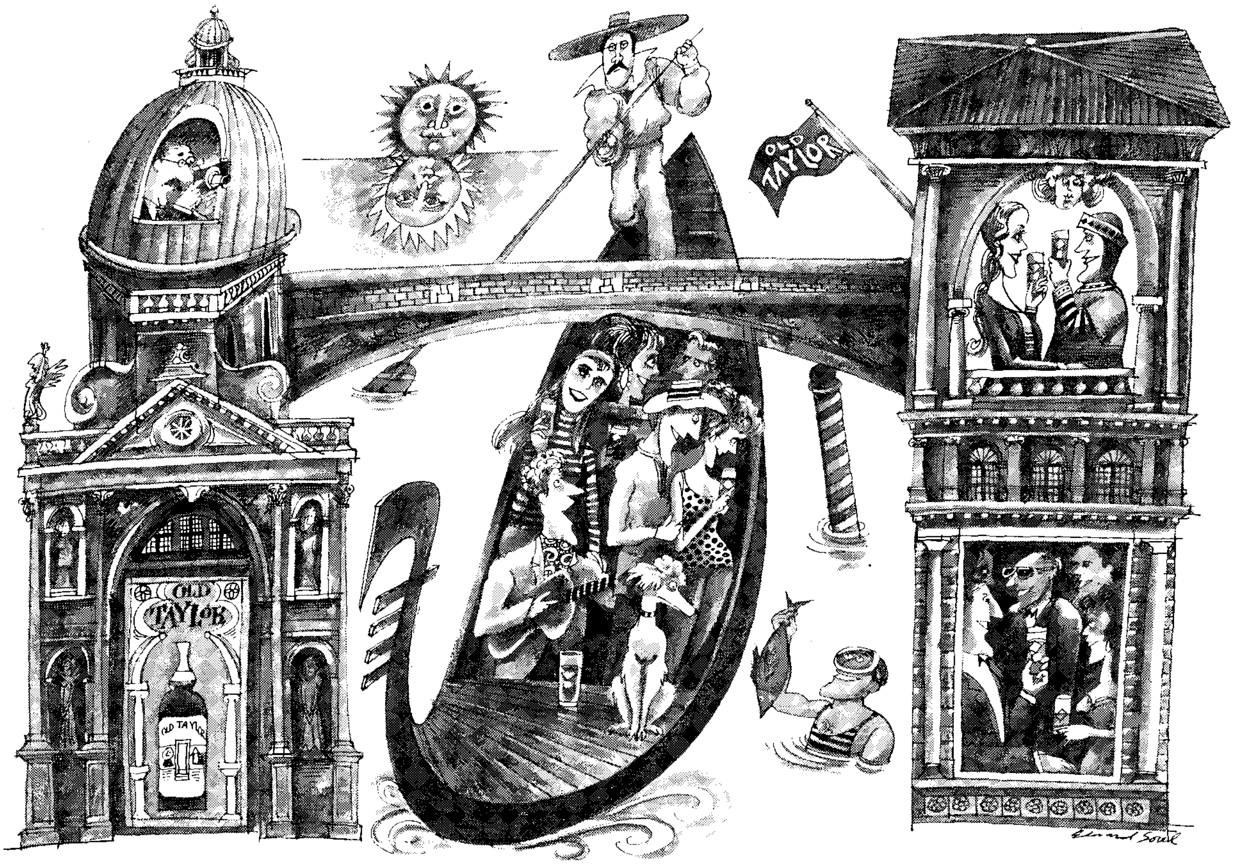

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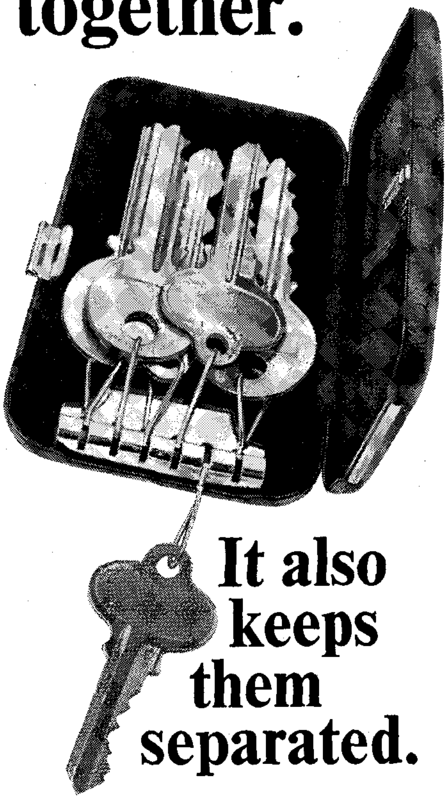

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unrest, and permission is definitely necessary to the foreign traveller. Without a travel permit, he cannot get on any train. For each city or area, a permit is needed—a visa. For instance, I made a trip from Nanking to Hangchow before I got a visa for Shanghai, but I had to change trains there, and I was obliged to spend the time between trains—about an hour—in a foreigners' waiting room in the station, much as if I were having a wait between planes on an international flight. (Sharing the waiting room with me were a group of students from North Vietnam. They and I—a citizen of a NATO country—were treated precisely the same; we were all equal in being outsiders.) Interpreters are available, at a rate of eighty cents an hour, but a travelling journalist who wants to manage without one is free to do so. In one place, I was hemmed in and screamed at by a furious mob for taking a picture of what was considered a slum street, but usually I was received marvellously, with all kinds of people coming up to shake hands and say something about the brotherhood of nations.

THE history of China has been de-chaoticized. All those centuries of bloodshed, plunder, and misery have been straightened out, miraculously and Marxistically, into one well-defined upward path. At least, that is how the Museum of Chinese History, on the east side of Tien An Men Square, presents history, and that is what a hundred million children in the new grade schools are taught. This is no small matter. The West had a brief spell, around 1890, when history seemed (to the well fed, well dressed, and well washed, anyway) to make eminent sense, all its events having led up to a scientific, rational earth, benevolently supervised by the white race. That was an agreeable idea, and almost any Victorian autobiography demonstrates how much strength and happiness it gave its believers. The new Chinese view is a similar source of strength and happiness, only more so, for the view is universal dogma. Chinese history is now neatly divided into a Primitive Society, ending around four thousand years ago; a Slave Society, lasting from 2000 B.C. until 475 B.C.; a Feudal Society, lasting until the Opium War of 1840; and a semi-colonial and revolutionary era leading up to the Liberation of 1949. It is quite simple to see the great events of those forty centuries as the outcome of class war, and to regard their prod-

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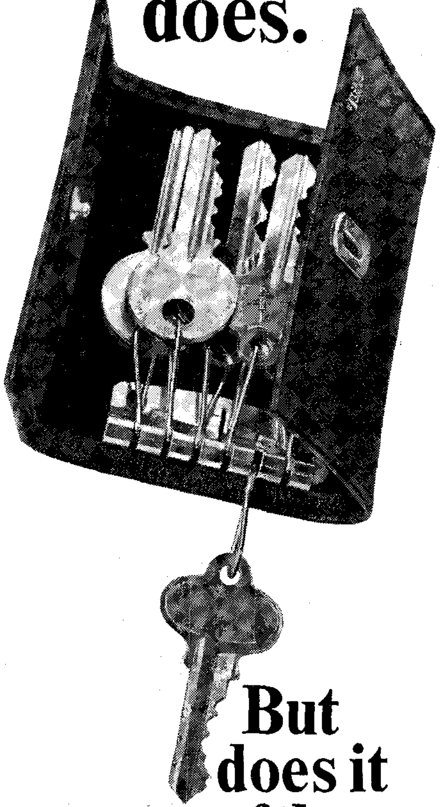

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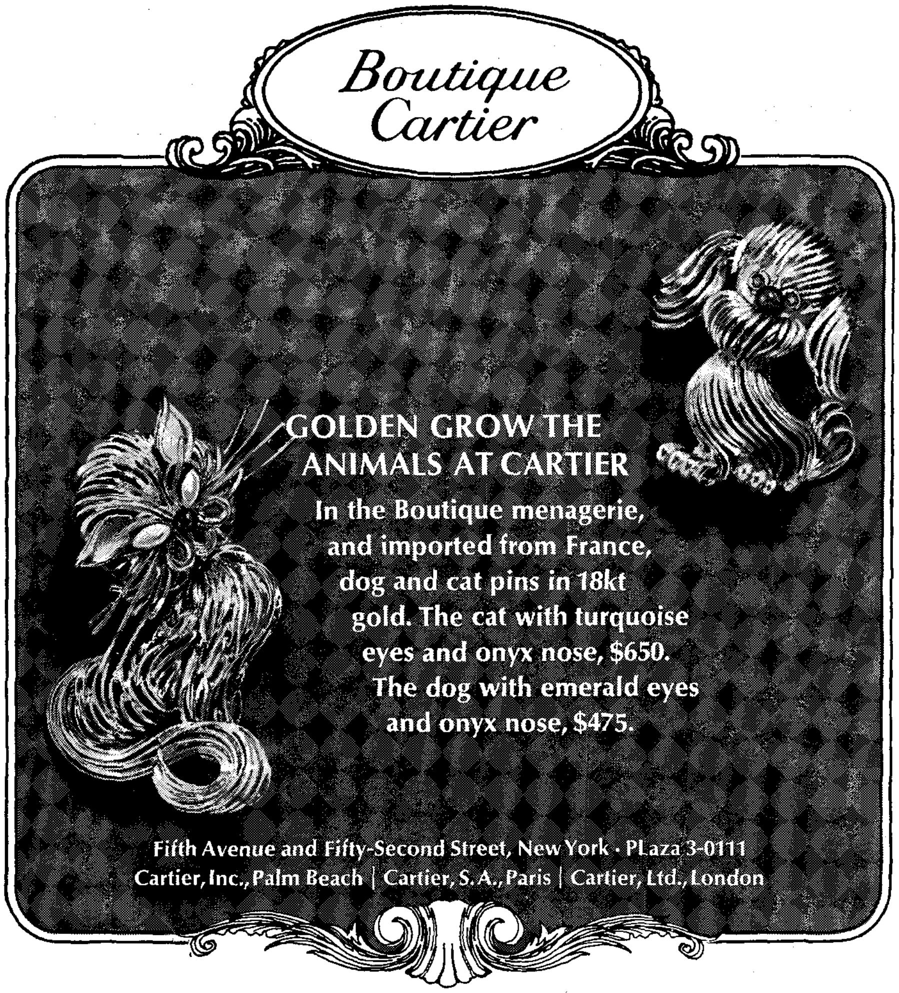
ucts, from siege machines to porcelain drinking cups, as mirroring class societies. Moreover, Chinese historical experience covers so huge an expanse of time and space, and has been accumulated in such isolation, that it makes a superb laboratory of social determinism: one can predict nicely that so much oppression over such-and-such a period of time will lead to one more peasant rebellion, one more period of civil war, one more new dynasty.

All this is more Chinese than Marxist, perhaps, but then China has never had Russia's trouble of fitting patriotism in with Marxism, for pre-Communist China had mostly a suitable history, from the Communist point of view: either the vast majority of its population was suffering under some despot—often foreign—or both the government and the people were world underdogs. Thus, the great art of China's past is exhibited in the Museum as demonstrating at the same time the superior skill of the simple craftsman and the irresponsible luxuries of the idle rich (as it does, of course), while the terrible wars and humiliations of the past hundred years are seen as demonstrating the courage of the peasants, the cruelty of the ruling classes (Eastern or Western, or both), and the inevitability of the revolution. The violence and horrors that made life a meaningless blank for the peasants and a nightmare for the intellectuals are now shown to have had their reasons; history has been provided with a happy ending. At the exit of the Museum, a text written by Mao Tse-tung, in red letters on gold, says so. And China was the chosen setting.

According to this philosophy, even the break with Russia is a good thing. Russia is the only peacetime ally China has ever had, and one cannot help feeling that the Chinese are actually relieved that the alliance has come to an end. They may have lost some years and a lot of blueprints and experts, but the feeling that they are really going it alone again, as they have always done in the past, and that they need no one, appears to more than make up for that. Communism has been purified and improved, becoming nationalized in the process; its origin as an "alien creed" helped it very little. The Chinese visitor to the Museum is supported in his solipsist view of history by the fact that the Chinese, unlike the Russians, really did invent almost everything—paper, silk, porcelain, gunpowder, the cannon, the compass, printing, paper money. In 1793, the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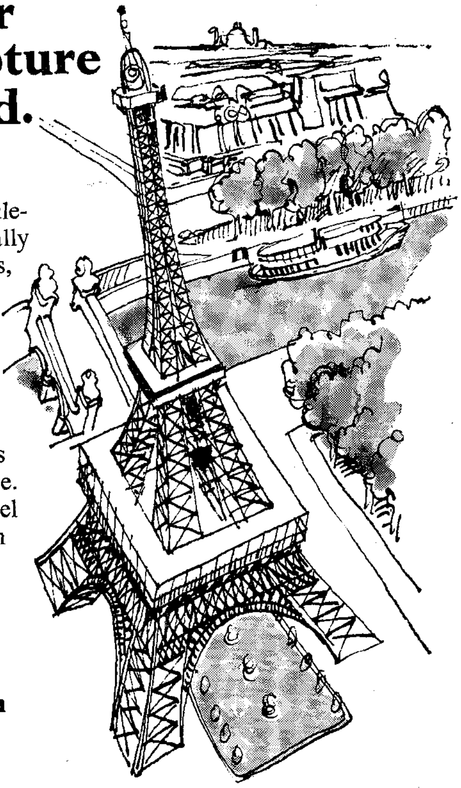
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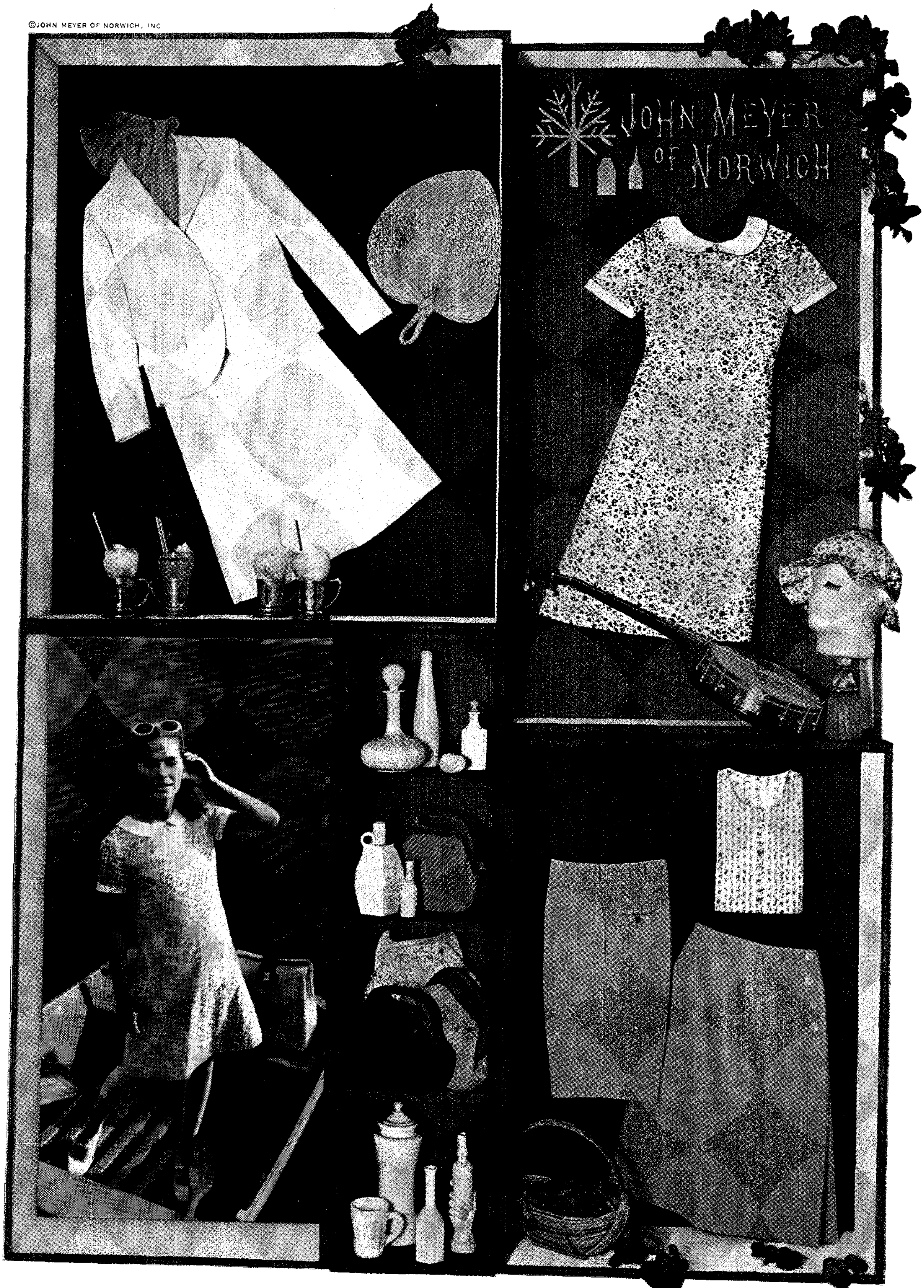

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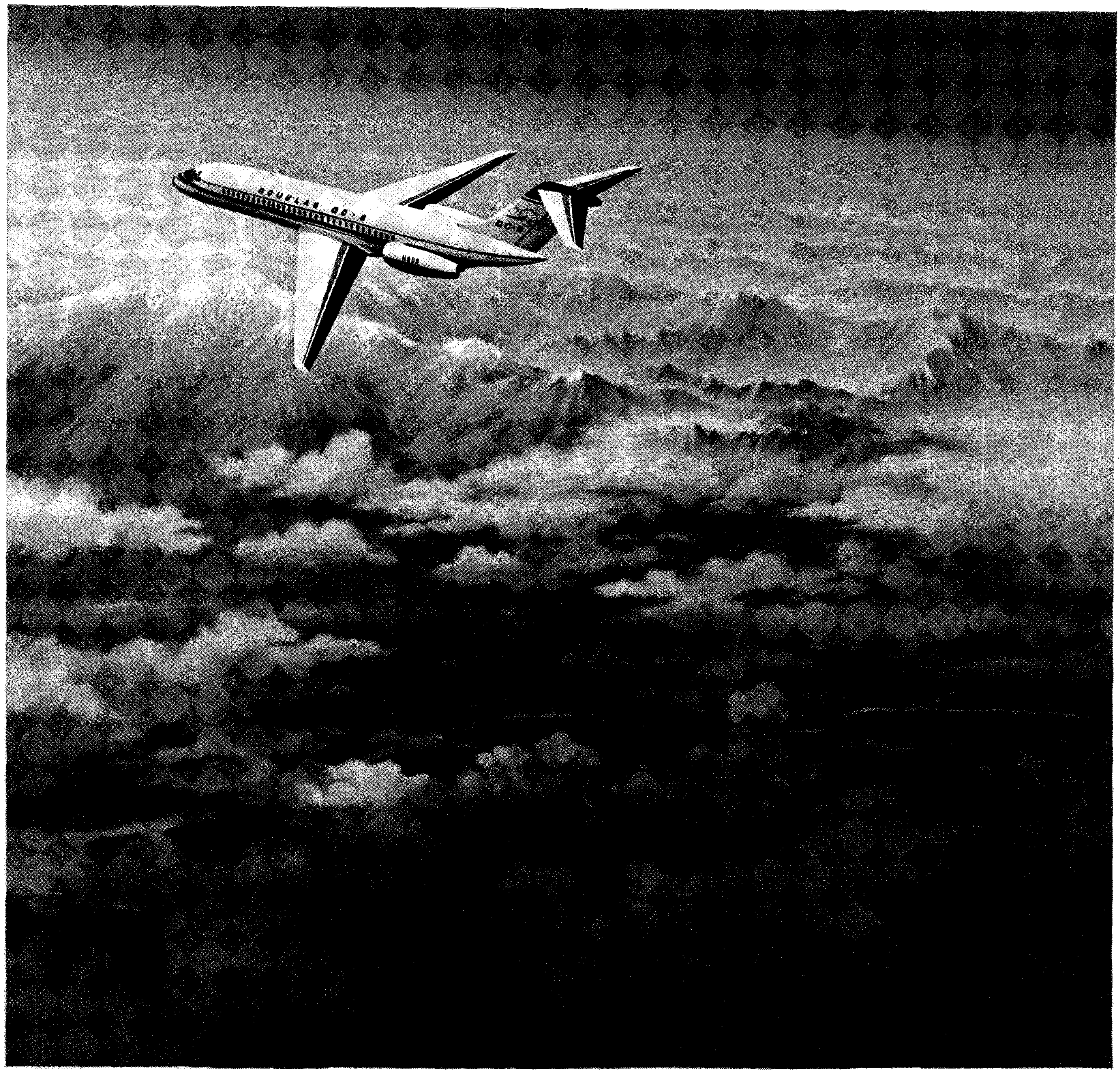

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The Douglas Royal Family of Jets

Chinese Emperor Chien-lung had his famous message delivered to the British emissary: "We do not have the slightest need of your country's manufactures." Many plant managers I met sounded exactly the same note. Can anyone in the West fathom how proud these people are, and how certain it was that this pride would explode after being squeezed in a vise for so long? Or, for that matter, can anyone in the West fathom how hated foreigners really were—all of us, including the kindly missionary and the understanding writer of the Pearl Buck type—and how hated we still are?

The crucial battles of Chinese history are shown in the Museum through modern paintings distinguished by the same abundant detail and total absence of artistry that one finds in historical reconstructions in *Life*. Amid the gore, the heroes are all depicted with more or less Caucasian features. Why? There are several explanations. A gentle one has it that the official view of history thus tones down the element of "race" in warfare. One that seems more plausible—and also seems very bad both for Chinese pride and for Western smugness—is that a Caucasian (which is to say European) type of beauty or manliness has the greatest aesthetic appeal to the modern Chinese. This tallies with the political posters, in which the young Chinese soldier or worker is usually drawn the way we would draw a Frenchman or Italian, except for just a touch of Easternness around the eyes, and it tallies with the stars of the stage and the movies, who all have a very Western type of beauty and who, moreover, in the case of the stage stars, are made up with Western complexions—pale, with red cheeks. The Chinese do not call Westerners "white men." (We aren't, of course.) Their slang designation, when it isn't "foreign devils," is "the hairy ones" or "the big noses." When, in a cabaret skit, a Chinese actor wants to represent an American soldier, he simply pastes on a big paper nose. The Chinese on the posters have pink complexions (there is actually a wide variety of racial types in China, from European-pale to very dark); Westerners are made to look a sickly yellow—if they are Americans, that is. The people of the Dominican Republic, who were featured widely in the political posters of 1965, had nice tans (and beards).

The foreigner in China now stands out so prominently that he disturbs whatever he observes. Also, he may find that the well-meaning neutrality

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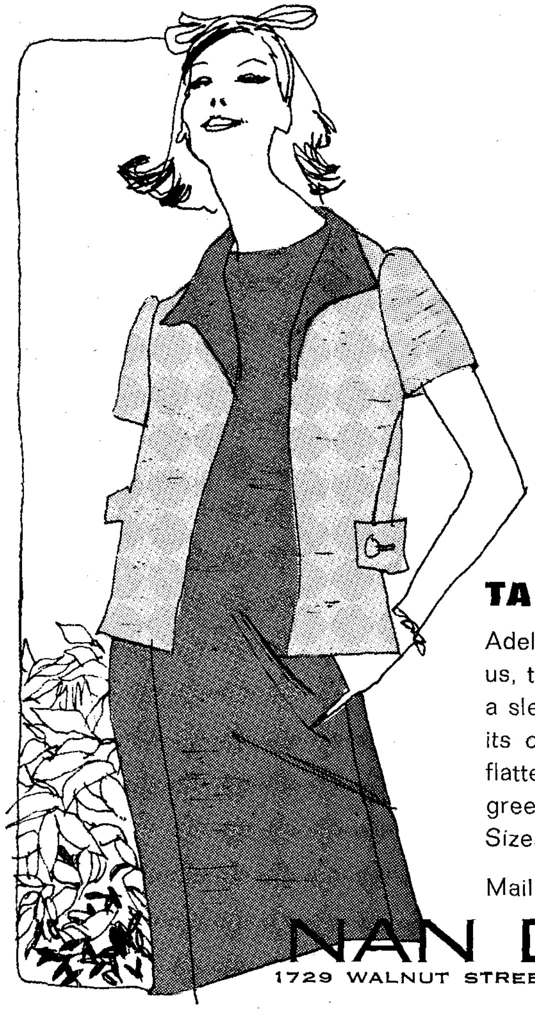
he arrived with crumbles under the necessity of having endless dealings with a Kafkaesque officialdom. He needs will power and some humor, and luck as well, to keep from extrapolating these strictly private and for-foreigners-only experiences into general assumptions. Isn't one reason that such countries as West Germany, Switzerland, and Spain are so popular with American visitors to be found in the obsequiousness of their officials and hotelkeepers toward the prosperous foreigner? In China, things are now the other way around; in many respects, foreigners are treated not better but worse than natives. After so many years in which the reverse was true, it seems unfair to protest this very much. But other strains, too, are imposed on the visitor's neutrality. Interpreters, guides, and other officials are forever trying to sell their country and its system to visitors, and, predictably, they go about it the wrong way. They sow unjustified doubts, for they exaggerate, they insist that everything is fine, they obscure those things that are not, and, being totally unable to laugh at themselves, they seem intolerably smug. All this, however, is only the wrapping; China is inside.

"CHINESE coolies love to eat: as soon as they've made some money, they go spend it in a roadside eat house." This interesting sidelight on the food situation was thrown by two American writers in a humorous guidebook to Shanghai that appeared in 1936. (Another sample of its wit: "When your rickshaw coolie starts to pant, you're approaching the Garden Bridge.") In the thirties, twenty thousand dead coolies were collected each year from the sidewalks of Shanghai, where they had starved, and carted off to potter's field.)

Getting fed, the preoccupation of most men, women, and children in this world, still looms as a larger problem in the daily life of China than in that of the West, but today the food is there. City people buy their supplies from pushcarts, from market stalls, and from shops that vary in size from a little booth, with most of its stuff spread out on a mat on the sidewalk, to a big store with neon lights, plate-glass windows, and separate departments for meat products, sweets, canned goods, vegetables and fruits, beverages, and a collection of grains and beans. The big stores display their wares attractively, using mirrors, flowers, and the like; there is no atmosphere of scarcity, nor is there any of that drabness which is



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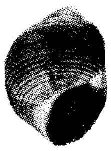
ROAM THE "SHORES OF THE BIG WAMPUM"

Pick up a few "dollars" or your dinner this summer on the beautiful beaches of Canada's Atlantic Provinces

One thing about Canada's east coast vacationland, it brings out the beachcomber in everyone.

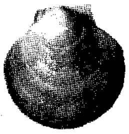
You just can't resist picking up the sea shells lying in the sand . . . and it doesn't take a conchologist to note their variety and abundant size. Sand dollars up to three inches across are common finds. Here, the little neck, cherrystone and hard shell clams . . . called the Northern Quahog in these waters . . . grow to their greatest dimensions.

It was because of this that Indians gave the name, "shores of the big wampum", to the ruggedly beautiful coastlines of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. The Indians cut the purple edged and brilliant white clam shells into beads for wampum belts.



No one really knows why all shell-bearing marine animals tend to grow bigger along Canada's east coast. It may have something to do with salinity, the nature of the sea bed and the temperature of the water, touched in places by the Gulf Stream. Whatever it is, they thrive in obviously friendly surroundings in an area where the people, too, live on the bounty of the sea.

There is a joke among these seafaring descendants of Scottish and Acadian settlers that life is so easy for the shellfish that they don't even have to mate to have families. Barnacles and certain sea snails, for example, are equipped to perpetuate themselves in solo performances. Others of the shell-bearing marine animals do sort themselves out into sexes . . . but, alas, some of the parents never meet. Instead, fertilization gets an assist from the ocean currents. Most of these quaint marital customs are carried on during late fall, winter and early spring . . . perhaps to avoid embarrassing the summer visitors who come to enjoy the beaches.



Whether you're a collector or just want a few shells to enhance a coffee table or your fish tank, you can discover more than 150 kinds of shells in the Atlantic Provinces. Some of them, like the large white Iceland cockle, Stimpson's tusk shells and the six-armed polar starfish, never venture farther south. Serious collectors, skin diving at two fathoms (12 feet) in the clear bays, are rewarded with species rarely cast up on the shores. The four-inch Greenland cockle or the chalky macoma, for example.

Even the shell names make interesting conversation pieces. The false angel wing, for instance, or the American pelican's foot. Try these: lunar dove shell, pale chink, immaculate moon shell, arctic barrel bubble, Gould's Pandora, truncated duck-bill, heart shell, and smooth discord musculus. Sand dollars are called "Holy Ghosts."

Naturally, in a region noted for delicious seafoods, a gourmet can forage with great success. Take your pick of giant scallops, blue mussels, soft and hard shell clams, periwinkles, sea urchins and whelks. You may be lucky enough to find a pearl in an oyster.

Perhaps you'd rather relax. In that case, turn to the many fine restaurants where lobster, crab and other seafoods enrich the menu. Do your shell collecting at roadside stands in scores of fishing villages.

The sea-girt, see-worthy Atlantic Provinces offer other pleasures. The summer's alive with fairs, fêtes, Scottish games, harness racing, tuna derbies and summer theatre. Old forts command the heights; reminders of early American sagas. You still can hear Gaelic and Acadian dialects spoken in the picturesque outports as you learn the lore and legends of the sea. The roads and accommodations are excellent.

You get a big Travel Bonus, too. Like the sand dollars that grow larger in these friendly waters, your U.S. dollars are worth more in Canada.

Shells courtesy of Redpath Museum, McGill University.

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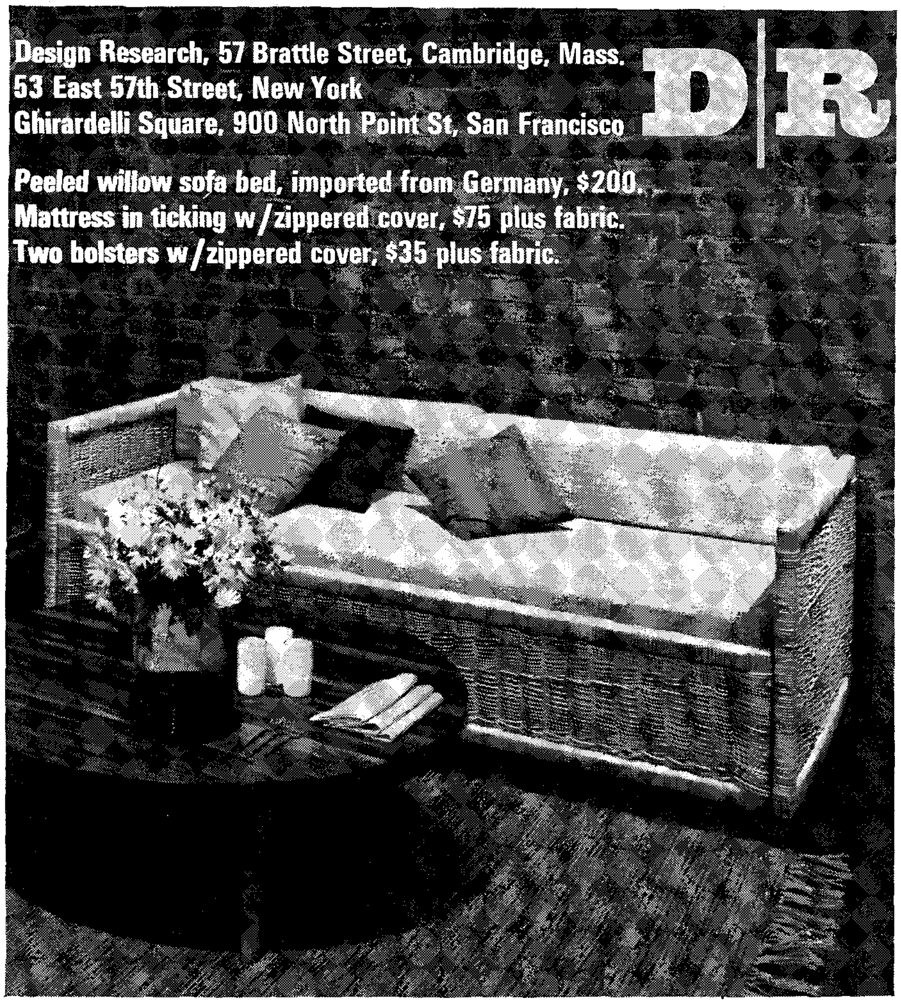
found—except in some special stores in the capitals—throughout Communist Eastern Europe. And, in contrast to Russia, where they plunk your purchases on the counter, not letting you forget for a second that they're just state employees and don't give a damn whether you buy anything or not, the service in China is overwhelming. The Chinese are unbelievably painstaking anyway, in everything they do, and the clerks in the stores are so polite and careful that they ruin a shopper for the Western world. A woman asks for two cakes, whereupon the clerk invites her to make a choice from a dozen that look exactly alike. When she has decided, he wraps them up and ties string around them as if he were doing up a Christmas gift; while she is counting out her pennies, he stands by in a way that suggests she has made his day by her purchase. Moreover, everything is remarkably clean. In the departments where baked goods and candies are sold, the girls wear white mouth cloths (rather ghostlike); floors, it seems, are swept every ten minutes; and if a fly appears, having somehow survived the great fly purge of a few years ago, half the store sets to work to get rid of it. (To be accurate, the purge concerned itself with what were called "the four pests"—flies, rats, mosquitoes, and sparrows. A few sparrows have reappeared in the towns, and these have been left alone; the skies do not seem emptier than those over our cities, because there are swallows and, after sunset, bats. The fly purge proper seems to have been almost total; even on cattle-farm manure heaps I didn't see one fly. One would expect the gruesome war on the sparrows to have completely disrupted the ecology of the cities, but, inexplicably, nothing like this has happened; Peking has no more gnats or other insects than New York City has.) Pretty though the shops may look, there are scarcities. Grain (which includes rice) and cotton are the main rationed items—though the Chinese officials talk not about rationing but about "planned supply." The term is not as deceptive as one might suppose, for when China had a free economy, most people, most of the time, had less than they have now, through the very efficient rationing system of no money, and starving to death was a commonplace. It is difficult to get reliable ration figures today. What can be said for certain is that there has been a great change since 1960-62, when rice, fats, tobacco, fish, meat, cotton, and sugar were in desperately short supply and restaurants were closed or were forbiddingly expen-



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Mattress in ticking w/zippered cover, $75 plus fabric.
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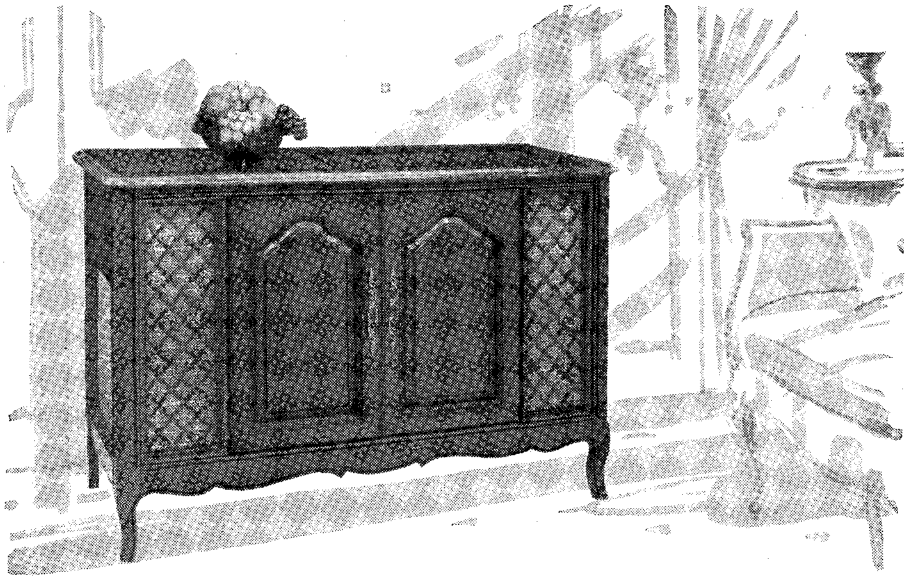

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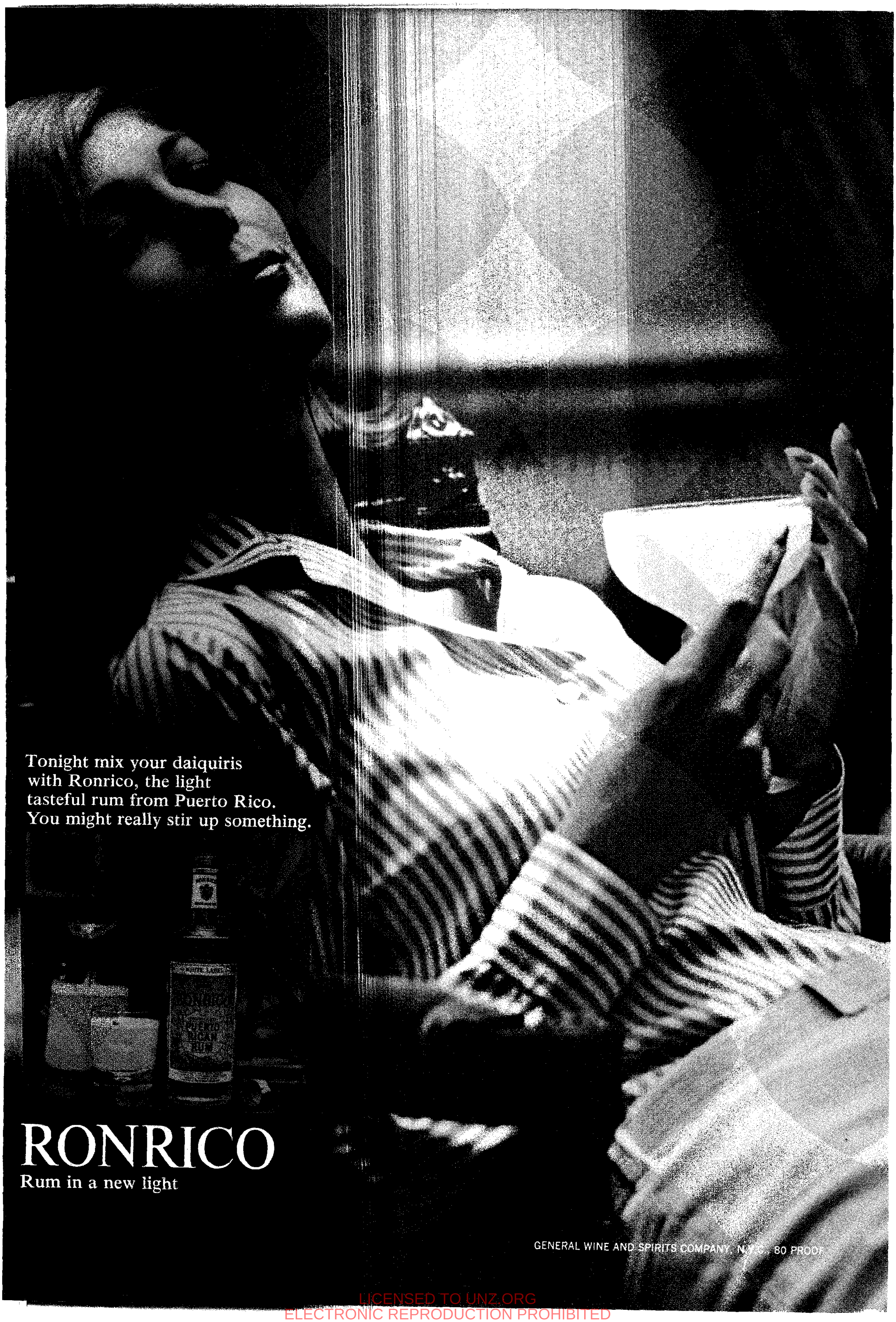
Tonight mix your daiquiris
with Ronrico, the light
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You might really stir up something.
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It won't cost you much. It gives you up to 30 miles to the gallon. It has lubed for life fittings. Disc brakes. It's built to last. And it's fun to drive. That's what our lowest priced total performance car is all about.

It belongs to the family of cars that has proved its ruggedness and durability in over 300 race and rally wins. (Like the grueling 1300 mile Canadian Winter Rally and, toughest of them all, the East African Safari.)

All Cortinas have a four cylinder engine, with a five bearing crankshaft.

The GT's come equipped with tuned exhaust, heated intake manifold, high performance cam, and a dual chamber Weber carburetor. Quite a mouthful, but take our word for it, it's quite an engine. You ca
shift for yourself with the standard fou
speed all-synchromesh transmission, c
choose the optional three-speed automati
available on 2-dr., 4-dr., and station wago

Inside, Cortina holds five people wit
out having to shoehorn them in. It has foa
padded bucket seats, safety-padded instr

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices, at East Coast P.O.E. Destination charges from P.O.E., other optional equipment and state and local taxes and fees if any, are extra. Car shown is the Cortina

lowest priced car.

ent panel, windshield washers, a heater/defroster, turn signals, front and rear ashtrays.

Also, wall-to-wall carpeting underfoot. ventilation system that can change the air the car every 40 seconds, even with the indows closed. A nearly kid-proof interior f washable vinyl. And a 20-cubic-foot trunk apacity, because your wife overpacks.

And all this comes in for $1765.49* in the Cortina 2-door Deluxe, $1884.93* in the 4-door sedan. The four-door station wagon costs only $2102.10*. The sporty Cortina GT, $2121.58*. The Cortina modified by Lotus, hottest performer of them all, $3419.70*.

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Pictured below, from top to bottom:
1. Cortina GT interior—finished in all-vinyl, with foam-padded bucket seats, safety-padded instrument panel, center console, full instrumentation.
2. Cortina Deluxe interior—completely equipped as above except for console, ammeter, tachometer.
3. Trunk capacity—20 cubic feet on all Cortinas.

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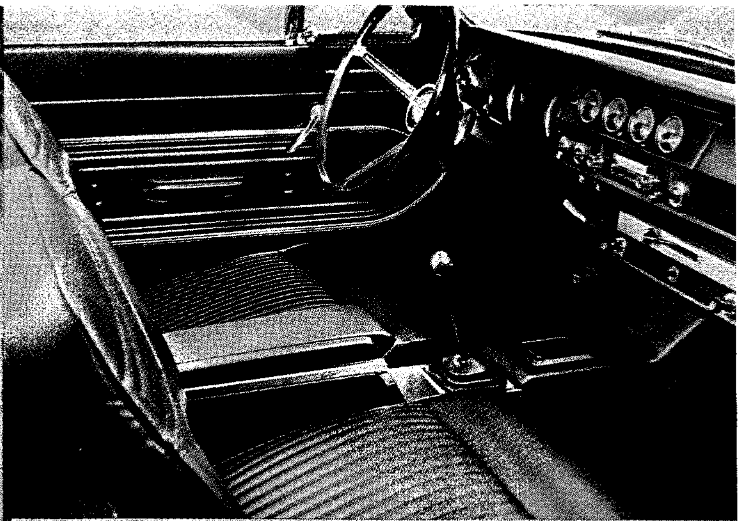
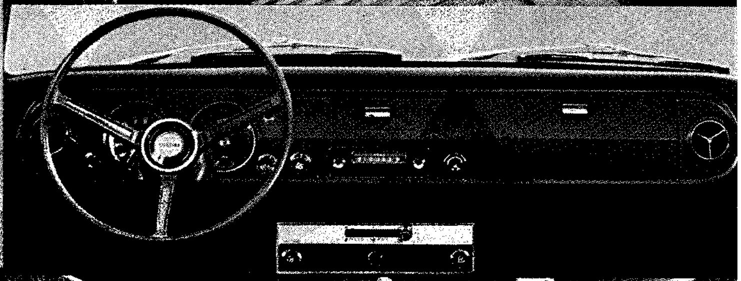
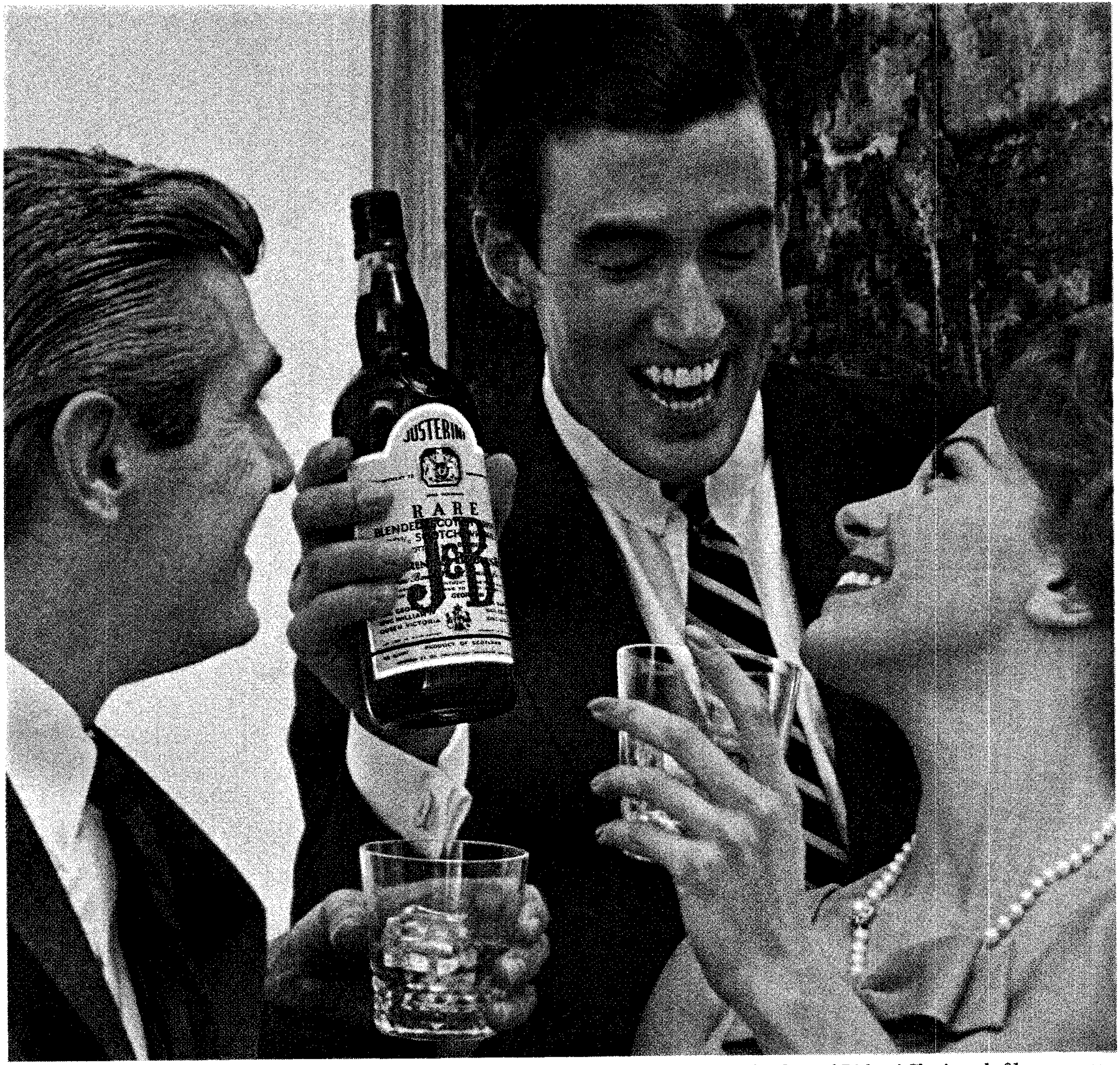
Vhite wall tires shown $24.21. Overseas delivery available at substantial savings.





86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, New York 20, N. Y.



The green bottle with the red J&B on the label; that's the one that pours more pleasure, the one whose flavour bespeaks the happy blending of many noble scotch whiskies. Compare J&B Rare. You will make a most rewarding discovery. Treasured J&B Rare is shipped by the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks which numbered Charles Dickens among its many patrons.

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sive. After last fall's harvest, the rice ration in the towns was one Continental pound (1.1 pound avoirdupois) per person per day, and very few people actually used that much rice. (The availability of the second rationed item—cotton—is quoted as "two dresses a year." Figures vary from place to place, and this subject is one that officials are loath to discuss. Artificial fibres are unrationed, and the stores have good supplies of shirts and dresses in locally made material of the rayon or nylon type.) All foods except rice were unrationed and in good supply, with the piles of fruit, vegetables, and eggs making great slashes of color along the shopping streets. Towns are surrounded by market gardens, and in years when the harvest is good they deluge the towns with produce. Last summer, there were so many tomatoes in Peking that the price for ten kilos (a kilo is 2.2 pounds) of the best quality went down to twenty fen; that is, twenty-two pounds for eight American cents. (A fen is a Chinese cent—nominally, two-fifths of an American cent.) That was cheap even for the lowest-paid laborer. Factories and big offices run their own canteens. Here is a menu of an average canteen, in a machine factory: At the first window were sold dumplings (four for six fen), dry soya pancakes (three fen apiece), and Chinese bread (three fen per slice). At the second window, fried fish (fifteen fen), omelettes (twelve fen), potato with liver (fourteen fen), and enormous bowls of sticky rice (five fen). At the third window were two kinds of vegetables (five fen each), and "three delicacies"—a Canton dish (fifteen fen), chicken with soya beans (eighteen fen), and pork in soya sauce (fifteen fen). The helping of fish was small and bony, the chicken was good, the vegetables and the pork were very nice.

In the countryside, things are more complex, fluctuating with local harvests and involving, for instance, premiums of extra cotton for peasants who sell pork or eggs from their small private plots to the state purchasing agency. The meat ration in the country is given as thirty pounds a year, but who can evaluate such a figure? Can every peasant in the country indeed get his thirty pounds, and does he want them? Before the Second World War, peasants in some areas ate meat only once a year, during the New Year festival, and one can still visit communes where the people say, "We're too poor to eat meat more than once a month or so."

In 1965, peasants were guaranteed

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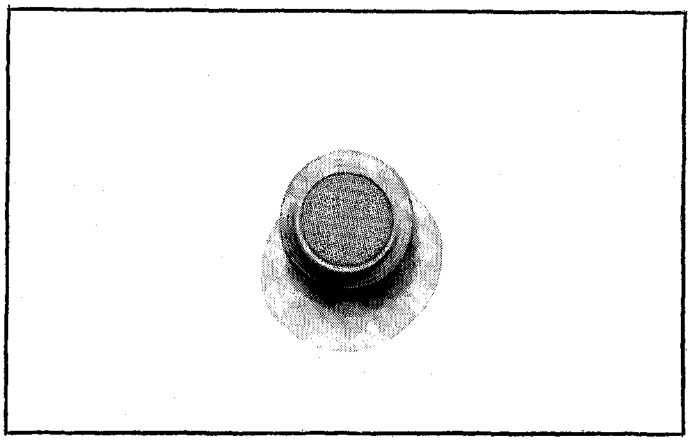
THIS LITTLE CIRCLE KEEPS
THE ONES UNDER YOUR EYES OUT OF SIGHT



All too soon after you've so painstakingly made-up, under-eye circles and wrinkles start showing again. Because you can't run home to do the job over, Jacqueline Cochran has invented Opaque Touch-Up, in a half-dollar size case that goes out with you. This incredible cream blends over make-up, re-covering shadows and wrinkles. By Jacqueline Cochran (famed for Flowing Velvet), in three shades, one of which matches your make-up. 3.50 with brush.

OPAQUE TOUCH-UP
BY JACQUELINE COCHRAN

Matthews

A special place for the special woman. Who wants only perfection in the clothes she wears, from state occasion formals to the easiest casuals. Matthews exists expressly for her—designs fabric, fashions, accessories with simple grace and a dash of wit, sells them only in Matthews shops.

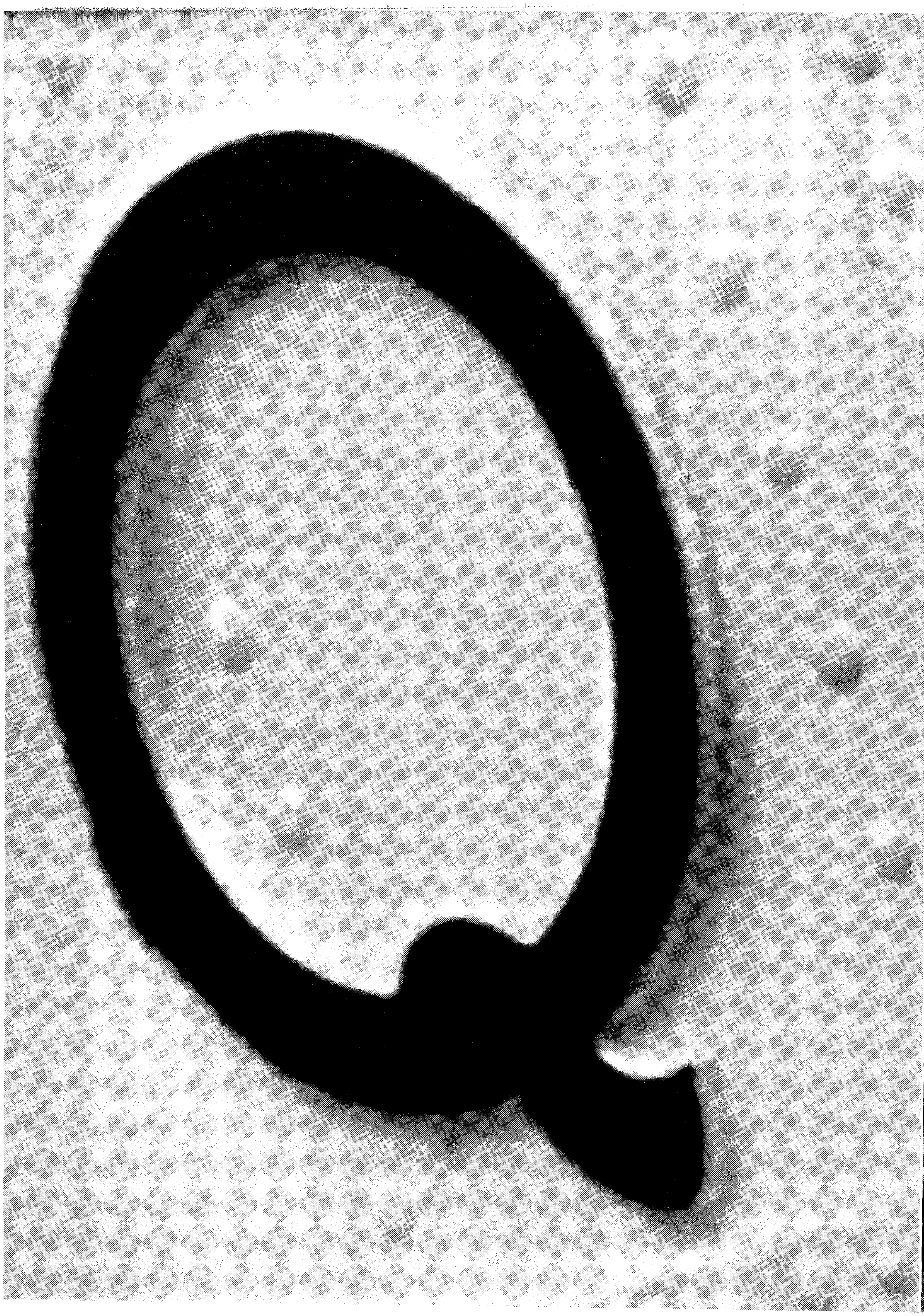
Floating dancer with black/white polka organza chiffon skirt, black linen top, shocking pink bow. *$395.*

Four unique shops:
22 W. 57th St., New York; also
Chicago, Beverly Hills, Palm Springs

250 kilos of rice or wheat flour for themselves. That compares with the 135 kilos for light workers and 218 kilos for heavy workers that Edgar Snow has given as the figures for 1961. This hardly seems a sensational improvement, but there are more side dishes now: fish, chicken, and vegetables are freely available. The most sensible way of summing it all up may be to say that anyone travelling through this vast country, and looking for hours out of train windows or walking along country lanes, sees many poor people, many people working hard with primitive tools, but no one looking badly in need of more food. How such a person looks is not something anyone who has ever set foot in India or in Haiti or in the mountains of Mexico is likely to forget.

Peking has very good restaurants, run on a joint state-private basis, which permits considerable individuality. Probably the best one is called the Garden of Pleasure, and it lives up to the name by offering elaborate and leisurely service. One may reserve a table; guests are received in an anteroom with hot towels and little cups of tea and liqueur, and here the menu is discussed with the headwaiter. The latest edition of the state-published Peking guidebook (1960) lists thirty-five good restaurants, not including hotel restaurants. They are patronized not by some new ruling class but by the general public. Couples sit here, drinking tea and smoking cigarettes; and one encounters girl students in groups, all appearing very self-possessed and modern. They look at the men, and the men look at them. And outside, in the evening darkness under the trees, couples sit holding hands, or the girl leans her head against the boy's shoulder.

In 1961, dinner in a simple restaurant cost up to four American dollars, and in 1962 the same dinner cost two dollars. In 1965, the check was down to forty American cents. This strange deflation could occur only in a country where the government is free to set prices without reference to costs or profits; the drop in price simply means that there is now enough food to let everyone in town eat in a real restaurant at times—everyone, that is, who is properly washed and has a clean shirt. (In the cities, there is still a sub-proletarian class of ragged coolies, who, as they haul their loads, present the gruesome spectacle, so well known before the war, of men working like draft animals. They have health insurance and unemployment benefits now, but they are paid by the load only.) The



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Q for Queen Elizabeth. Q for Queen Mary.

Biggest names afloat. Biggest bargains afloat...with more room to give you more luxury aboard.

Begin your vacation with a vacation. 5 days of relaxing resort life to Europe. It's all in the fare: all the food you can eat, all the fun you can have. Swim. Sun. Party. Play. Go nightclubbing. Dance till dawn. The time of your life! So much so you'll wish the crossing took longer. Sail. Soon. Big.

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About $40.

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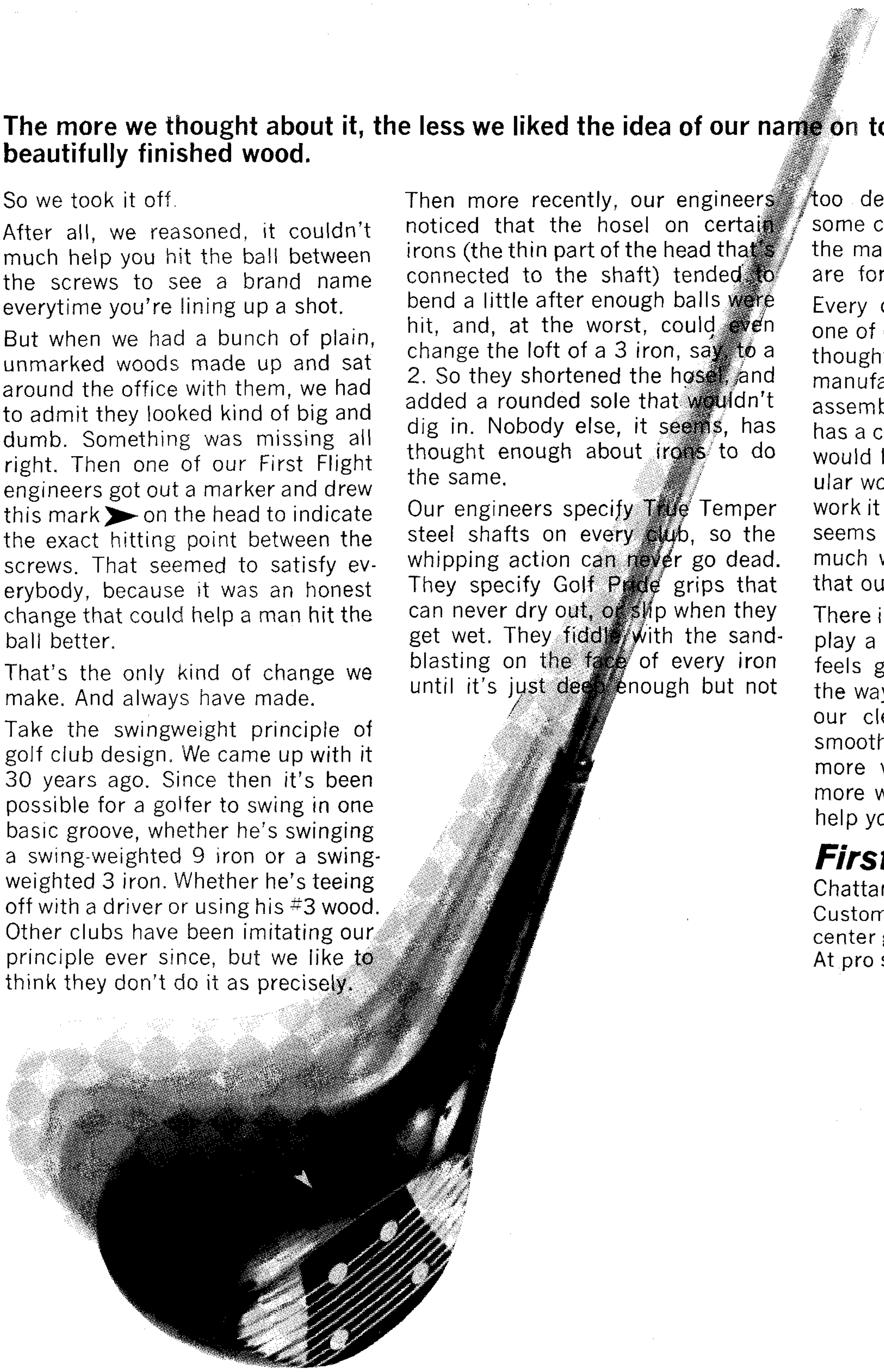
Garden of Pleasure now charges about two dollars for its most elaborate meal, and this is the top price for Peking. A less expensive meal is to be had in, for instance, a Mongolian restaurant in the northwest section, which has outdoor tables in summer, and where one dinner for four cost twelve yuan, or about five dollars. That included *shashlik*, mushrooms, stacks of side dishes, elaborate egg-and-tomato soup, and large quantities of beer. (The soup is served last in China.) The beer comes in big bottles, and it is good. Then, there is *maotai*, a brownish brandy, in stone flasks; many wines, all home-grown; and something called, and vaguely resembling, whiskey. In Peking, only two hotels provide bilingual menus, and forks and spoons. The food in China—and there is an infinitely wider variety of it than is presented in Chinese restaurants abroad—is eaten with chopsticks. With sticks, a guest can reach all the dishes on the table and pick from them at random, and that is what he is supposed to do. It makes for slower and more selective eating. In the case of many foods, sticks are superior to forks and spoons, because with sticks the mouth touches only the food itself.

In Hangchow, I ate fish caught in a lake that the restaurant looked out on—a huge fish in a sweetish dark sauce that tasted like Mexican *mole*. That dinner cost forty cents. But Canton, of course, is the center of it all—the only original school of *haute cuisine* that exists outside France. Canton has real specialty food shops; the fruit stores are a delight, having all we have, plus mangoes, pomegranates, durians, litchis, and *lung yen*, or dragon's eyes, tasting like a cross between plums and grapes. In Canton, people still, or again, dis-

The more we thought about it, the less we liked the idea of our name on top of the head of a beautifully finished wood.



So we took it off.

After all, we reasoned, it couldn't much help you hit the ball between the screws to see a brand name everytime you're lining up a shot.

But when we had a bunch of plain, unmarked woods made up and sat around the office with them, we had to admit they looked kind of big and dumb. Something was missing all right. Then one of our First Flight engineers got out a marker and drew this mark ➤ on the head to indicate the exact hitting point between the screws. That seemed to satisfy everybody, because it was an honest change that could help a man hit the ball better.

That's the only kind of change we make. And always have made.

Take the swingweight principle of golf club design. We came up with it 30 years ago. Since then it's been possible for a golfer to swing in one basic groove, whether he's swinging a swing-weighted 9 iron or a swing-weighted 3 iron. Whether he's teeing off with a driver or using his #3 wood. Other clubs have been imitating our principle ever since, but we like to think they don't do it as precisely.

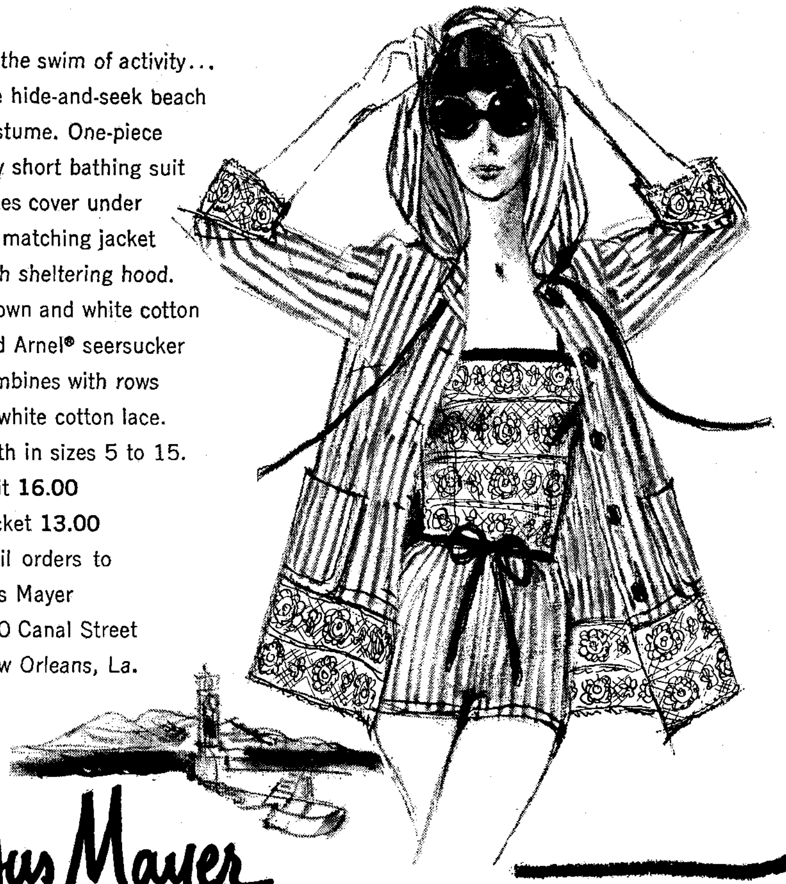
Then more recently, our engineers noticed that the hosel on certain irons (the thin part of the head that's connected to the shaft) tended to bend a little after enough balls were hit, and, at the worst, could even change the loft of a 3 iron, say, to a 2. So they shortened the hosel, and added a rounded sole that wouldn't dig in. Nobody else, it seems, has thought enough about irons to do the same.

Our engineers specify True Temper steel shafts on every club, so the whipping action can never go dead. They specify Golf Pride grips that can never dry out, or slip when they get wet. They fiddle with the sand-blasting on the face of every iron until it's just deep enough but not too deep. (Maybe you've noticed some club companies seem to think the markings on the face of an iron are for looks instead of function).

Every one of our irons, and every one of our woods has been carefully thought out, designed, tested and manufactured as a unit. There's no assembly line at First Flight. If a guy has a crazy idea that 21 laminations would be better than 20 on a particular wood, we let him go ahead and work it out. If a pro tells us our 7 iron seems to have .08 of an ounce too much weight in the heel, we check that out.

There isn't a golfer alive who doesn't play a better game of golf when he feels good about his clubs. That's the way we expect you to feel about our clean, simple irons, and our smooth, honest woods. Because the more we've thought about it, the more we've come up with things to help you feel that way.

First Flight ▷
Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Custom built woods and irons, steel-center golf balls, and Hot-Z golf bags.
At pro shops only.



In the swim of activity... the hide-and-seek beach costume. One-piece boy short bathing suit takes cover under its matching jacket with sheltering hood. Brown and white cotton and Arnel® seersucker combines with rows of white cotton lace. Both in sizes 5 to 15. Suit **16.00** Jacket **13.00** Mail orders to Gus Mayer 800 Canal Street New Orleans, La.

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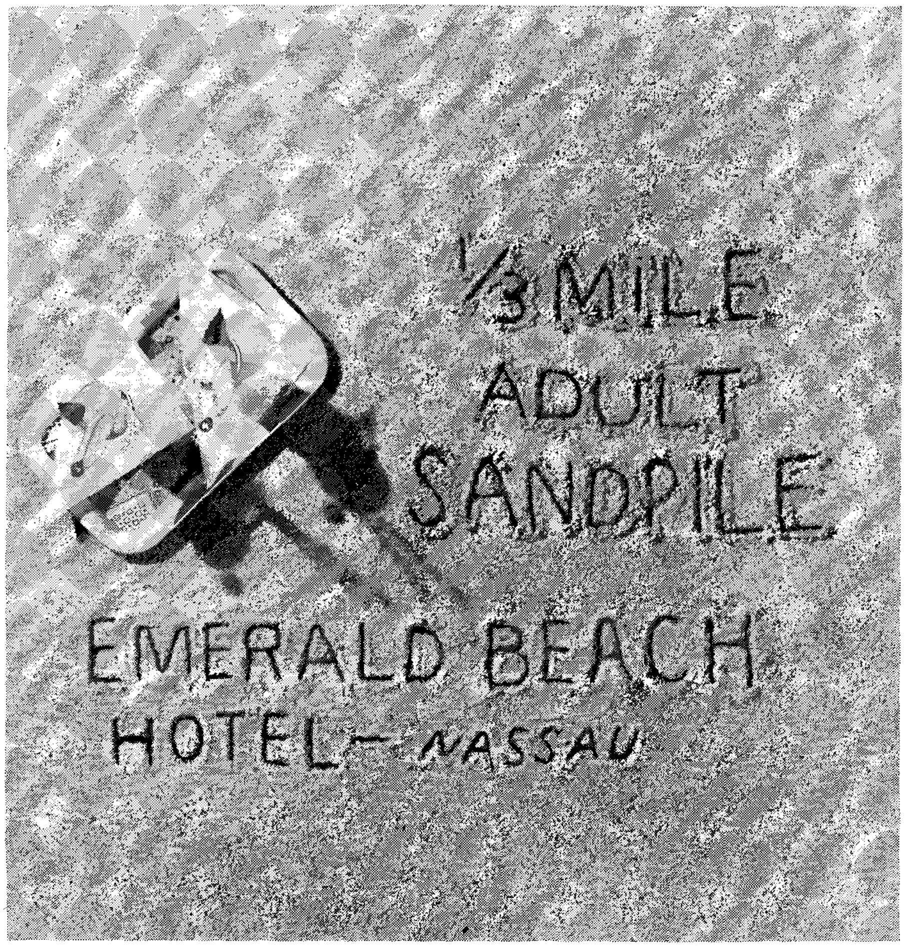

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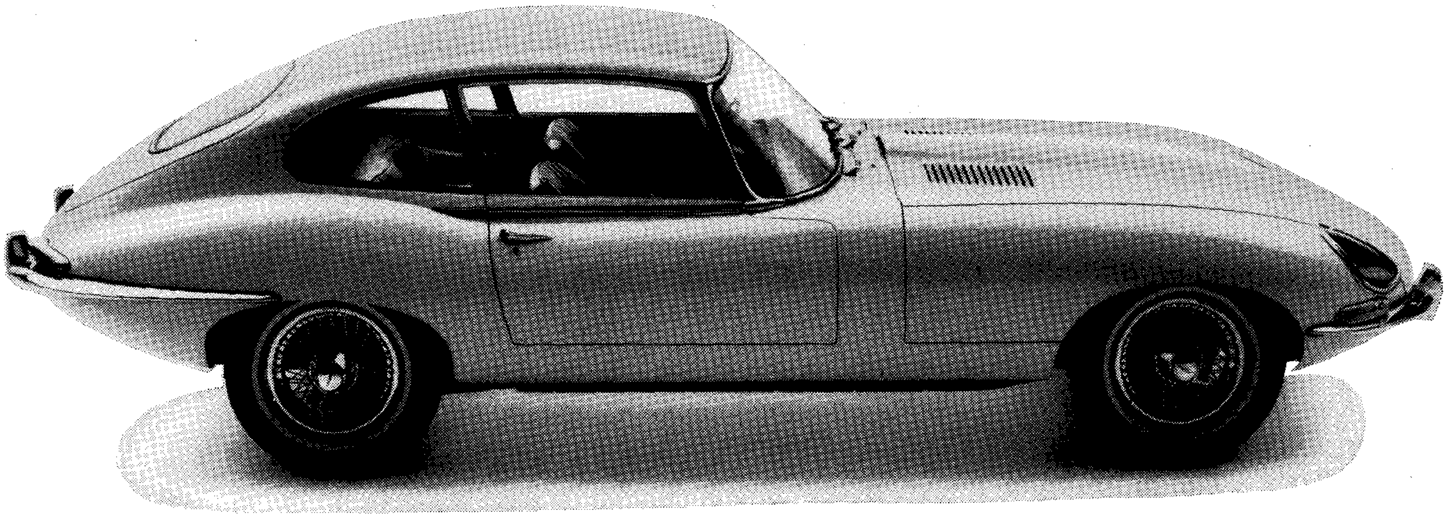
cuss their dinners like French gastronomes. The Pan Chi restaurant there served a dinner of beef with leeks, followed by fish with *hsia pien* (leaves of fried shrimp paste), bowls of green vegetables, rice, egg soup, and beer, all for a dollar. One cannot have more than a taste of each of the dishes, for Chinese menus—in contrast to Western ones—promise much less than the waiter actually brings. In my early days here, I thought the waiters would be appalled by the amount of food ordered and not eaten, but no one was. Perhaps it goes back into the pot. The Pan Chi is an elaborate place, with half a dozen rooms and terraces, some roofed and some open, grouped around little ponds and waterfalls in the old style, and it is packed every evening.

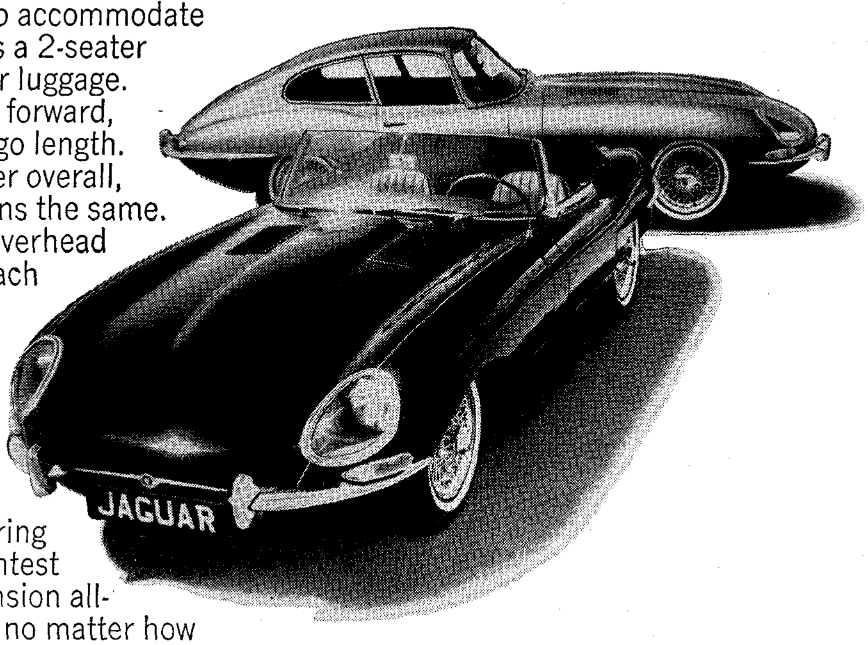
IN former years, every traveller in Asia was used to finding good old Westinghouse fans in all the hotel rooms. They were often patched up until they looked as if they had been kept going, grindingly, since Joseph Conrad's day, but if their noise bothered a guest during his siesta, their presence gave him the security of knowing that the West made things for the world. China's Westinghouse fans are gone now; perhaps Chiang Kai-shek took them with him to Taiwan. In the hotel rooms today stand very modern fans, built in Shanghai—streamlined fans with all sorts of buttons. There are also radios in the rooms; these do not sound very good, but they are Chinese-made, too; in fact, it is all but impossible to find anything in the way of consumer goods that is not a local product—quite a change, for China used to import even its needles. The variety is great: barber's chairs, electric hair dryers, bicycles, Chinese lutes, sunglasses, watches, pianos, hammers, drills, screwdrivers, flashlights, baseball bats. The cities have department stores, run by the state but, again, without the dreariness exemplified by GUM, in Moscow. Most of the smaller shops are joint enterprises—half state, half private—and there are very tiny ones that are all private; little tailors, perched on tables, sew and iron away into the late evening, like their brethren abroad. Ice-cream and soft-drink venders have remained capitalists, too. There are a vast number of them, and, according to old custom, they knock on their boxes with pieces of wood, filling the streets with sound like a cloud of woodpeckers. The stores are well patronized but rarely packed, and there are few queues; in local terms, nothing they offer is cheap. The bookshops are al-

Now there's a Jaguar XK-E for everyone.



Two-seater convertible and 2-seater coupe. And now the brand-new 2+2 with automatic transmission.

This newest Jaguar has more headroom and more legroom than the previous 2-seater models, a fully upholstered rear seat for 2 more passengers, easier entry through a wider door, and the choice of an optional automatic transmission in place of the standard 4-speed fully synchromesh gearbox. It's a dual purpose car, built to accommodate 4 passengers, or to be used as a 2-seater with sedan-like proportions for luggage. With the rear seatback moved forward, there is almost 4½ feet of cargo length. And though it's 9 inches longer overall, the award-winning style remains the same.



The sturdy 4.2 litre, dual overhead camshaft XK engine powers each of the E-type models. Big 4-wheel disc brakes stop them surely, safely every time. Twin independent hydraulic braking circuits for front and rear brakes give an added safety margin. Quick and accurate rack-and-pinion steering provides full control in the tightest situation. Independent suspension all-around gives a firm, safe ride, no matter how rough the road. Each model of the XK-E has an aerodynamic body of all-steel monocoque construction that combines strength with lightness. Fitted with bucket seats, upholstered in finest leather, handcrafted to painstaking excellence throughout, a Jaguar XK-E could become your proudest possession.

Jaguar: A truly different breed of cat.

serious drinkers are the most temperate of men

They don't gulp or guzzle a glassful of iced water flavoured with liquor. They taste, sip, savour, and enjoy the flavour of Hedges & Butler Royal Scotch Whisky. Light, to be sure. And just enough body to give it the ideal Scotch flavour. And if the barkeep doesn't stock Hedges & Butler, they don't raise their voices or stomp about huffily. They merely tap a forefinger on the bar and say, "Next time, be sure to have Hedges & Butler Royal."

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
4/5 QUART · 86° PROOF
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FOR EVIDENCE ... OF ANY PERSON FOR
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AS POLAND WATER ANY WATER NOT FROM POLAND SPRING

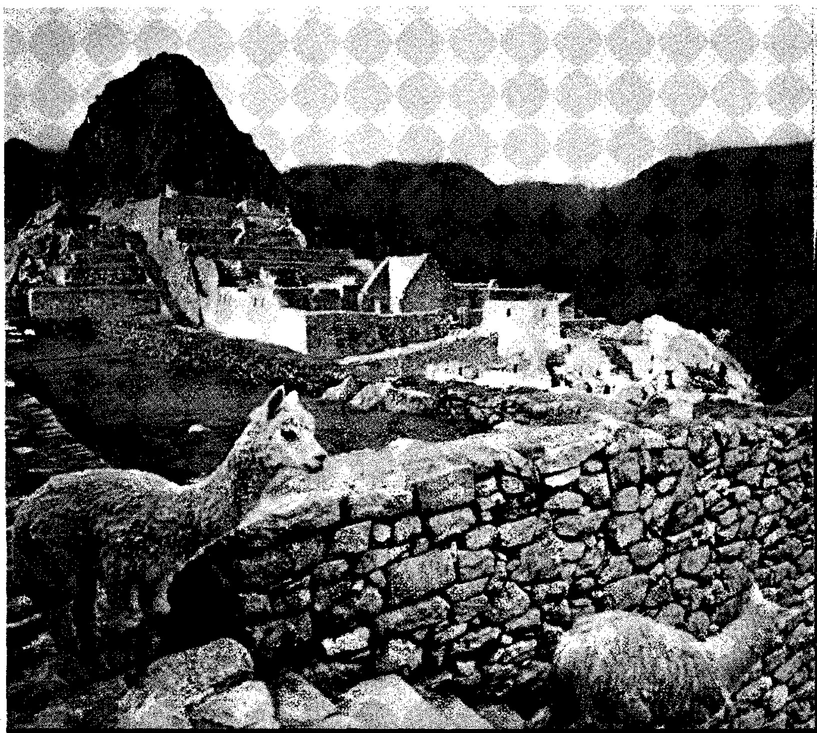
Why would a 49¢ bottle of Poland Water offer such a fat reward?

Just read the small print. Poland Water doesn't want to get mixed up with phonies. It stakes its reputation on the fact that it's pure, natural water that flows from a spring in Poland Spring. In the state of Maine. You'll find it at neighborhood stores—everywhere.

ways full of students; those who cannot buy books borrow them, for one fen each, or just stand there and read. The big towns have "international bookstores," with foreign publications. In the international store in Peking I found English editions of Browning, Milton, Aristophanes, Lenin, Stalin, and Heine, and, on one shelf, no fewer than fifteen copies of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

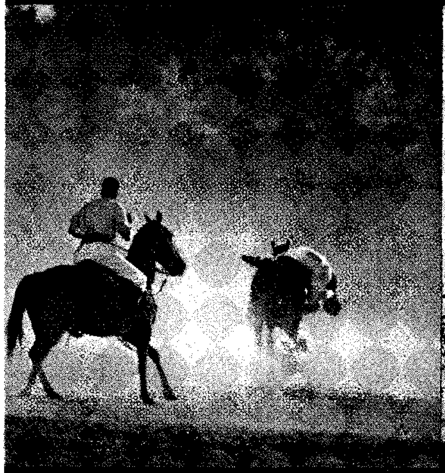
Any statement about how much all these things cost has to be made with many qualifications. The exchange rate for the yuan, which is divided into a hundred fen, is forty American cents; a traveller arriving with dollars will receive two and a half yuan for each dollar. This rate has no meaning, of course, to the natives, and yuan cannot be exported. It is doubtful whether Perera, Inc., would give anything for them anyway; they are not traded even in Moscow. A study made by experts and printed in *China Quarterly*, a British magazine, states that one yuan has 90 per cent of the purchasing power of the 1965 dollar in commercial construction, 225 per cent in residential construction, 150 per cent in fuel, 45 per cent in clothing, and 27 per cent in industrial equipment. This is also academic, since few Americans are having villas put up in China; indeed, even changing a dollar bill into yuan may be considered a criminal offense by Washington under the Trading with the Enemy Act. So much for the yuan vs. the dollar. It is probably more useful to express the value of the yuan in terms of income. The salary of an apprentice in a textile mill, thirty-five yuan a month, is about the bottom in the towns, and that of a senior physician in a hospital, two hundred and fifty yuan a month, about the top. Rents are nominal, and a food bill for one person comes to ten yuan a month and up. Medical service is free for most people, and since it is the government that pays out the wages, there is obviously no need for income tax. All this has to be taken into account; otherwise, the people will seem even poorer than they are. What might be called the "free-spend income," meaning the income left after all basic necessities except clothing have been taken care of, would vary from about twenty yuan a month to about two hundred. A reasonably exact average would be thirty yuan a month, or fifty apiece for a husband and wife who both work and have only one child or none. One yuan to one yuan seventy a day, then, is what the average town dweller has crackling,

South America played hard to get for centuries...



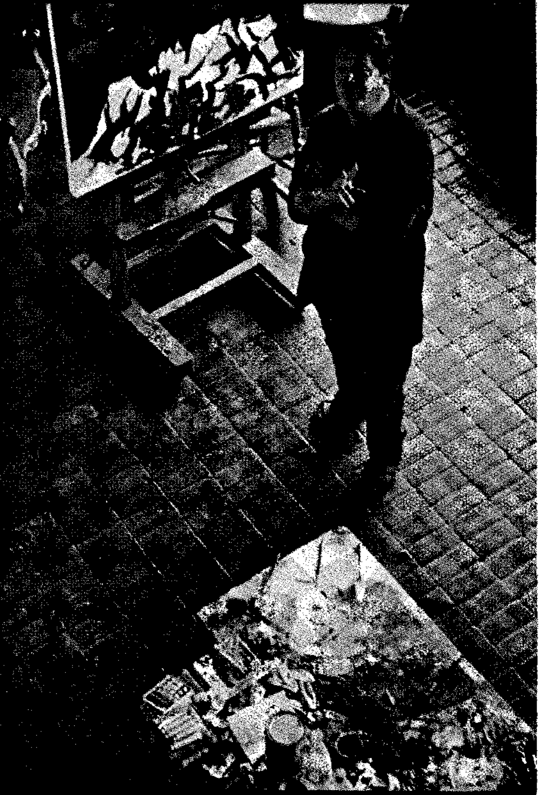
Machu Picchu's mystic ruins—Peru.

Quito's charming street musicians.



Argentina's Pato—exciting, explosive.

Conch shell duet in ancient Pisac.



Guayasamin—Ecuador's great painter.

Panagra goes there every day

South America. Still a bit aloof. Off the beaten track. Uncrowded. But not hard to get to—not any more. Now you can be there tomorrow! On Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Great airline! Flies *El InterAmericano* DC-8's from New York and Miami every single night of the week over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. They're the most frequent jets to Quito, Guayaquil, Lima, La Paz, Santiago and Buenos Aires. Exciting places! We know—we've been flying there for 37 years. We leave again tonight. Round trip, Jet economy excursion fare is only $550, New York to Buenos Aires—and we throw in all the fun places in between. Keep you a seat?

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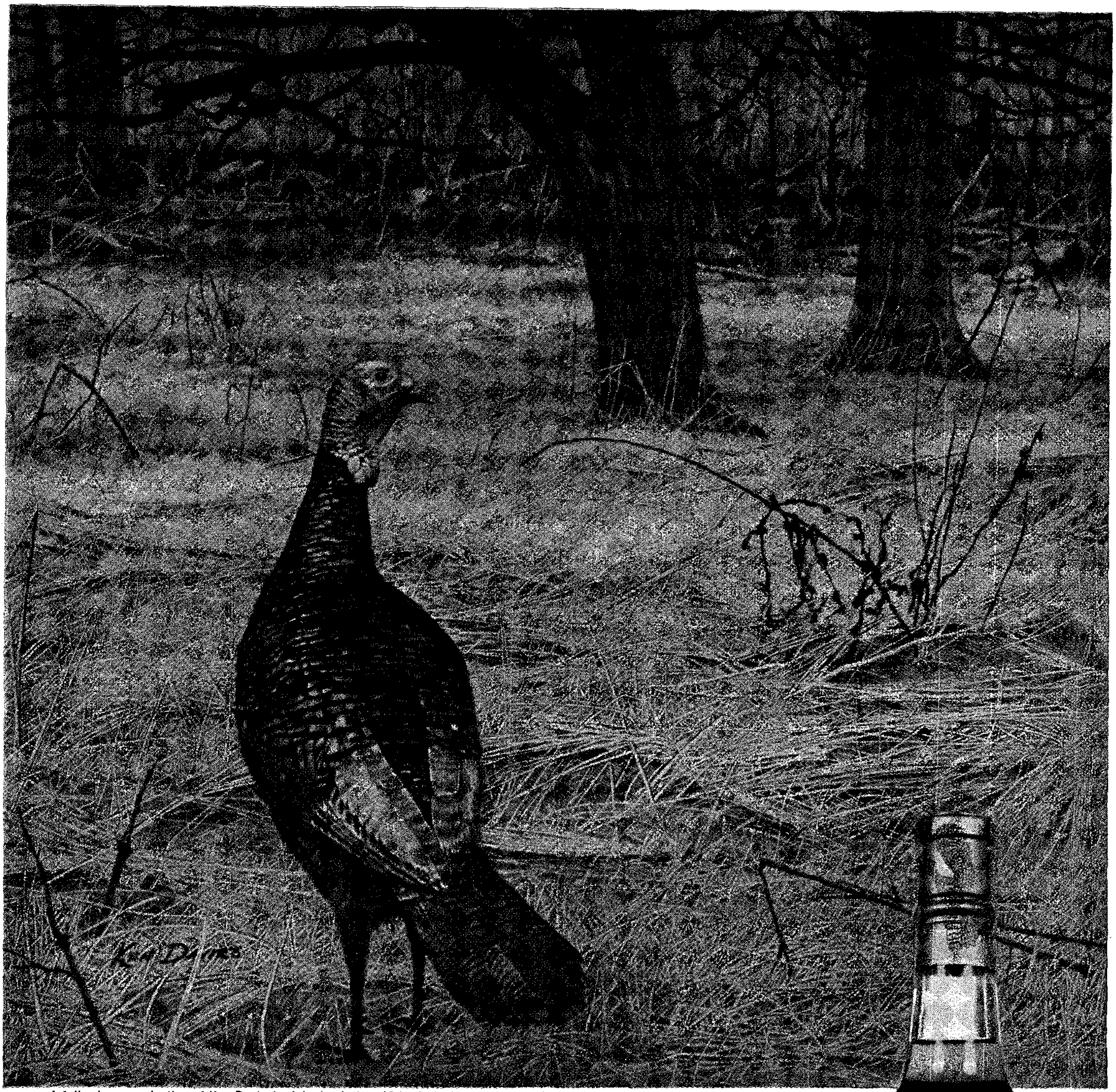


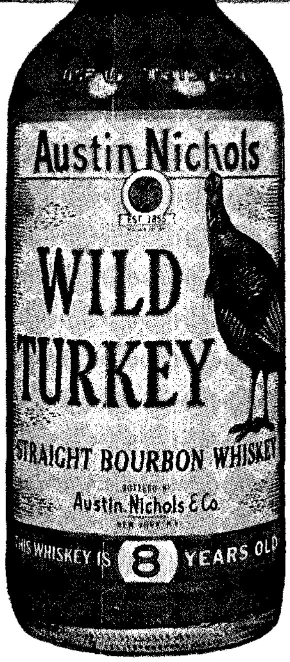
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY Austin Nichols & Co.
NEW YORK N.Y.
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

rather than jingling, in his pocket these days. (From ten fen up, it is all paper money.)

Against this background, here are some prices in yuan:

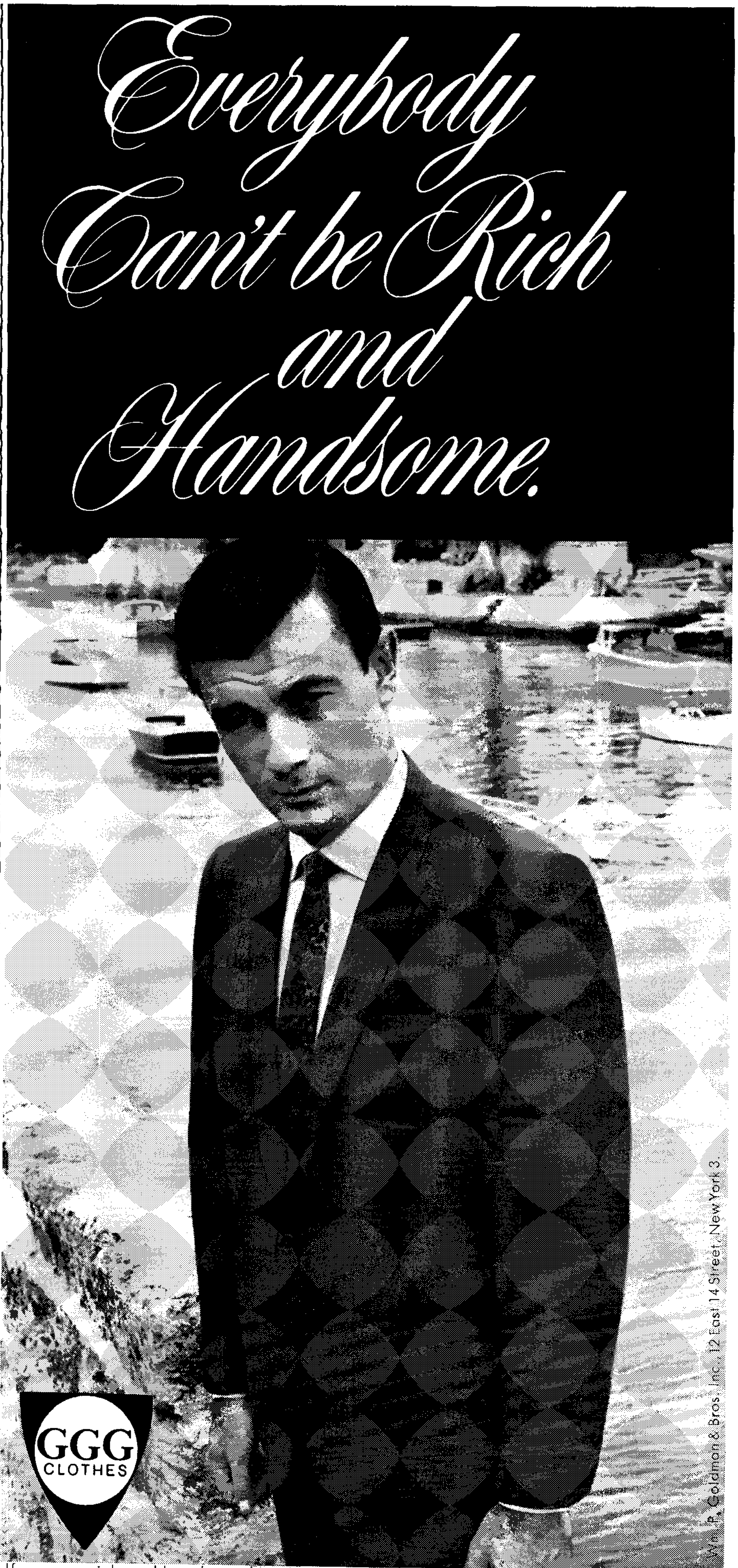
Men's shirts	5 to 15
Sweaters	8 to 30
Good-looking sneakers	10
Small children's sneakers	2.60
Children's leather shoes	7
Children's cloth shoes	2
Women's jackets, Mao Tse-tung style	45
Women's shorts, in all colors	3
Girls' blouses	3
Women's good leather shoes	8
Men's good leather shoes	14 to 25
Plastic sandals	2.30
Leather sandals	from 8
Espadrilles	4
Men's trousers, Western style	40
Good material for a man's suit (for about a yard)	20
Straw hats	0.40
Hand towels	from 0.80
Umbrellas	4
Hand fans	1
Suitcases of metal or wood	12
Suitcases of rattan	10
Big cloth suitcases with metal lock and metal trim	28
Sturdy bicycles	145
Those barber's chairs	240
Big (professional) hair dryers	258
Baby carriages (bamboo on wooden wheels)	5
Sunglasses	from 3
Alarm clocks	from 10
Chinese lutes	13
Radios	from 50
Round wooden table on painted metal legs	10
Bamboo three-shelf rack	4
Buckets	6.50
Jerricans	7
Pots and pans	from 1.50
Household tools	from 1
Flashlights	from 1.50
Little padlocks	0.60
Toothbrushes	from 0.16
Combs	from 0.06
Soap	0.40 to 1
Cigarettes (a pack of twenty)	0.20 to 0.50

In some big stores and in the markets, there are signs up giving both the price at which the food was bought from the producers and the price to the customer. Chicken, for instance, I saw posted at thirty-seven fen a pound wholesale and forty-two fen a pound retail.

Here are some other food prices, in yuan, in big stores:

Apples, per lb.	0.15
Peaches, per lb.	0.10
Pork, per lb.	0.50
Dried fish, per lb.	0.38
Eggs, 1 kilo (about 20)	1
Rice, per lb. (according to quality)	0.08 to 0.12
Sugar, per lb.	0.70

To private individuals gasoline is sold at about two yuan a gallon, but this is of limited interest, since there is



If you are rich and handsome, you're probably wearing GGG. If you aren't, then wear GGG and people will think you are. Write for free style booklet.

Suburbanite

This slip-on blends the best of two worlds: town and country. The lines are clean and uncluttered, with a strap that weaves around the side and is neatly buckled. Choose ruggedly grained black or bronze calf, classically shaped. $37.50.

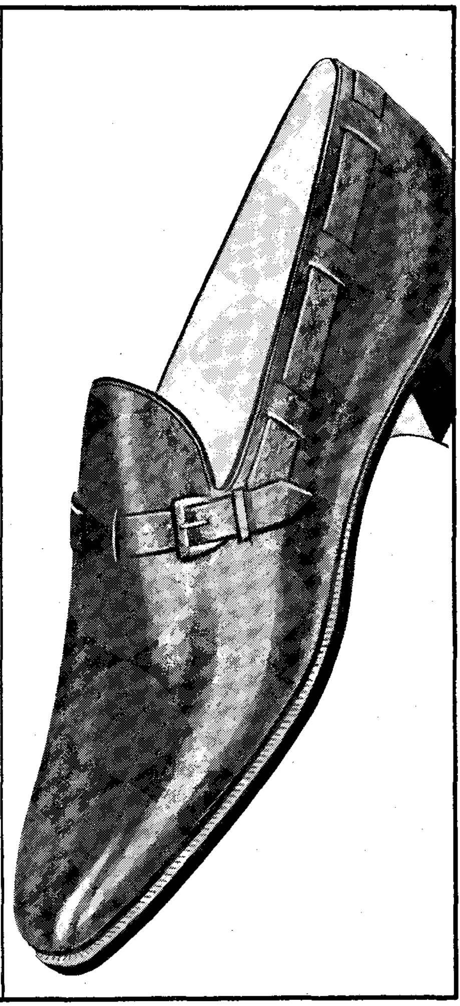
Available at these fine stores:

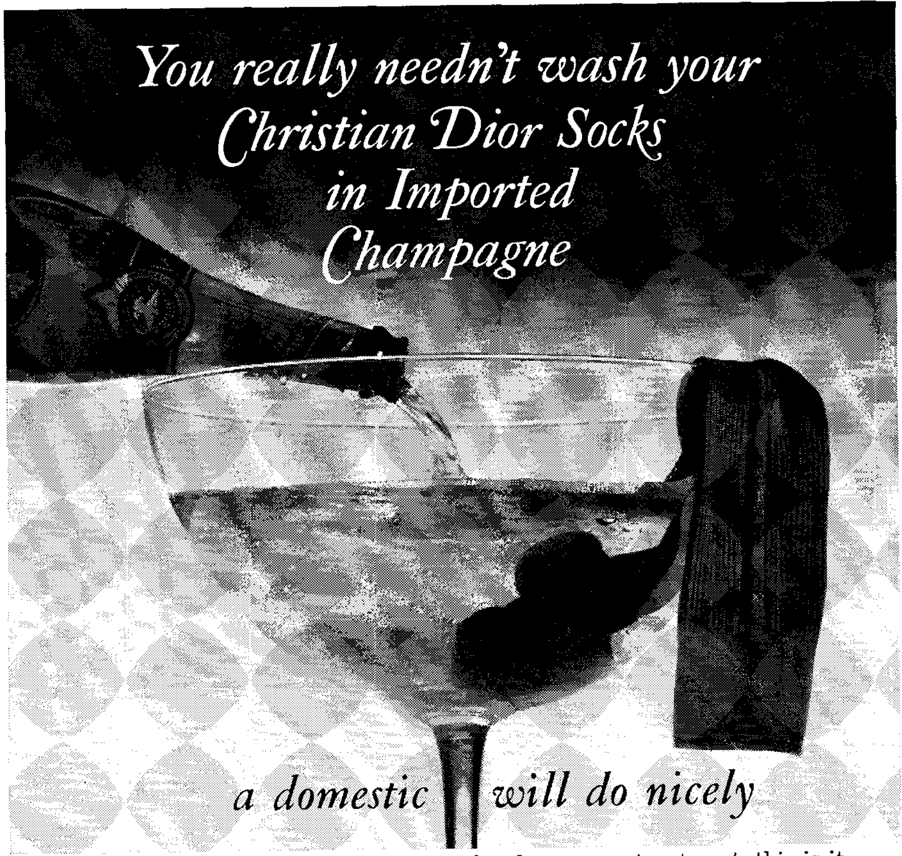
Atlanta, Ga.	John Jarrell
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Columbus, Ga.	Stephen Bland
Dallas, Texas	Hoffman's
Detroit, Mich.	Kilgore & Hurd
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Maus & Hoffman
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Norton-Ditto
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard-Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Wilger
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
New York, N.Y.	A. DePinna
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Omaha, Nebr.	Charles J. Assman
Pasadena, Calif.	Phelps-Terkel
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Larrimor's
Providence, R.I.	Richard's
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Littler
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills Touche
Waikiki, Hawaii	Ross Sutherland
Washington, D. C.	J. Garfinckel
Wichita, Kans.	Wm. Dodson, Ltd.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Norman Stockton

and at these Frank Brothers Stores:

Chicago, Ill.	633 N. Michigan Ave.
Hot Springs, Va.	Homestead Hotel
New Haven, Conn.	264 York St.
New York, N.Y.	9 East 57th St.

FRANK BROTHERS




You really needn't wash your Christian Dior Socks in Imported Champagne
a domestic will do nicely

If there ever was a sock that deserved the champagne treatment, this is it . . . Doeskin hose from the Christian Dior vintage collection. In Navy, Dark Brown, Dark Grey, Dark Olive, Sparkling Burgundy, and Black. Stretch nylon fits 10 to 13. Hi-Rise $2.50, with embroidery $3, Anklet $2, with embroidery, $2.50.

Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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no pleasure driving. Taxis are priced according to class; the bigger and shinier, the higher the class. A third-class cab in Peking costs forty fen a mile, and a hundred and twenty fen an hour for waiting; in Nanking the cheapest-class cab costs fifty fen a mile. Bus fares are from four to twelve fen. It's a very long ride in a pedicab (a tricycle for two passengers, with a driver who does the pedalling) that comes to as much as thirty fen; their drivers insist on figuring out and paying back the change to the last fen. Some towns now have pedicabs with motors, and these are not much cheaper than taxis. Rickshaws no longer exist in China; they are "inconsistent with the brotherhood of man." They are indeed disgusting, of course, and can now be found only in Hong Kong; even Macao has abolished them. (I'm talking of the Chinese world. The Hong Kong Hilton seems unaware of any moral problem here. It has its own rickshaws at the hotel entrance, and on a pleasant evening one may watch heavy tourists there arguing over the fare with skeleton-thin, sweat-covered coolies. In northern China, even the taking of pedicabs by able-bodied men is frowned upon, and in Peking one sees them used mainly by women or by people cumbered with luggage or children, or both.)

Hotel rooms in more or less Western style vary from four to fifteen yuan a night. Those places where foreigners are housed charge an average of ten yuan—four American dollars—for a room with private bath. Fifteen yuan gets you a lavish setup with balconies and either very modern or very ornate Victorian furniture in vast arrays. The hotels inherited from the British in the former concession towns have all the melancholy of long, dimly lit corridors, showerless bathtubs with rust stains, carpets in suicide colors, and the smell of an unaired English railway-station waiting room. The others are quite nice. Laundry is very fast and very, very cheap, and a de-luxe haircut costs thirty fen. Long-distance train travel costs four fen a mile if you are willing to settle for a hard seat, and eight fen if you want a berth in a semi-private compartment. A three-foot-high metal safe, in case anyone cares to know, costs about four hundred yuan, and department stores display large collections of these safes.

NIGHT falls over Hunan after the Shanghai-Canton express has passed Chuchow. On the railway station is the name of the town in Chinese characters, and beneath it is a sign with

Every morning from 8:15 to 9:15 we read our fan mail...

all of it!

Each January 1, we resolve to complete a year without a complaint. But it's no snap to carry nearly 7,000,000 people a year with nary a slip. Fortunately the bouquets, which folks are less likely to write, outnumber the brickbats. Each letter gets a thorough investigation, a personal reply, sometimes a visit. Keeps us on our toes!

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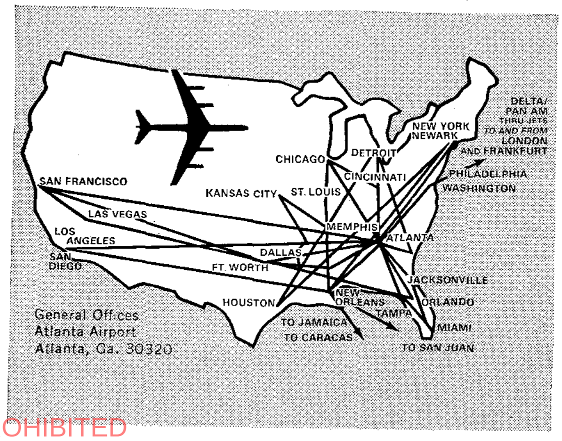
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PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON
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KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
LAS VEGAS
LOS ANGELES
MEMPHIS
ATLANTA
DALLAS
SAN DIEGO
FT. WORTH
JACKSONVILLE
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
ORLANDO
TAMPA
TO JAMAICA
TO CARACAS
MIAMI
TO SAN JUAN

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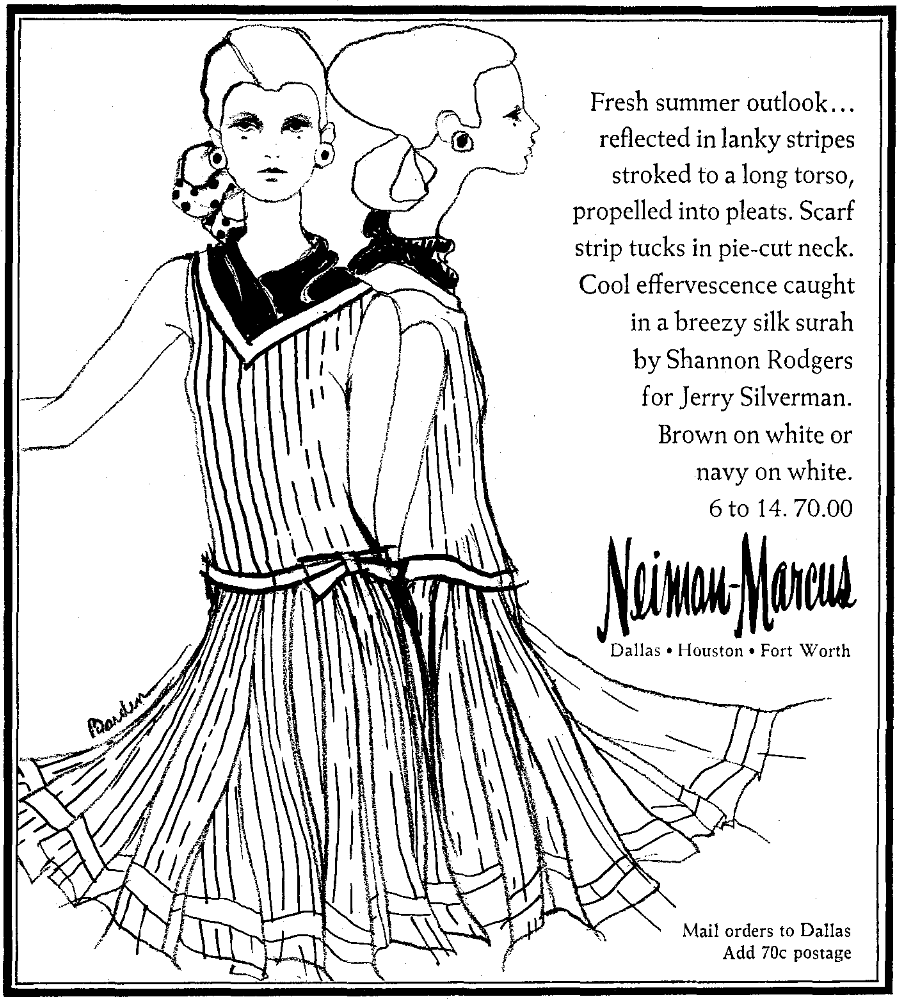
Atlanta Airport
Atlanta, Ga. 30320



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Roman letters spelling "Zhuzdjou," which is the way the name is really pronounced. The bare station platform is brightly lit, and immediately afterward the little town looms up, dark by contrast. A few houses have lights on. This used not to be done in China; the people used to say, "Never light a lamp after supper." The train gains speed; its windows throw lighted oblongs along an empty street. There is a crossing, with a barrier, but no one is in sight. And then the fields begin. The horizon is still visible against the sky where the sun has set, and the farmhouses are black spots. There is one with an electric-light bulb burning in the door, and then, after a long while, one with an oil lamp behind its window. After that, all is dark. How does a Chinese peasant feel, lying awake in the night and hearing the whistle of the train going by? Is there security in the total familiarity of the breathing of his wife and his children in the dark, of his house, and of fields where he knows each tree, each ditch, each lump of earth—a man-made landscape unlike any other on earth, plowed and seeded for four thousand years by him and his parents and his grandparents, and so on backward? Does he still have in his bones the terror inspired by all the natural and unnatural disasters of the past? Is he worried about his new duties and obligations, or is he happy with what is now demanded of him? Who knows whether happiness has been invented yet in China? The hills begin, rising from the flat fields with total abruptness, and the last light is blotted from the sky.

The landscape of eastern China has been worked over and worried over for so long that its weariness is almost tangible; nothing in it is incidental or unknown. Yet it seems wild, for it has a lonely remoteness. Remote from where? Remote from everywhere—an impression held not by travellers only but also by the inhabitants of those little towns and villages. It is surprising to learn that China is the size of the United States. It has always seemed so much larger, and for good reason: until recently, its distances have been measured in human footsteps. Up to a few years ago, a full one-third of China's prefectures could be reached only on foot or on muleback. The interior of China used to be a different country, and a hostile country; the government had no civil servants below the county level—and a county took in two hundred to three hundred thousand people. Below that was darkness; only taxes came out of it, and nothing went back in. There were the old imperial

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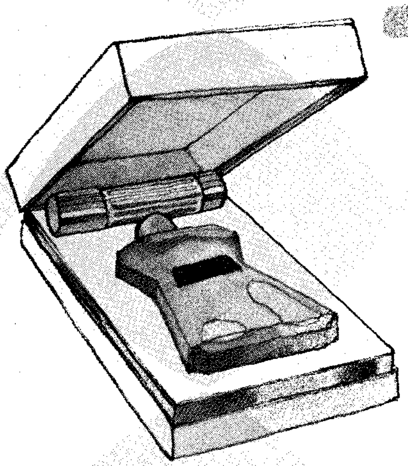

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COMBINATION SET Eau de Toilette and purse size flacon of perfume, beautifully boxed. $6.

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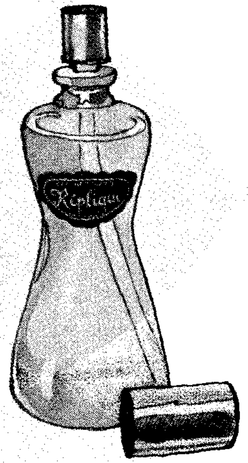
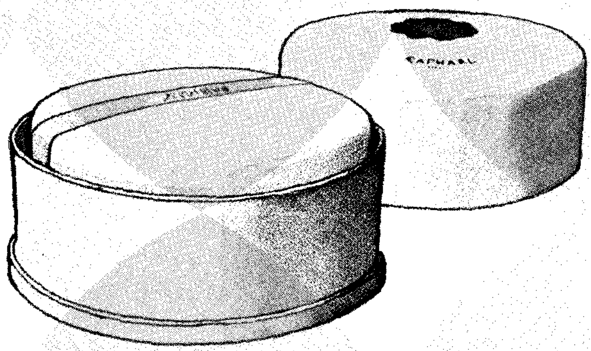


TOILET WATER (Automatic Atomizer) Delightful way to wear Replique! 3 oz., $6.



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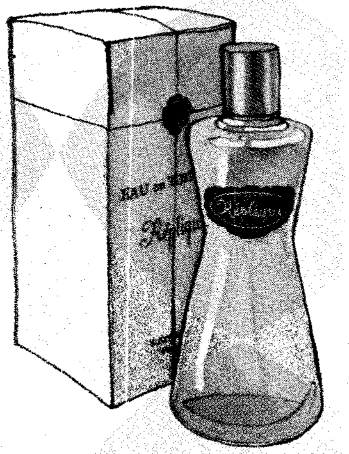
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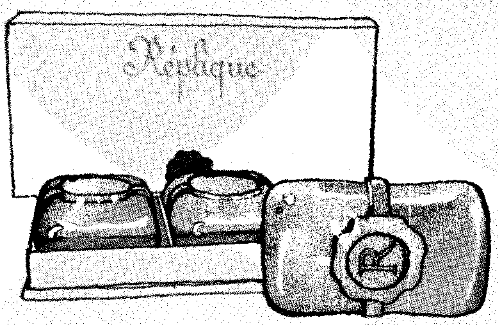
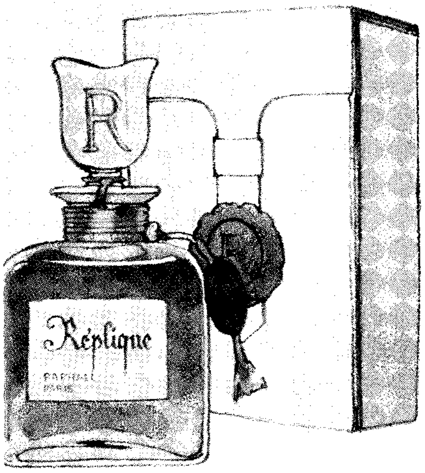
DUSTING POWDER In handsome white boudoir box. $5.

TOILET WATER Lovely, lasting. 1 oz., $3; 2 oz., $4.50; 4 oz., $7.50; 9 oz., $13.50.

with



SOAP Fragrant, long lasting soap packed in a handsome white gift case. 3 generous cakes, $5.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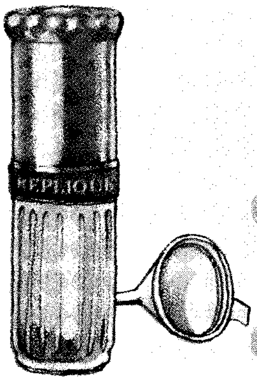
PERFUME An exquisite and haunting fragrance. ¼ oz., $8; ½ oz., $15; 1 oz., $25; 2 oz., $40; 4 oz., $60; 8 oz., $100.

is for



PURSE SIZE PURE SPRAY ATOMIZER Precious perfume in re-usable atomizer. With re-fill funnel. ⅙ oz., $5.

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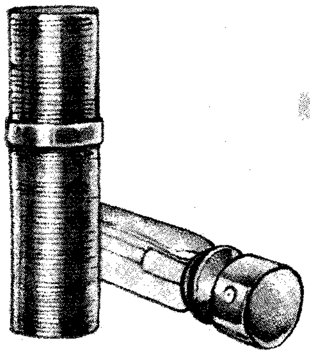
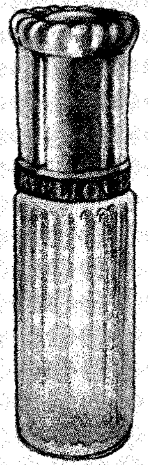
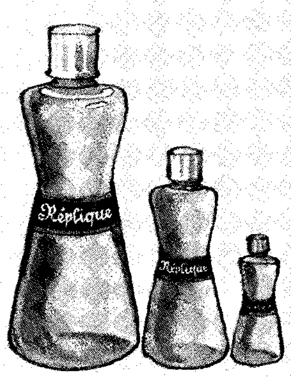


DELUXE PERFUME ATOMIZER Perfume filled gold and black cylinder, ⅓ oz., $8. REFILL Instant perfume replacement, ⅓ oz., $5.50.



TOILET WATER (Pure Spray) Mist of subtle fragrance, 2½ oz., $5.

resting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BATH OIL Utterly luxurious way to a satin-smooth body. 1 oz., $5; 2 oz., $8; 4 oz., $15.

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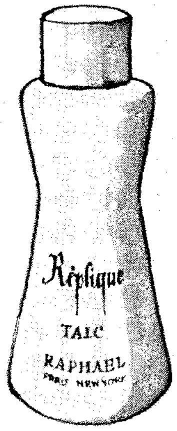
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canals, used for carrying grain and salt to the cities, but by the end of the nineteenth century these had silted up until they were almost dead. At that time, there were no through roads and only a few hundred miles of railways, built by foreigners. Just two years after its construction, the first line, from Shanghai to Woosung, was bought in 1878 by the Chinese government, which broke it up and, reportedly, had the rails dumped on Taiwan. The trains, it was felt, had served no conceivable imperial or Confucian purpose, and their tracks disturbed the harmony of nature as it was taught by *feng shui*, or the art of balancing man, land, wind, and water—a kind of divine zoning law. The most revolutionary act of the present government, perhaps, has been its unwrapping of the countryside, its establishment of channels of communication between Peking and each peasant house.

The industrialization of this country has now reached the stage at which trains and their engines are glamorous, songs are written about famous engine drivers, and distances and outstanding performances are painted on the tenders. In China, as in many European countries, the railway workers have the oldest Socialist and trade-union traditions; they played a part in every revolution and strike of this century, they have their own flag, and they nurse their corps spirit. The new freight yards are large, and there are many branch lines that do not show yet on the latest Western maps. The Yangtze has been bridged, to carry the railway, for the first time, at Wuhan, and at Nanking a second bridge is now being built. The coaches I travelled in were all built between 1957 and 1964, and they were very comfortable. The trains were always on schedule, but they are slow; they reach fifty miles an hour, which means a thirty-five-mile average.

As soon as a train sets out, a journey-long tea-drinking orgy starts; in first class the attendants bring cups, thermos jugs of hot water, and little envelopes of tea; in third class the passengers must help themselves from hot-water taps and supply their own tea. Even a penniless traveller drinks his "white tea"—that is to say, hot water. The attendants in first class also bring magazines and games; wipe everything, including the handles of the doors, at each stop; and pick up wastepaper from the platforms in the unlikely event that there is any to pick up. These trains have very clean washrooms, equipped with taps that mix hot and cold water. Music and announcements come over a speak-

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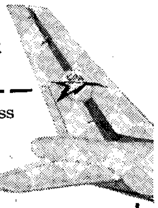

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er system in the corridors and compartments. Trains always halt for a quarter of an hour precisely, and then everyone piles out onto the platform and makes for the venders of cakes, stale dumplings, slices of watermelon, and the same useless souvenirs that travellers in a hurry are offered everywhere. A bell rings at departure time. At many stations, P.T. music—music to do physical training by—is played over the speakers. Contrary to what one has been led to expect, this is mostly ignored. On my travels, I have seen only three or four people do P.T.; even a team of girl athletes on one train journey—tall and pretty creatures in blue track suits—did not heed the call. The dining cars on the big trains are packed with passengers (from all classes) most of the day. There are real cooks working on those cars—men who appear on the platform at the major stops and buy fresh supplies from farm women who have come to the train with carts. I have watched more than one of these cooks select produce with all the care of a French restaurant owner. The guests in the diners make a terrible noise—a very un-Chinese kind of public behavior; being on the move, it seems, filled them with exhilaration and a sense of freedom.

Sightseeing from a Chinese train window is most satisfactory. It means observing, for once, without being observed, and with no one to provide commentary, and with an unlimited amount of tea in the process. Views glide by, almost painfully allusive, as if they had been arranged by an artist: a little girl in a bright-red dress playing all alone in a vast, empty green-and-silvery rice field; three old men bathing in a muddy stream under the broken arch of a brick bridge; a man sitting by himself on a little three-legged stool on a hill amid a new planting of pine saplings; a cluster of people around a new irrigation pump, painted bright blue (they are simply staring at it, though it isn't working yet); a young woman in calf-length purple slacks holding by the hand a naked infant with a hat dangling down its neck, the two of them walking along a dike away from the tracks, with no possible destination to be seen for miles. The old is very much in evidence—people treading waterwheels, carrying loads at the ends of long poles, and sloshing through the mud while plowing behind a buffalo, and, above all, rows of people at the backbreaking, unending toil of planting rice. The new is strewn in the middle of this, with, so far, no visible blurring at the edges, no visible influence of one

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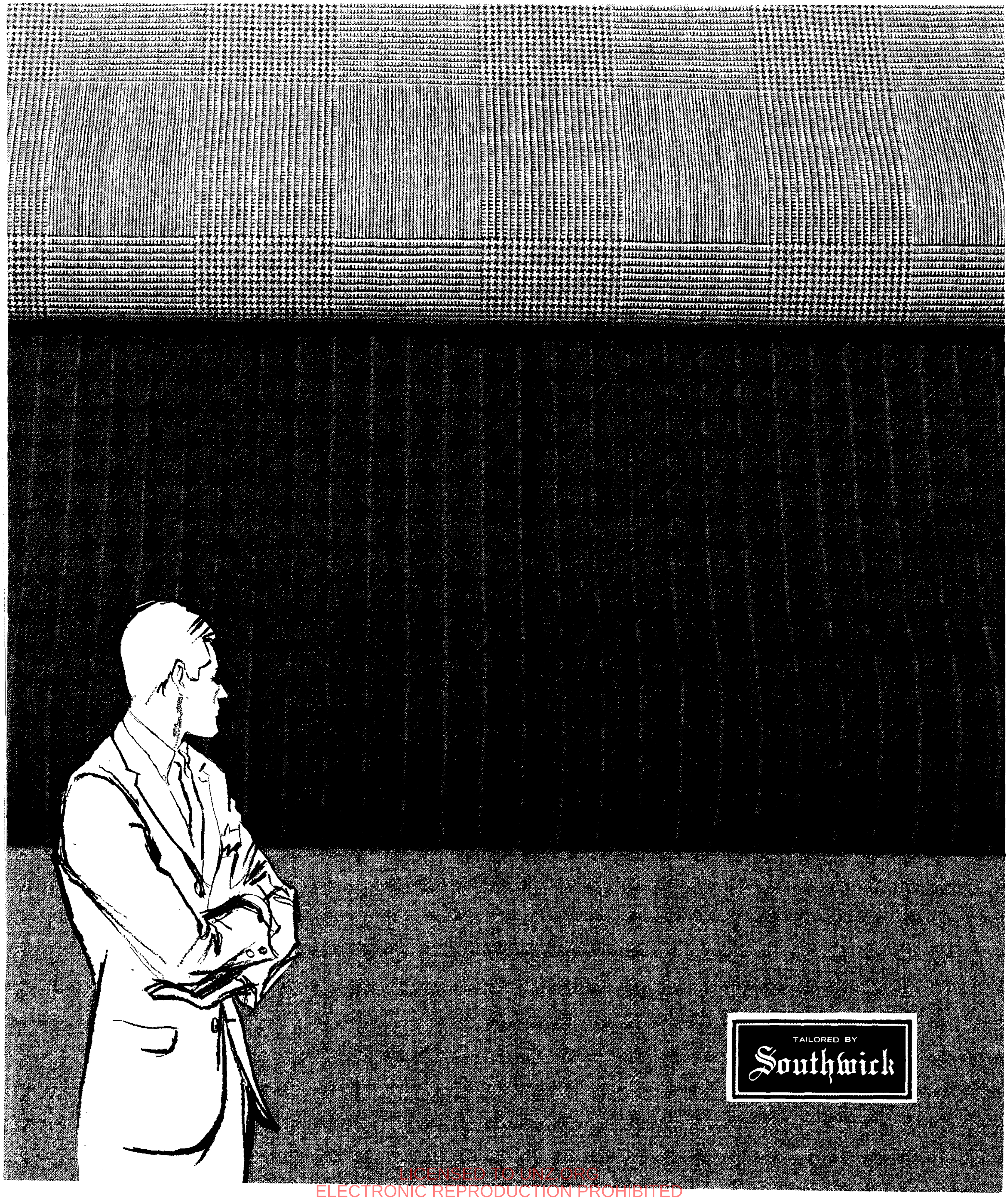

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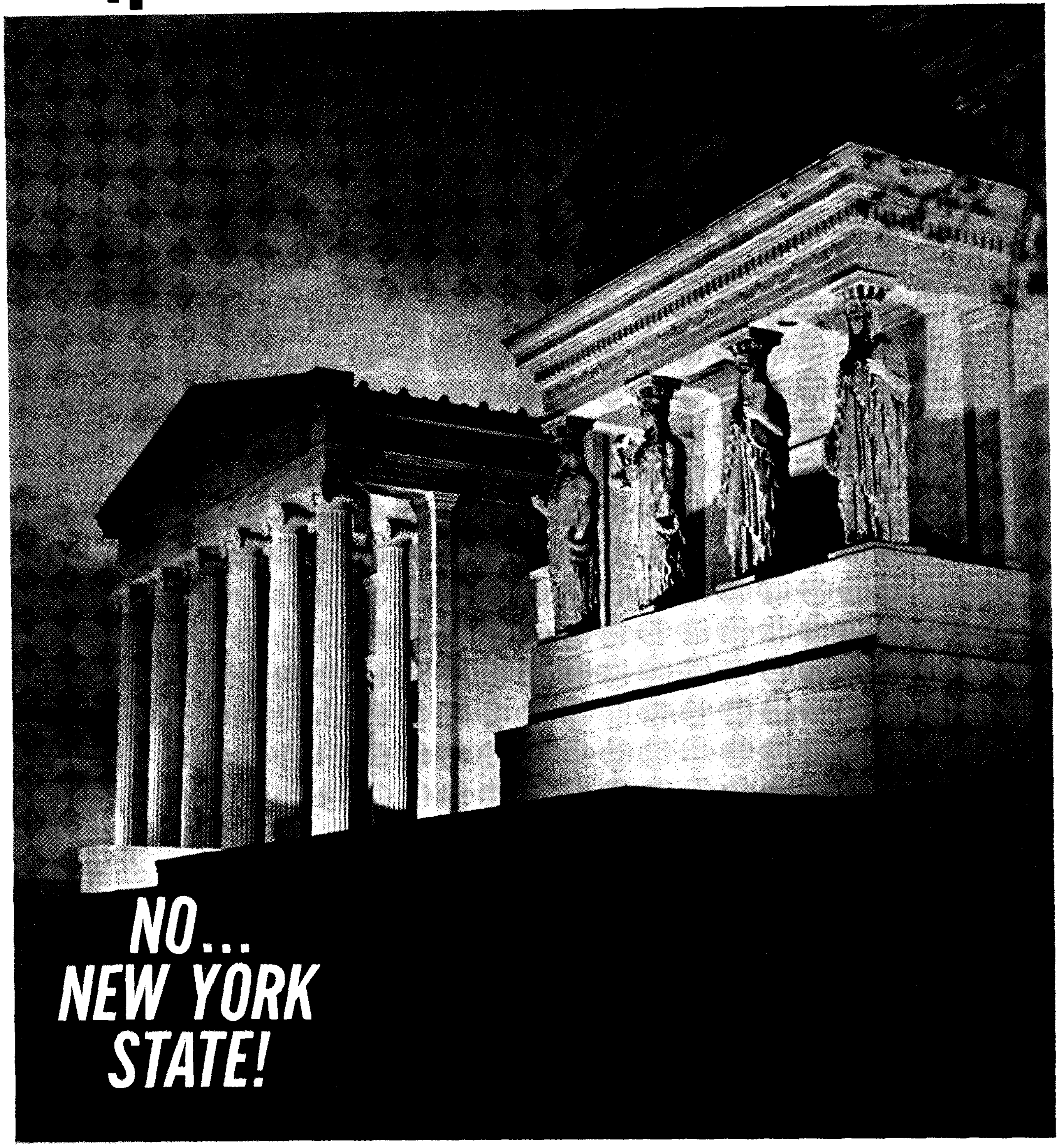
upon the other. Factories emerge, with heaps of coal and piles of machine parts in the yards; high-tension wires are seen cutting across fields; new-looking apartment buildings of four and five stories stand in the middle of nowhere, or, rather, in the middle of paddy fields; a blindfolded mule turns a waterwheel, two feet from an electricity mast; a coolie loaded down under a yoke hung with two wooden barrels of manure crosses in a running shuffle, and without looking left or right, a new canal bridge of pre-stressed concrete.

The railway tracks are accompanied by telegraph wires but rarely by a real road; only quite close to a city may a road appear, of hard, red earth, with a lonely truck or two trundling along it. Whenever there is a bridge on such a road, another one, half destroyed, stands beside it. It looks as if every single bridge in China had been blown up and rebuilt. Even the smallest paths crossing the train tracks have barriers, which the passing peasants themselves open and close; they stand there waiting until the train has gone, not bothering to put down their terrible loads.

SHANGHAI is different from the other towns of China. Here is the mood of a big city, which Peking lacks, and Shanghai is Western—at least in a sense. The train from the north stops first at Zhenru, a suburb—or, rather, satellite town—where a crop of new and old factories, mountains of coal, freight yards, old houses, and new high buildings abruptly close off the horizon. Shanghai is cooler than Peking in summer and damper in winter, and often grayish and gloomy. On a late afternoon, with rain clouds chasing across the sky, with an early light burning here and there, and the mass of pedestrians (shoppers and workers, a few of them clutching umbrellas) streaming across the streets, it is like a scene from Zola or Arnold Bennett—an industrial town in Western Europe at the turn of the century. That is precisely Shanghai's heritage. But the "proprietors," that species of men whose vices, wives, daughters, and endless meals Zola described with such relish, have gone. Thus, Shanghai is like a huge 1890 Manchester or Lille with the thin top layer cut off; it is a proletarian city. Ten million people now live in the municipal district, six million in Shanghai proper. Of these six million, two million are students of one kind or another, a million are white-collar workers, and a million more work in industry, with a blue collar or no collar. There are still, as a matter of fact,

GREECE?



White marble columns against the twilight sky . . . they seem to gleam out of Greece's classical past. For you're at a treasure-house of classics — the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York, where you can stand among 5,000-year-old Cycladic clay statues and the modern imaginings in bronze of Henry Moore. All over New York State you'll find the unusual. Walk Old Fort Niagara's ramparts, where soldiers in colonial uniforms salute the colors of three nations. Blaze a trail through Allegany State Park, where the wildlife roams as free as in colonial days. And do you like opera and theatre under the stars? A whole summer of music, dance and the arts awaits you at the Chautauqua Institution by its lovely lake in Western New York. Travel fine highways . . . relax in hospitable hotels, motels and inns.

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EVERYBODY talks about the Defenestration of Prague but nobody does anything about it. ★ Therefore Eagle has decided to commemorate the 547th anniversary of the First Defenestration—or throwing people out the window—in which both the people and the windows were high up in City Hall. ★ (The Second Defenestration, in 1618, was of Ambassadors from the Hradčany Palace, and started the Thirty Years War; which is too long to go into here.) ★ The lesson is clear: When in Prague do as the Czechs do; and do it low down. ★ Now, in addition to Blue on Greenish, these checks also come Blue on Yellowish, and Yellow on Bluish. The shirting is our very own Oxfjord Voile; the sleeves short; the collar, Eagle's beloved, bulgy button-down. ★ If you'd like to get in on the ground floor, you may buy Windowpane Czechs for about $7.00 wherever Eagle shirts are sold. Please write Miss Afflerbach at the address below if you aren't sure where that is in your town.

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tens of thousands of "national capitalists" collecting interest on their former holdings, but they don't leave any visible mark on the town. The traveller comes out of the railway station—a vast hall filled with wooden benches on which people *sit* in line, waiting for their trains, a rather grim place, without the air of travel adventure that most Chinese stations have—and faces Shanghai across a square. It looks impenetrable; it is teeming with humanity; the low clouds overhead and the puddles in the street reflect unseen neon signs; it is the capital of an unknown world.

Here, on July 1, 1921, the Chinese Communist Party was founded, by twelve Chinese and one Dutchman. (His name was Hendricus Sneevliet, and twenty-one years later he was shot by the Germans in Holland as a member of the Dutch Resistance.) It is not hard to imagine the inexorable stone and asphalt of these endless streets still stained with the blood spilled in all the rebellions and strikes and repressions that followed. Whoever in his youth read André Malraux's "Man's Fate," and remembers its mood first of fight and then of hopelessness, will feel this. Both emotions still seem mixed in with the very air of this town, although the lost battle, for which Malraux's hero was burned alive inside a locomotive by Chiang Kai-shek's police, has been won after all.

Like all towns that touch on water, Shanghai has beauty. The Bund, the waterfront avenue, curves along the Huangpu (called by Europeans the Whangpoo in the days of Marlene Dietrich's "Shanghai Express"), a river that leads to the Yangtze and the East China Sea. Shanghai is the first port of China, and in all China it is only on this river that the wide world is in evidence—which doesn't prevent both children and adults from staring with a somewhat inimical astonishment at every foreigner ashore on the Bund. The Bund was, and still is, one of the great streets of the world, like Fifth Avenue, the Nevsky Prospekt, and the Ginza. People stroll through the park along the waterfront, children roll in the grass, venders of ices knock on wood, and young men take pictures of their girl friends. This picture-taking is different from the Western pointing-like-a-gun approach. A tripod is set up and a smile arranged, all with great patience and care. Bystanders watch with neutral expressions on their faces, and while the posing girl leans over the stone balustrade and stares at the waves with a little smile, a junk goes by within ten

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feet, a man and a woman together working a side oar with furious effort against the stream, while a naked baby sits on deck—tied to a mast so as not to fall overboard—and smiles back at the girl on the balustrade. At one end of the boulevard, where the street narrows and the streetcar tracks begin, the French Consulate-General still stands, empty and boarded up. All this was French territory once—the Rue du Consulat, the Rue Colbert, the Quai de Fosses. On the sidewalk across from the empty consulate, fishermen are sprinkling their sails with a tar mixture that has a foul smell and makes the passers-by give them a wide berth. At the other end of the Bund, the famous bronze lions of the former Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank (the building now houses the municipal council, and motionless soldiers stand on guard), which were taken away in 1949, have been put back. People used to touch them for luck. Perhaps some wise official thought: You never know. Little boys climb them and pull their tails, and, gliding off, bump into the guards, who ignore them. Next door is the Peace Hotel, none other than the onetime Cathay of Sir Victor Sassoon, and not far beyond it there is still the British "Office," as it is now officially called. Once, it was the British Consulate-General and the place from which Shanghai was virtually ruled. It is walled, but the Union Jack on its high flagpole is visible from afar—to the surprise of tourists, who are told by their guides, "Two old English gentlemen live there." Actually, the residents are two very young men, the British Counsellor and his assistant, who take care of the problems of British and Commonwealth ships docking in the bend of the river opposite the Garden Bridge. Behind that wall lie impeccable English lawns, and there is also a tennis court with the net rolled up; in the trees sparrows twitter in the great silence; in the middle of the lawn stands a stone cross commemorating the four men in Lord Elgin's party who were killed here in 1860. On the other side of the wall the throngs of Shanghai stream by.

Forty thousand men and women do work connected with the harbor, which has a freight turnover of two or three million tons a month. Two hundred and fifty thousand tons are unloaded every month in District Five, its harbor master says, and since there are ten districts, one can estimate a figure of thirty million tons a year for the entire port. The officers of a Dutch freighter that calls regularly at Shang-

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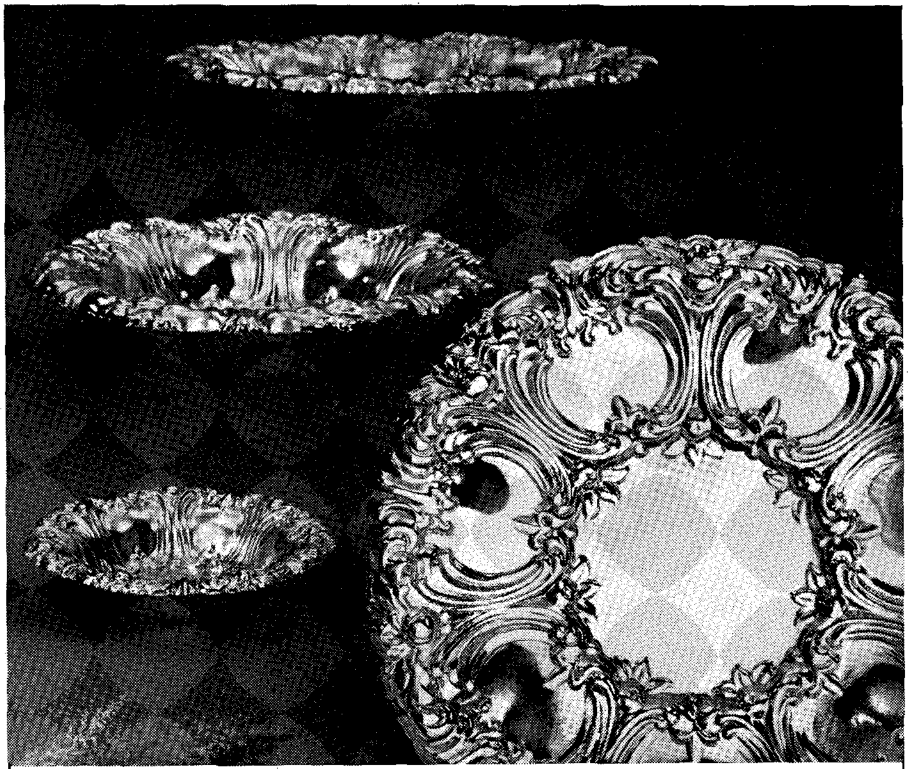

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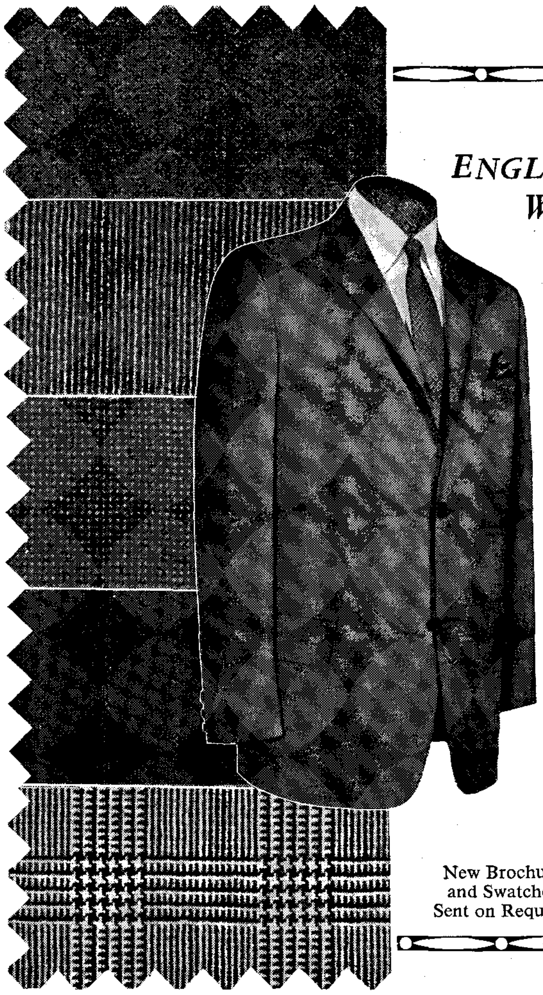

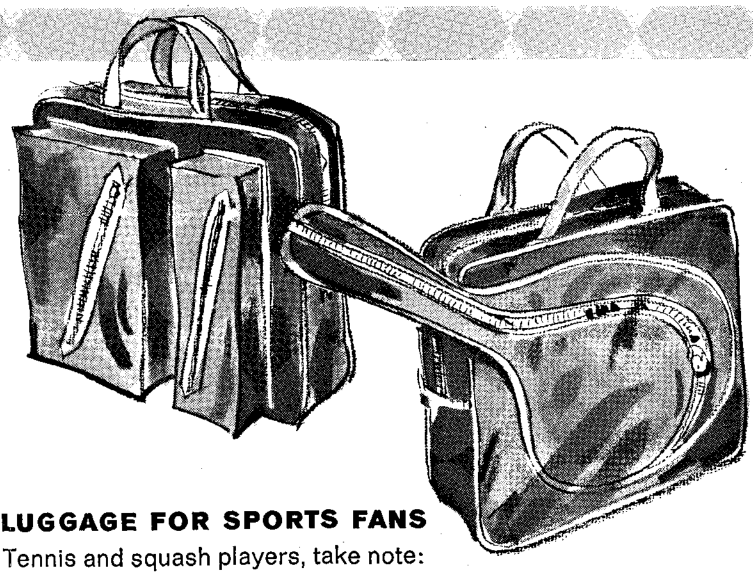

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BONWIT TELLER

hai told me they thought the figure a likely one. "They're very speedy here," the Dutch captain said. "And terribly careful and honest. What really amazes me is that there are no flies. I never saw that before in Asia." When his ship docked in Shanghai in the early fifties, officials used to come aboard and inspect every cabin, looking under every bunk and in every closet. "I think they were after drugs or arms, not spies," the captain said. "But in the last few years they've stopped these inspections. I still feel uneasy walking through Shanghai. The people still don't like us." Shanghai, in spite of its quick unloading and its absence of flies, was not his favorite port; nor is it the favorite port of any other freighter crew. It has a midnight curfew for visiting seamen, and even before midnight there is precious little for them to do. Most of them pile into cabs and make straight for the Seaman's Club, on the Bund; when they come out again, all they have to do is mumble the name of their ship, and the man at the hackstand, who has a list, will see to it that they're carted back to the proper gangway. Not that any of them are likely to come out of the club in a state of great, joyous confusion. In its hall hangs a huge portrait of Mao Tse-tung, with a text in English and Chinese reading, "Workers of the World, Unite!" On one wall of the bar is a large painting that shows two Chinese servicemen coming home, welcomed by wives, smiling grandmothers, and chubby children; the men carry suitcases and shopping nets, and look rather civilian. It takes a determined man indeed to get drunk in the face of that domestic scene. There are no girls, of course (any ladies sitting with Chinese sailors are definitely their wives), but there is ping-pong in the basement. Puritanism is as traditional in China as revolutions are. (Once, this building housed the Shanghai Club, which was the most exclusive spot in the Far East, its membership fee two hundred pounds a year.) The other pleasure spot of Shanghai is the Great World, a five-story building with terraced walks and open staircases around a courtyard where operas, films, and all kinds of vaudeville acts are put on. You pay a few cents at the door and are then free to visit each and all of these, to look into a funny mirror, to shoot at pipestems, and to buy fruit drinks with shaved ice in them. I visited the Great World one night, and found the patrons rather bored and restlessly milling up and down the stairs; they were mostly children and teen-agers. Afterward, I walked back to my hotel—the Peace

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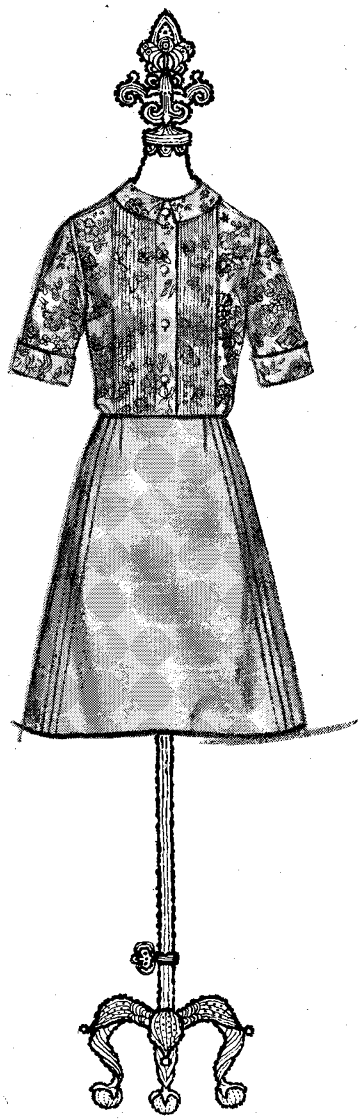

Gratitude

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The Villager

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Hotel. In the warm, dark night, the sidewalks were sprawled with people, lying on mats, sitting on little chairs, and with children running through it all in every state of dress and undress. Arguments, songs, chatter added up to a curtain of sound, which became almost a roar at a distance—the roar of a crowd of men and women whose food, work, and way of life were secure but who possessed no property. The Chinese word for proletariat is literally "class without property."

AT this stage in the Chinese revolution, films are not private artistic efforts but are made, in a sense, by the entire government of the People's Republic. There is, for example, "A Life in Flames," which is based on one section of "The Red Crag," a popular novel that came out a few years ago. The film is a big hit, a Chinese "Gone with the Wind." It is playing in many towns at the same time, and only the most expensive tickets (priced at the equivalent of fifty cents) are to be had without long queuing. "A Life in Flames" is interesting, even if the nobility of the good guys becomes a bit too much at times for the more sophisticated members of the audience. (The Chinese are no mean movie-makers; they export films to all the non-Communist countries of Asia.) It is set in Chungking, on the upper Yangtze, in the last year of the civil war, when Chiang Kai-shek was still in power there. The film opens on scenes of the town during those final months—scenes of glitter, corruption, and treachery, of miseries and hopes—very much in the classic Western tradition of great adventure movies. Jeeps dash through the streets, coffee shops are packed, fortune-tellers and beggars are as thick as flies, convicts and political prisoners unload ships at the quay. From one of the boats the hero of the film, a Communist underground leader, steps ashore. He is dressed fashionably in American style, to avoid suspicion, and he cuts through the crowds with all the impressive disdain of the rich Chinese, to whom ordinary people were simply invisible. Yet this image of Chungking during the last days of Chiang is not a propaganda caricature. It shows life as it must have been—including a big neon advertisement for Coca-Cola and a hawker with old copies of *Life* for sale. Such subtle humor is a rare item in Asia, and it is startling to find the makers of the film showing so much feeling not only for the sordidness of that time but also for its color and bustle and excitement—gone from their own, more antiseptic

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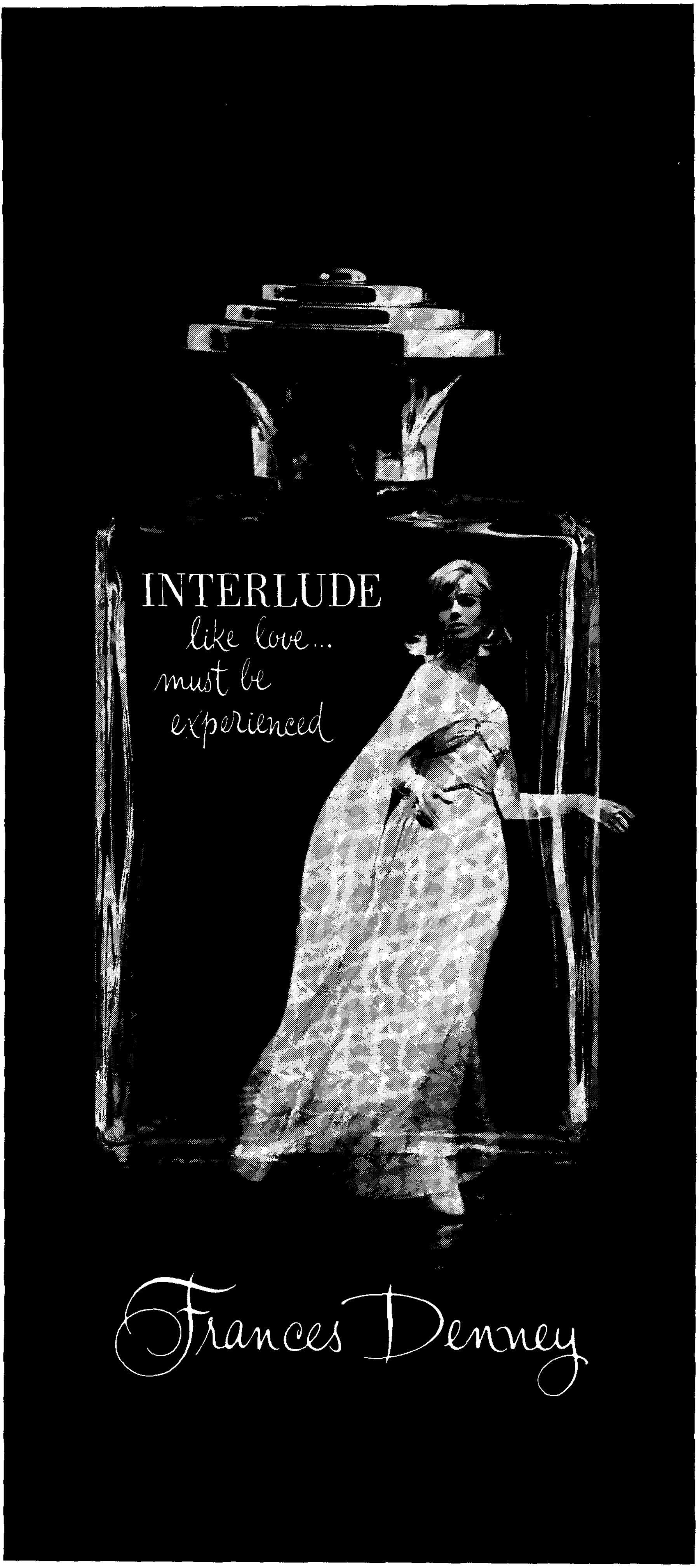
days. One cannot help wondering which Communist official wrote what memorandum to whom in order to get a neon Coca-Cola sign manufactured. The only American character in the movie is an officer, a political adviser; he looks convincing, and this is not surprising, because he is played by an American actor, a former prisoner of war in Korea. The movie American is by no means a caricature, either, and the advice he gives the Chiang officers sounds plausible. The hero is captured during a rendezvous with a traitor in a café, and is taken to a Chungking prison that had a terrible fame in those days. Eventually, having refused to collaborate, he is executed, just as the Communist Army enters Chungking. The music plays the "Internationale," and some of the people in the audience cry. There is a scene in the movie in which a newspaper has been smuggled into the prison with the sensational news that Chiang Kai-shek has resigned and General Li Tsung-jen has become Acting President; the prisoners draw new hope from these tidings. It happened that I saw this movie on the very day that former Acting President Li, who sought asylum in the United States in 1949, came back home to Peking, straight from Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. His return was a solemnly announced propaganda victory, but when the movie audience saw his name in that 1949 Chiang newspaper, a storm of hilarity swept through the house.

Chinese movies usually draw their material from the ample source known as the "national myth." The myth of the People's Republic is different from that of most other countries in being so new; it is one part Japanese war, one part civil war. (Its American equivalent would be Valley Forge, Gettysburg, the Wild West, and both world wars rolled into one.) These were the great experiences of the older generation, and the government considers them a prime source of inspiration for the young people, who, not having known the bad old times, might flag in their enthusiasm and self-discipline if they were not repeatedly confronted with them. The same subject matter dominates the new "revolutionary opera," which has displaced the classic opera. The triumph of the good guys (the Communists) over the bad guys (the Kuomintang, the Americans, and the Japanese) is treated at length but not quite *ad nauseam*, for these films and operas have not only propaganda value but considerable entertainment value as well.

Good vs. Bad is, of course, the basic



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theme of most drama, and to the audience it does not make a great deal of difference who is who. The blustering major may now be an officer of Chiang rather than of Emperor Chung-chen, the peasant rebel may clutch a tommy gun instead of a sword, and the virtuous old lady with smooth gray hair may be shot rather than strangled, but the characters are all there, and, as usual, the crooks and other dubious people are much more real than the pink-cheeked good guys; the overwhelming sense of continuity that the Chinese feel in regard to themselves is not broken. The audiences get bored when a show is bad, but if it is well done they seem to flock equally to classic and to revolutionary (or propaganda) material. For the whites—now represented by the United States—to be shown as the perennial enemies of China is nothing new to them but, rather, a lasting historical truth, America's defeat of Japan having been but an incident.

There are still a lot of Russian movies making the rounds—wartime quickies, most of them. In these, actors looking very much indeed like Joseph Stalin play Stalin gravely saving some desperate battle with the Germans. It has been suggested that they are shown to embarrass the Russians, but a more sensible assumption is that they are shown because they were bought. They provide new linguistic experiences. One that I saw in Canton had Russians and Germans all speaking dubbed-in Mandarin Chinese, and since the Cantonese have the same written language but a very different pronunciation, the speeches were also projected in long, vertical titles beside the screen. To see and hear Stalin speak Chinese, with all its high and low tones, as he discusses the front at Stalingrad with his generals is quite an experience. When the scene switched to the German headquarters, Russian actors playing S.S. officers contorted their faces and strained at their monocles with a will, but it did little good; the poor men had that slightly jowly Slavicness in their faces which seems to show a somewhat erratic and easygoing temperament, and no matter how hard they tried, they looked neither wicked nor German. And here were these pseudo-German Russians barking commands at their underlings in high-scaled Chinese, interspersed with "Heil Hitler!"s, in German, that had been left untouched on the sound track.

There is a universality about show business; a Russian starlet having supper in the Metropole in Moscow looks, sounds, eats, laughs, listens, and fails

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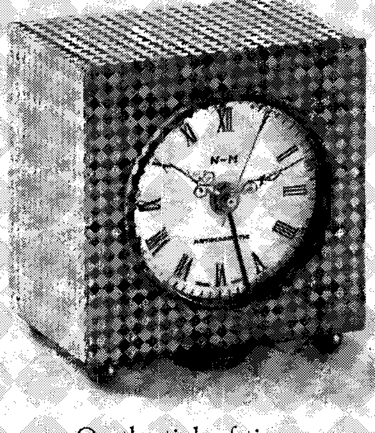

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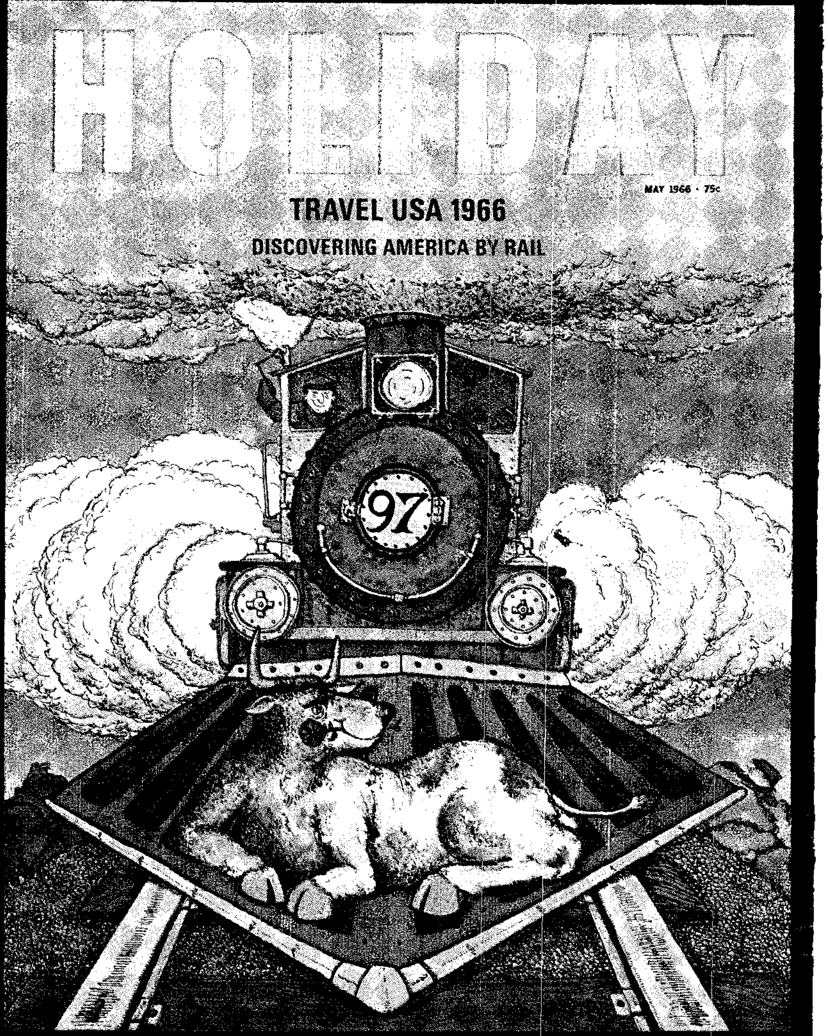
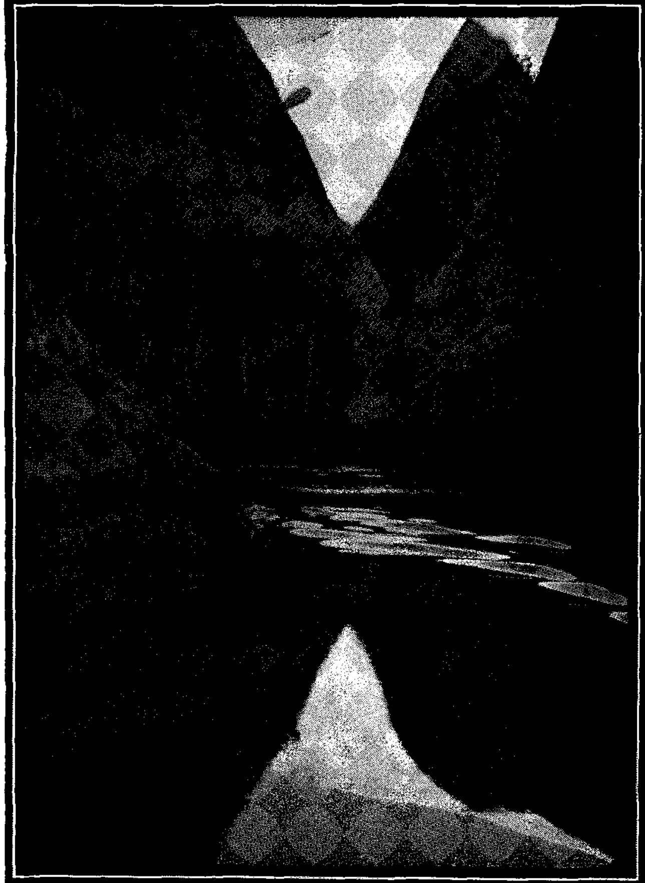
THE UNEXPECTED COMES ALONG (EXPECTEDLY) IN HOLIDAY

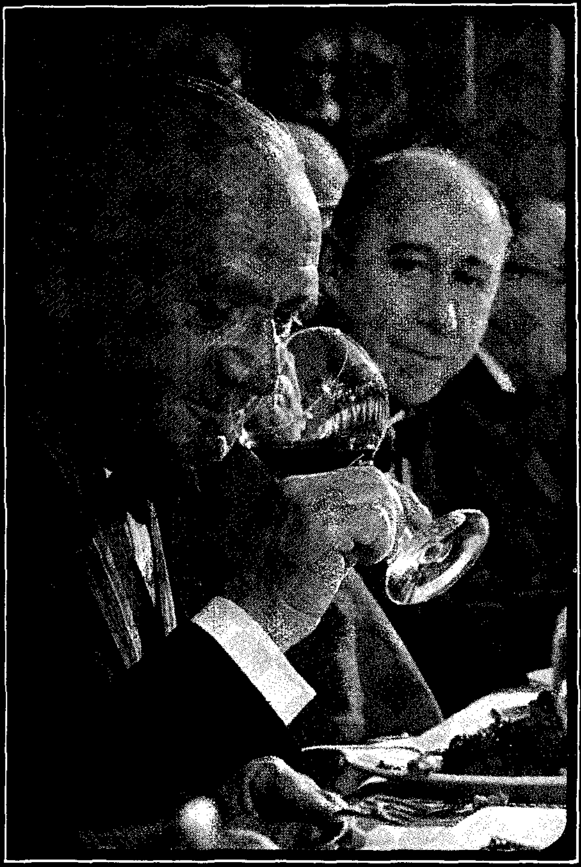

HOLIDAY
MAY 1966 · 75¢
TRAVEL USA 1966
DISCOVERING AMERICA BY RAIL
97

When Holiday puts out a Travel U.S.A. issue, the regulars expect a grand Grand Tour of the U.S.A. Naturally. But by rail? From a vantage point alongside the engineer in the cab? Writer Peter Lyon sees things just that way in the May Holiday, out now. Goes highballing across the country, chugalug, toot toot, throttle wide open. And savors (quite expectedly) the sweet and awesome panorama of the American countryside.

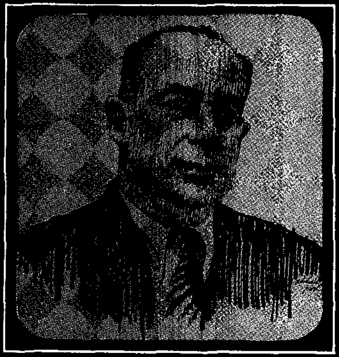
In Holiday you come to expect new, sometimes eccentric, people. New, often bizarre, cities. But the world's a place of home towns and old haunts, too, and the May issue visits this home, President Johnson's boyhood home, in this town, Johnson City, Texas.

And then, postcard-pretty as you'd anticipate, a reader is brought up short by Wallace Stegner's portrait of the dam-flooded Glen Canyon, now Lake Powell on the Colorado River, haunted by the used-to-be of "secret places, arches and caves, and the sunken canyon stillness."





Readers do expect from Holiday a zest for the finer things. Good art. Good food. Good wines. But then – and no surprise this time – here's a meeting of an educated-palate society called the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, in Connecticut. A picture feature.



Holiday's Caskie Stinnett celebrates the pleasures of travel in every Holiday. Yet this month the business at hand is the prevalence of winemanship among us. ("Tell me, does this wine strike you as pretty lazy?," an expert asks.) And such nice, unanticipated things, laced always into the what-you'd-expect in Holiday, keep readers on their toes. For an advertiser, that's the perfect position in which to find a reader. Up. Attuned. Enthralled, if you wish. At the ready. **HOLIDAY**

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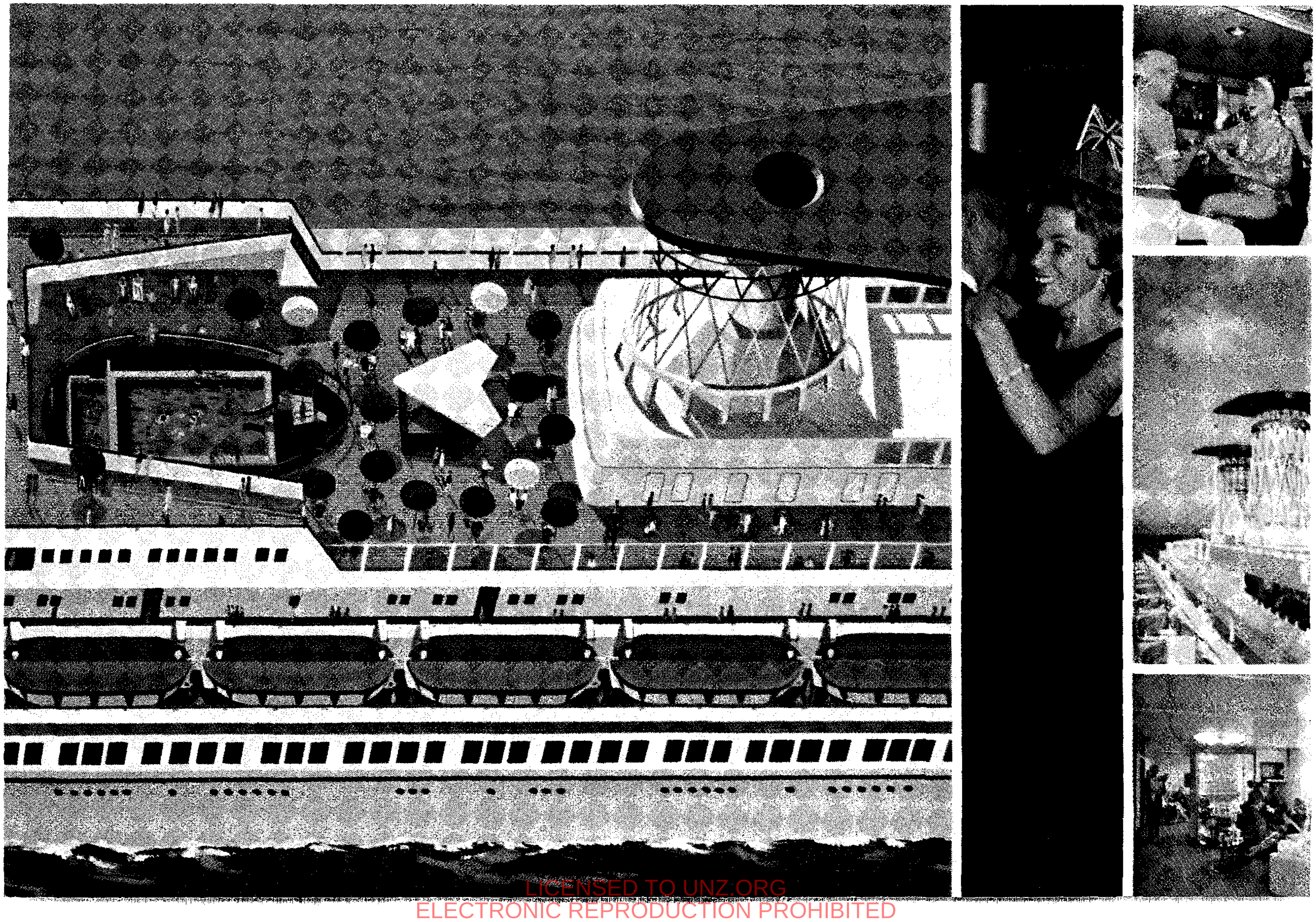
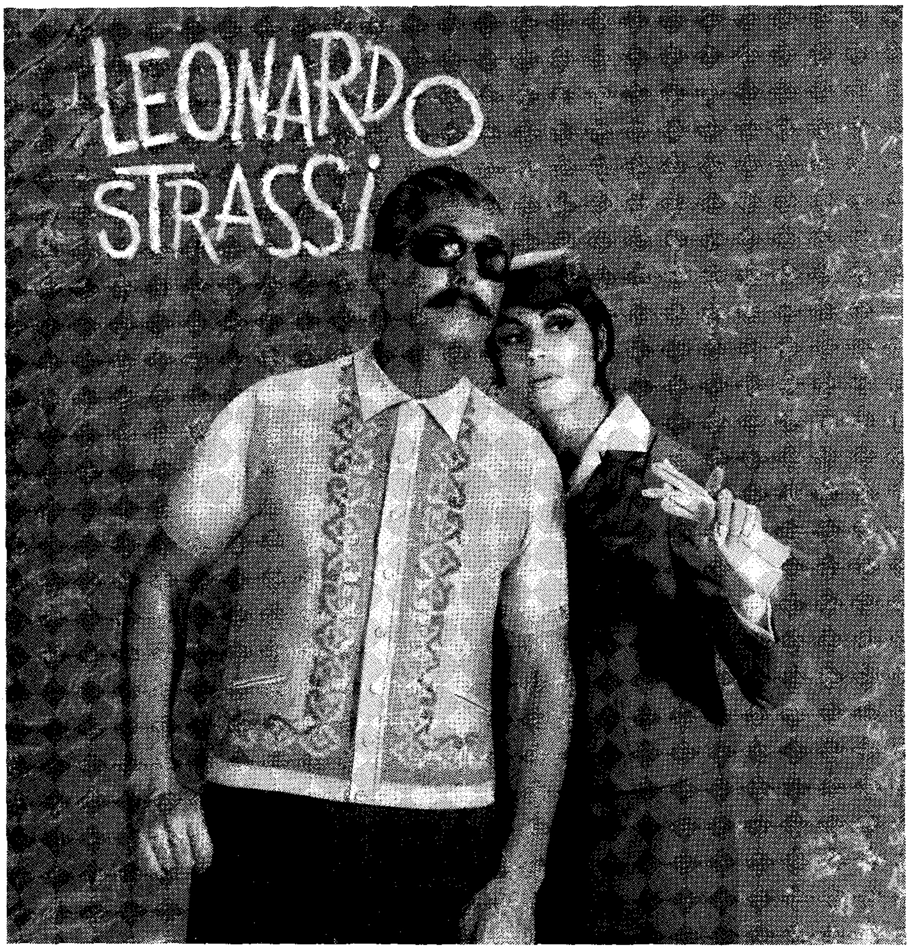
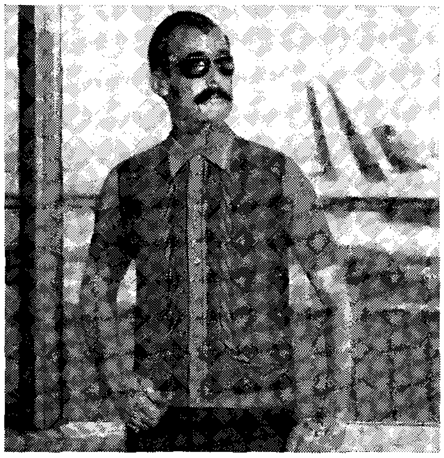
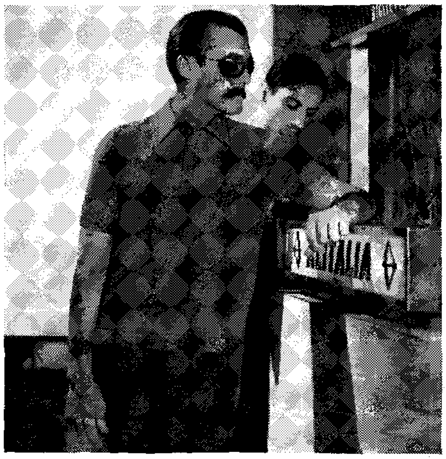


to listen much like an American one at Sardi's. However, the "new Chinese," though they are very professional when it comes to their work, are different. They are more serious than any other intellectual or professional group about *lao tung*, the manual labor for which everyone in China is supposed to volunteer, "to create class solidarity and to end the traditional Chinese contempt for manual work." The first star of the Peking Revolutionary Opera, a very beautiful girl, told me she was working as a nurse in a hospital just then, and was going to play the part of a nurse the next season. (Cynically, one might have wondered if this *lao tung* was not just the old Method raising its head.) "I've worked on the land, too," she said. "And hard. Now I am no longer annoyed when it rains—I know what it means to the land. It is painful for an intellectual to remold his mind—what you in the West call brainwashing—but he is happier afterward. How else can we get in touch with the masses? How else can I learn to understand a peasant who considers human excrement not disgusting but a treasure?" Her company had toured Europe, and both she and the company director talked knowledgeably about Western plays and opera. They said that East and West should learn from each other and influence each other in the theatre—a heterodox idea in China right now—but they were self-righteous about their own ways of doing things, and contrasted their "team spirit" with the Western "dog-eat-dog atmosphere," in which "actors fight each other to rise on the ladder, and knock everyone else to boost their own stock." The opera star said rather piously, "That's how it used to be here, too, in the old China. Our plays now serve not us but the people."

CHINESE factories existed before the revolution, but they were alien bodies in a country that seemed to live in a static pre-industrial dream. They were built by and for foreigners, and were often no more than assembly plants for foreign products. The country that had so many technical inventions to its credit maintained a sullen passivity toward all this Western ingeniousness. This is, in essence, how things were until only twenty years ago, and one needs to think of that while one is being led through the new plants on the conducted tours. It is hard for Westerners to take the Chinese workers' enthusiasm for their machines seriously, but the Chinese are indeed serious about it all. To them, the new







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machines are no threat, as they seemed to the craftsmen in the West at the beginning of the industrial revolution; on the contrary, the Chinese see the machine as offering the only hope for their liberation from marginal living. To most of the factory workers, who are newly trained men and women, any machine is still a minor miracle, and to be in control of a lathe gives its operator an immense thrill of importance and power, for he feels he has a share in the success of the machine, the factory, and the People's Republic itself. This much becomes quite clear after a few visits to factories, and makes it believable that the men in the new industry, while working a forty-eight-hour week with no vacations and very little in the way of luxuries or comforts, may be contented men. There is no need to assume either that they are more noble than an American mechanic or that they are working under wicked coercion. Those of them who remember prewar industrial conditions need little to make them happy, for in the thirties, in many parts of the country, men, women, and children were worked like serfs, locked up overnight between shifts, and discarded when they became crippled or worn out. But, of course, there are fewer and fewer people to remember those days, and for the young generation the thrill of newness will wear off. Already, on factory tours, one comes upon men doing nothing, and picking up a tool or an oilcan when they catch sight of the workshop manager—but without undue haste or alarm. It's a little thing, but it points to the day when China, too, will need new, private incentives to keep people doing their work well.

Only the northeast—the area that we used to call Manchuria and that the Japanese, who occupied it for thirteen years, called Manchukuo—has an industrial tradition, and although the Russians carted off most of its equipment in 1945 as war reparations, enough was left to provide a basis for new industry. It is more interesting to look at a really new beginning—for instance, the manufacture of automobiles in Nanking. The truck plant there had its beginnings as what its founders call a "shoulder factory": the entire equipment was carried around on the shoulders of thirty men, who ran it, and who formed a repair unit in the Communist Army. When the Army entered Nanking, these men took over an old building and set up shop, first repairing engines and then building them. In 1958, they produced their first truck. Three thousand people are

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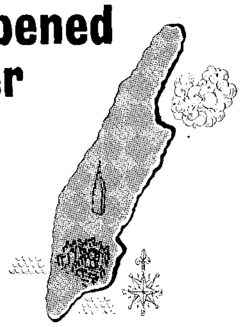

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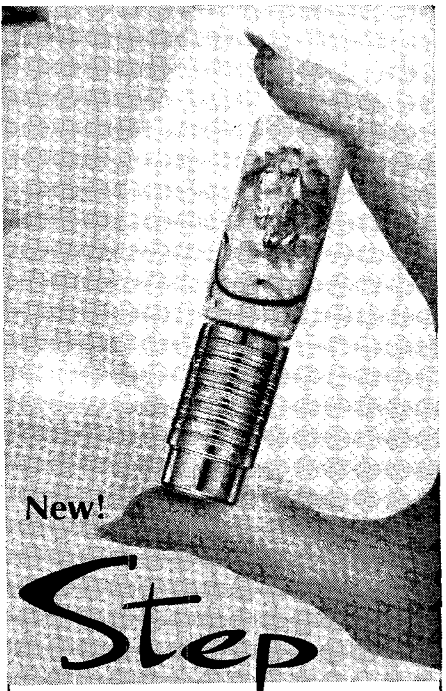

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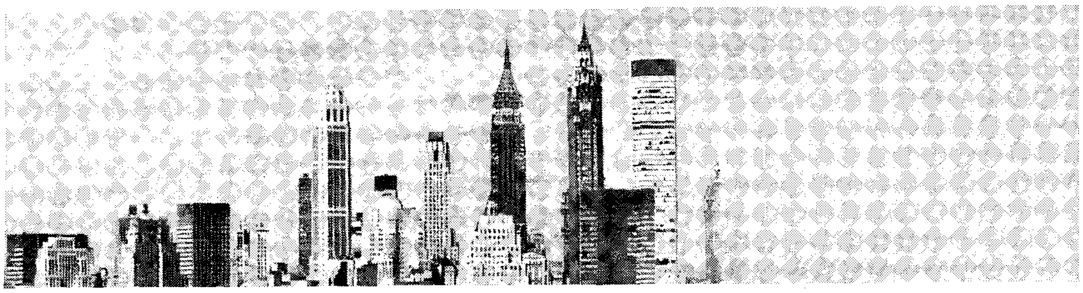

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A few people grumbled.
Some found temporary shelter at The Dakota when Park Avenue disappeared. Others moved to Westchester. And some completely disillusioned out-of-towners went to Philadelphia instead. But most people were complacent. Until the day they discovered that their city had been entirely replaced with glass.

Then they complained. But it was too late. So the faces of the city grew grimmer than they had ever been before. Clocks stopped. And the glass began to crack.

Soon after this on one ghastly glittering morning, an observant executive walking to work paused on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth Street to clean his heavy dark goggles. Squinting, he looked around. And gasped!

There was The Plaza where he had always remembered it. "It can't be!" he said and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. "It *is* there!" he said. And ran to work.

He called his wife.
"We'll go there tonight, before it's too late. Don't tell anyone!" he hissed. So she only told her very best friend. Soon everyone knew.

Crowds gathered. They wandered in the lobbies. They caressed the marble, admired the gilded cherubs. And the caryatids in the Palm Court where palms still swayed. They feasted in the baronial splendor of the Edwardian Room. And discussed mergers over martinis and lunch in the Oak Bar.

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After all, people of taste are like everybody else. They're very grateful when great demands are met. And incurably sentimental.

Eventually word spread out of town. And out-of-towners came again to see a part of the city they thought had vanished. Some never left The Plaza. They didn't have to. They had the world on a golden chain.

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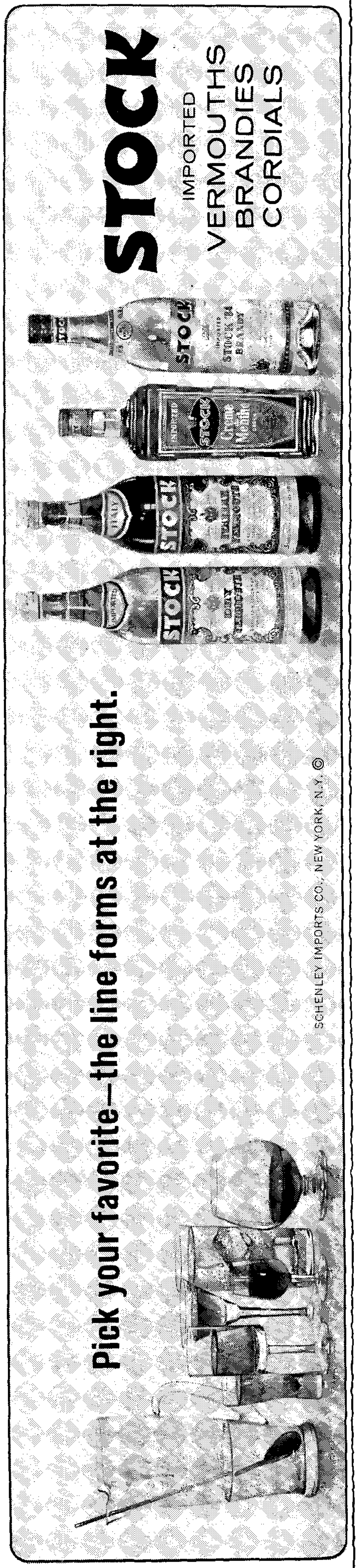
This advertisement is fantasy, of course.
But then so is life at The Plaza. Come live it.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working in their factory now, building two-and-a-half-ton trucks with four-cylinder or six-cylinder engines of fifty or seventy horsepower—though these figures are of little interest, since there are so many ways of computing an engine's horsepower. The same engines are used in pumps and generators. How many trucks does the factory turn out? No one will tell you that. "Thirty per cent more last year than the year before" is the best answer you can get. On the assembly line, one day, four trucks were almost finished, and it seemed a safe assumption that they represented one day's production. Several dozen trucks were lined up in the yard for delivery, along with perhaps twenty crated generators. The working conditions looked normal to Western eyes; there were plenty of large electric fans standing around in the halls, and even portable air-conditioning units. If anything, the atmosphere was unduly relaxed; a German foreman would have gone after those men with a vengeance. But two supervisors who were walking around with me—both veterans of the carry-your-own-factory days—beamed on it all like proud fathers. They asked me if I could drive a truck, and when I said yes, they invited me to do so. This was an extremely surprising gesture in this country, where a truck is a very precious item indeed, and where people don't take responsibilities they don't *have* to take. (If I had hit a tree, they would probably have had to correspond about it with Peking for the next three years.) So off I went; the truck felt fine—a bit rough on the gears (there were four forward ones), but with a good pickup. The brake was badly adjusted, but since they had been able to build the thing, they would be able to take care of that. The truck had a minimum of frills, but it was not too different from a one-and-a-half-ton Bedford I once drove in the British Army. "All auto workers learn from other countries," the manager said. "We copied some of our parts from imported trucks, but ours is a completely Chinese design. We use our own natural conditions." Since it seemed unlikely that people would have sat down in the nineteen-fifties to design a new two-and-a-half-ton truck when there were so many fine ones running all over the world, I took these statements to be public-relations efforts. The man who made them didn't carry it off too badly; he didn't quite give me a wink, but he didn't overstate things, either. Here, as in the other factories I saw, no one said a word

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Ira Katz had long dreamed of standing in the shadow of the Himalayas, of seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight. As much as Ira was a romanticist, Manny Greenheim, his friend and partner in the shirt business, was a pragmatist. "India! I hate elephants," said Manny. "When we close the factory for vacation, we'll go like every year, fishing in Lake Wineposocki."

But the fires of India burned in Ira's heart. He saw "Gunga Din' three times, cut pictures of India out of "Holiday," wrote Cook's and American Express for brochures and signed Manny's name.

Finally Manny relented. "All right already, but our trip to India will be a business trip. After all, madras shirts came from there—there must be something else."

Off they went—Ira with a book of Indian love sonnets in his pocket and Manny with "India: Its Natural Resources" in hand.

It was on a tiger shoot that the idea came like a shot. Indian men wore paisley—why not paisley shirts for American men? Jubilant, Manny traded Ira's last American cigarettes for a length of paisley, and with his usual skill, tailored two button-down paisley shirts.

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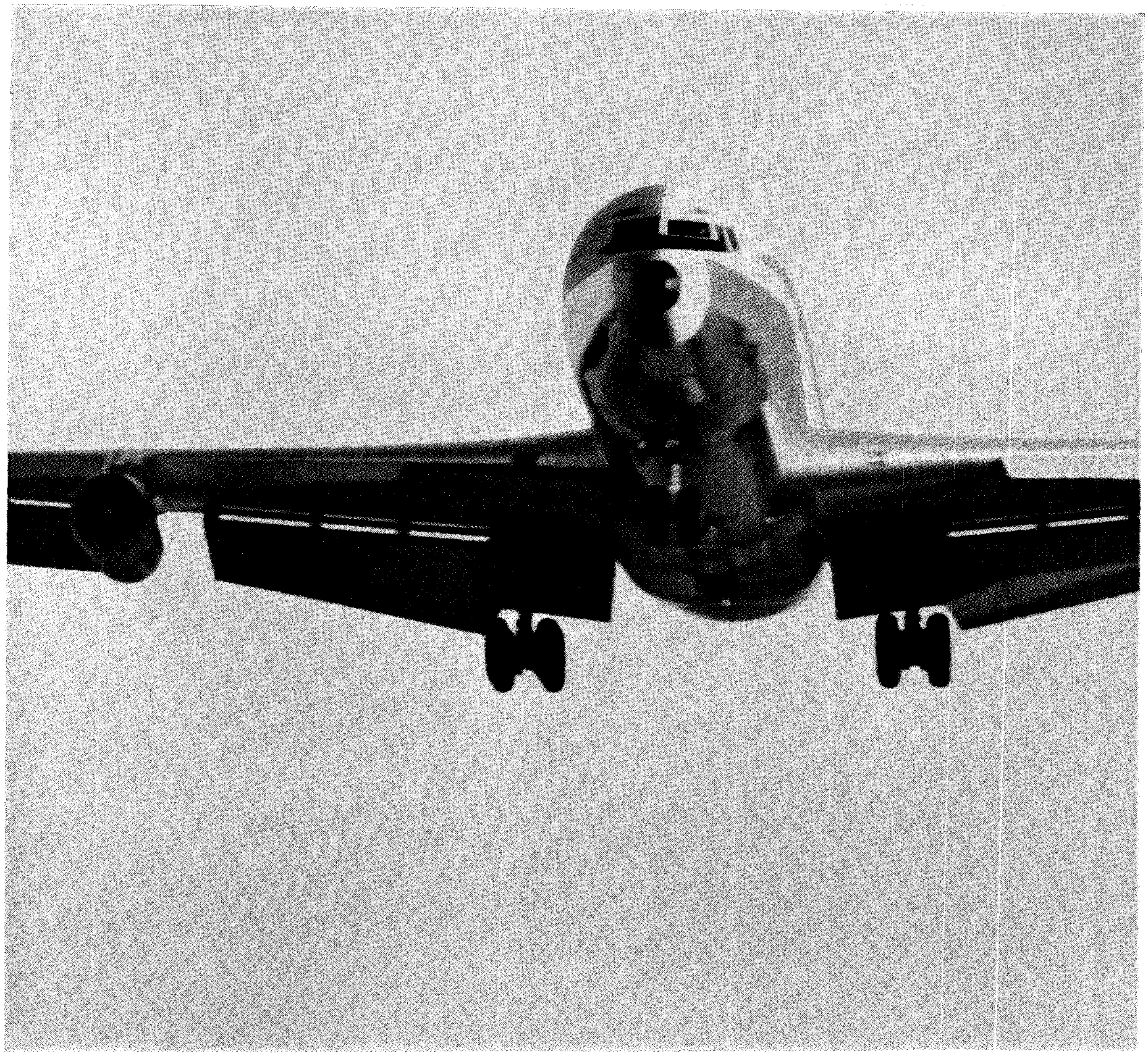

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about having been inspired by Chairman Mao or the Party—partly, perhaps, because it has been realized that Westerners just get restless during such harangues, but partly because the years since the Great Leap Forward have clearly given rise to a more matter-of-fact approach to matters of fact.

In size and setup, the factory was comparable to what in agricultural terms would be a "production brigade"—one unit of a commune. Like the peasants, the employees elected men to represent them and to audit the books. Unlike the peasants, however, they had no say in the management of production, the managers having been appointed and given their orders by the state. All the people at the machines were very young—none looked to be over thirty—and a third of them were women. Those were the most striking dissimilarities with a small European plant—all those young, unlined faces, and all those girls, in buttoned-up jackets and blouses, with prim hairbands, looking terribly earnest as they bent over their machines. The wages of all these workers averaged sixty yuan a month. Nearby, on neat tree-lined streets, stood the workers' flats. The manager was very pleased with these, and walked me up and down while an assistant unnecessarily—and vainly—tried to push some lines of laundry out of sight. They had a new canteen, and, next to it, a branch of the Nanking Bank. It was lunchtime, and factory people were lined up at the two bank windows to make deposits in their savings accounts. Very bored-looking ladies were stamping their bankbooks.

—HANS KONINGSBERGER

(*This is the first of two articles on Communist China.*)

•

The past year's crop of debs was specially rewarding and set a high standard of beauty that's not likely to happen soon again, Michael Goodkin says. He was taken especially by *Town & Country* cover-girl Alexandra Villard. "She has a face that says 'I'm sophisticated, charming, and inteleligent.' "—*Town & Country.*

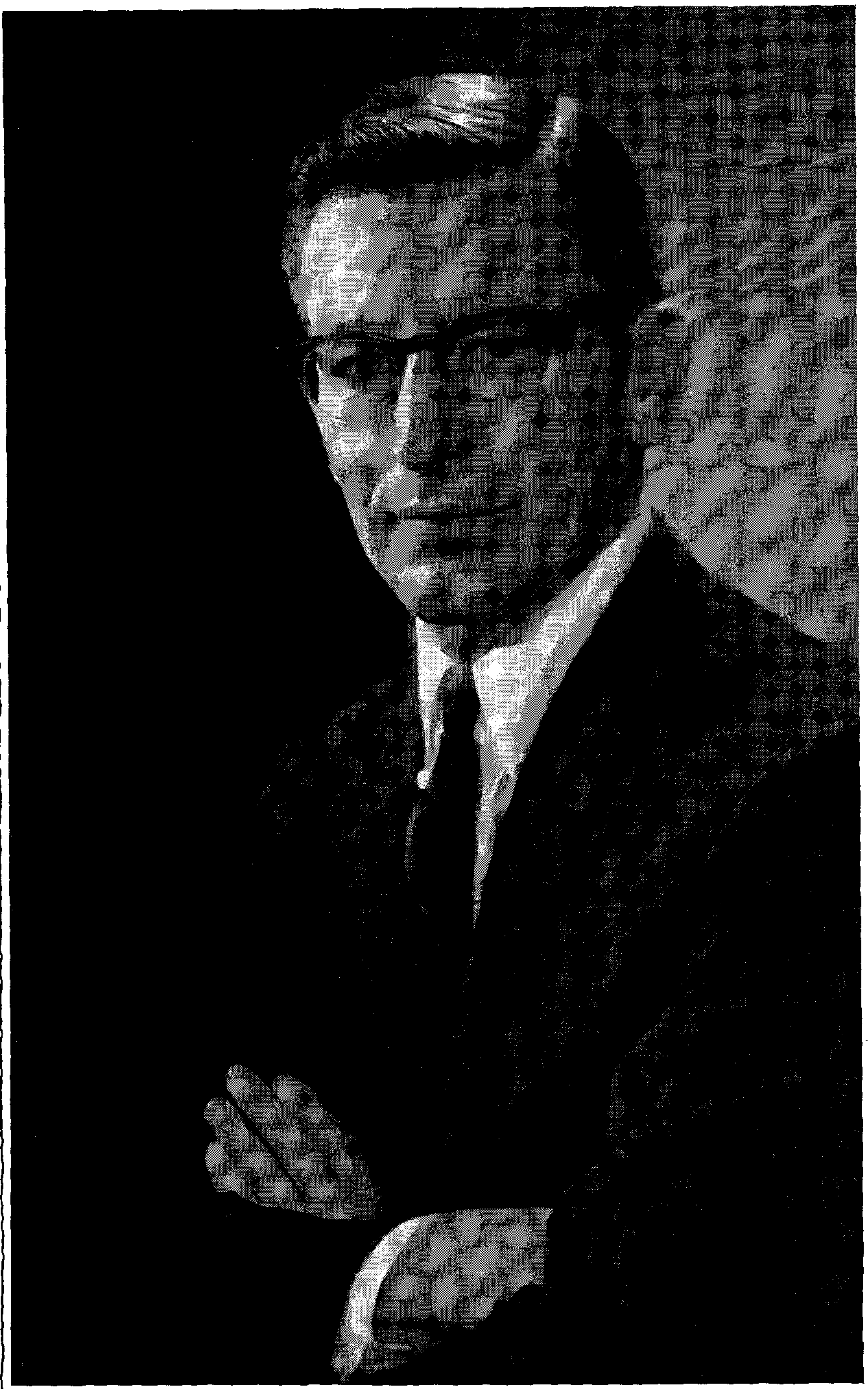
Face talks too much.

•

ONLY THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

SHAW, ENGLAND (UPI)— Bill Chewter, Secretary-Organizer of the South Midlands branch of the National Grocers Federation, did not know when to leave well enough alone.



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THE THEATRE

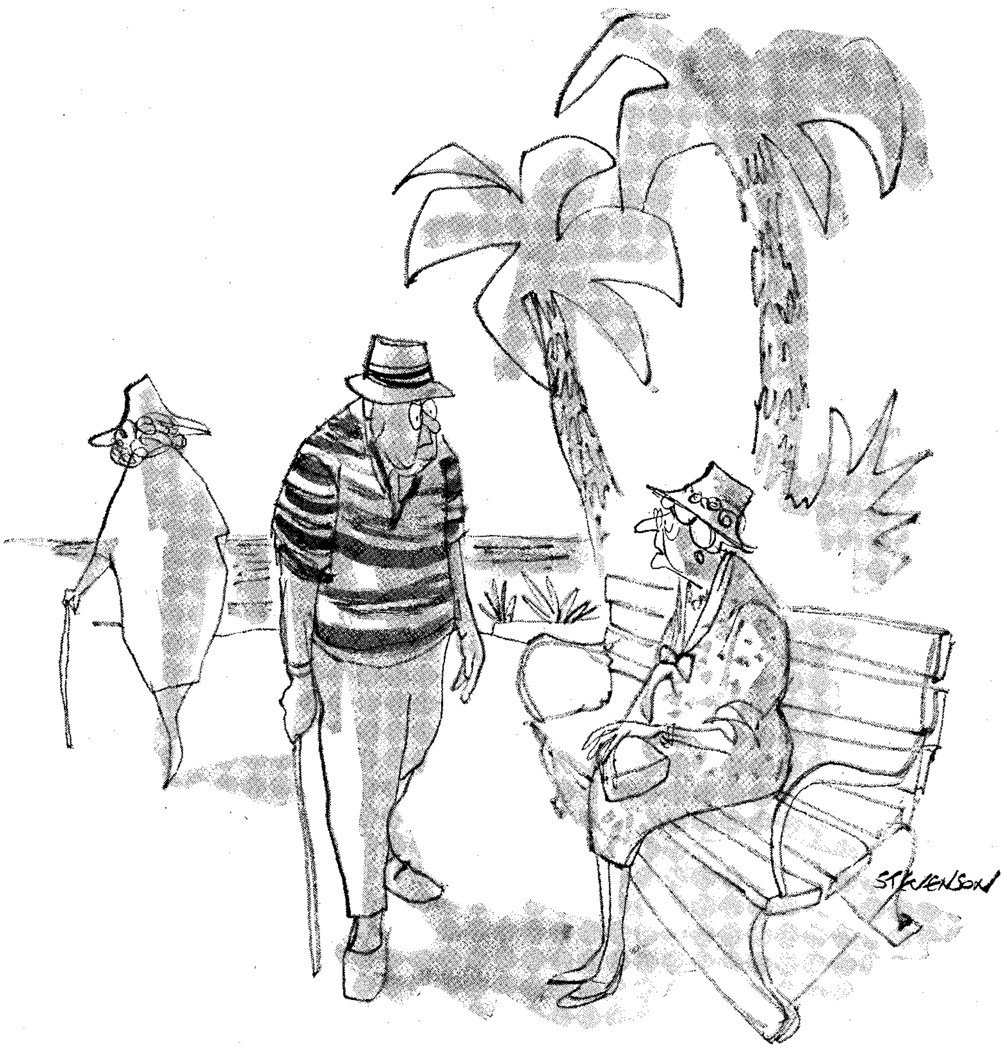
OFF BROADWAY

LAST week, six short plays that were first done Off Off Broadway at Ellen Stewart's Café La Mama, on lower Second Avenue, moved to Off Broadway—specifically, to the Martinique, where they were divided into sets of three and performed (in a manner of speaking) on successive nights by a group that calls itself the La Mama Repertory Company. To judge from the three that opened on Monday, the writing, line by line, is more confident and competent than one might have expected from relatively inexperienced playwrights. Yet, though what goes on is never actively annoying or boring, there is little real originality or invention or evidence of deep observation, and nothing startling or outrageous—which is what one always hopes for in new work by new people—except for an explicitness in sexual matters that seemed to me entirely in keeping with the demi-characters on view.

The first play, William Hoffman's "Thank You, Miss Victoria," is almost a monologue, spoken by the young oddball son of a rich stockbroker. He spends most of his time on the phone at his father's office taking extremely personal calls while he makes paper planes out of strips of the *Wall Street Journal* and thumbs through a dirty magazine. There he finds an ad put in by a Miss Victoria. As he calls the number listed and tries to convince her that he is willing to fulfill her deviant requirements and adapt himself to her peculiar practices, he throws off his jacket, loosens his tie, and ends up on all fours howling like a dog. In spite of some amusing moments, I don't think that Mr. Hoffman has quite the sophistication to make the idea work, but perhaps the trouble is that the play is barely acted by a fellow who never for a second seems to mean what he is doing.

The second play, Lanford Wilson's "This Is the Rill Speaking," could be meant as a pastiche or a parody or something of "Under Milk Wood," slightly tinged with "Our Town." At any rate, the setting is a village in the South, and the action, in which the whole company takes part, is a mixture of choral speaking and singing and movement, and of brief scenes, some of which play well enough. There is a certain wavering, a lack of clarity in performance, as the scenes change or melt one into the next, but whether that is intentional I can't say. Kevin O'Connor and Jacque Lynn Colton do quite well, though, in an assortment of roles.

The third play, "Birdbath," by Leonard Melfi, is an apparent comedy that turns into bleak melodrama at the very end. It opens in a cheap cafeteria where a young man named Frankie works as cashier, reading a book as he makes change, and where a jittery, squeaky, dithering blonde named Velma Sparrow (hence the title) wipes off the tables and clears away the dirty dishes. After the place has shut up for the night, he finds her waiting for him in the street and persuades her—which takes some doing—to come back to his house for coffee. Once there, she never stops talking about her mother, a holy terror at second hand. Frankie gets drunk on Martini mix and unveils the fact that he is a poet. She makes several illiterate, Dumb Dora remarks, which brought down the house, then, seeing a volume by Federico García Lorca, asks whether he is a Puerto Rican, which also brought down the house, although it seemed a perfectly sensible question to me under the circumstances. After a couple of long pulls on the Martini mix herself, she reveals something dreadful about her life and, sobbing, drifts off to sleep as Frankie, at his desk, reads one of his own poems aloud. Again, Kevin O'Connor somehow manages to be quite interesting as Frankie, who is not a very interesting character. In the part of Velma, Mari-Claire Charba's trick-falsetto speech, which is occasionally effective in "This Is the Rill Speaking," becomes just tiresome and, what is



"I'm feeling more senior than usual this morning."

worse, often incomprehensible in "Birdbath," where more in the way of acting is required.

FOR its second, and final, offering at the City Center, the Bavarian State Theatre chose "Die Ratten," a creaky, heavily ironic melodrama by the late Gerhart Hauptmann. Among the ingredients of the complex plot are an illegitimate birth, the purchase of the baby by a woman who passes it off as her own, madness, murder, and suicide. The setting is a shabby apartment house in Berlin, where a theatrical director and his troupe are rehearsing some classical tragedy, all oblivious of the real tragedy that is going on around them. The play is cumbersome, and it was often confusing, especially to a non-German-speaker like me, since the simultaneous translation was unhelpful and the program synopsis was the kind of breathless gibberish that Robert Benchley used to parody so brilliantly. Nevertheless, the skillful, no-nonsense acting of everyone concerned made the proceedings fascinating, and occasionally even clear, for the three hours or so that the drama ran. Christine Ostermayer, as the mother of the illegitimate child; Elfriede Kuzmany, as the distraught mother of another baby, who dies onstage; and Karl Maria Schley, as the director, were particularly impressive.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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DEAR LIBRARIAN:

The jet age has overtaken the library. Years ago teen-age youngsters were satisfied with novels of light romance. Today the ten year-olds are reading those books and the teen-agers are reading adult works by James Baldwin and Ayn Rand.

A well-known personality in the library world once remarked that if Booth Tarkington's "Sixteen" were written today it would have to be called "Twelve."

—*Dodd, Mead newsletter.*

Or "Thirteen" at the very most.

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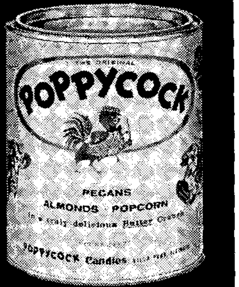

THE RACE TRACK

Stupendous

As you probably know, there were a number of noteworthy events going on in racing last Saturday. Borrowing an old astrolabe, I set it working to select the item to lead off this department, and it turned up the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct, in which the Wheatley Stable's Stupendous and Ogden Phipps' Impressive ran one, two. Hobeau Farm's Handsome Boy, a 12–1 shot, was third. Eleven three-year-olds started in the Gotham, and ten finished, and throughout the mile it was the roughest scramble I've seen in some time. Perhaps it was a warmup for the Kentucky Derby, which a cynical observer once called the Anything Goes Stakes. Though there was crowding in the long run down the backstretch, the real hoopla did not begin until the field swung into the homestretch. The stewards held an inquiry immediately after the finish but allowed the placings to stand; there had been such a melee that if they had started disqualifying there's no telling how many numbers would have come down. Impressive, who lives up to his name in looks, quickly raced Rick right out of the picture (he was eased up after going half a mile), and the big, dark-bay Phipps colt remained in the lead until the last furlong, where he was passed by his stablemate. After the race, Eddie Neloy, who trains both, said he would probably send Impressive to Bowie for the Governor's Gold Cup, and run Stupendous in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct. Both races are on Saturday.

Right now, I wouldn't hazard a guess as to how many of the other starters in the Gotham may go in the Wood. I thought Indulto got the severest going over of anybody in the Gotham, but I daresay other watchers have candidates for that doubtful honor. Colonel Tantivy Martingale is making no selections for the Wood.

Earlier last week, Neloy sent out Time Tested, another of the Phipps-Wheatley string, in the Toboggan Handicap, which Aqueduct inherited from old Morris Park, and Time Tested won it from Beaupy. Hoist Bar was third. Flag Raiser, the odds-on favorite, who was a prodigious runner this time

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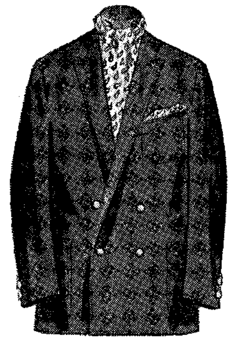

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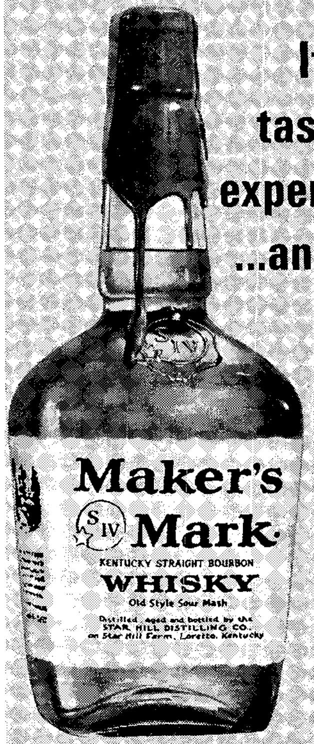
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last year, when he won the Bay Shore, the Gotham, and the Wood in quick succession, finished last. It was his first start of the season; maybe he needed winding up.

MY favorite observer reports that Tosmah ran a smashing race to win the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last weekend. Hooking up with Just About shortly after the start, she went stride for stride with him for the mile and a sixteenth and got her nose in front in the last few yards. Tronado was third. Lucky Debonair, making his first start since he won the Santa Anita Handicap two months ago, seemed unable to get going and came in last. Though the Campbell had prize money running into six figures, bringing out ten of the better older horses, and the weather was fine, the attendance and the mutuel handle were painfully light. That was because of a counter-attraction—the opening of Garden State Park, which had a crowd of more than thirty-four thousand and a handle of $2,793,313. The big race there was the Betsy Ross Handicap, which was run off in two divisions. The winners were Tagend and Native Street.

WELL, Graustark did it again. Word comes from Keeneland that he breezed seven furlongs in 1:22⅕, lengths ahead of four other three-year-olds, last Saturday. He's now unbeaten in seven starts. What's more, he is wearing a bar plate, an orthopedic shoe, to protect the bruised heel that halted his campaign in Florida. His next scheduled appearance is in the Blue Grass Stakes on the twenty-eighth, but I wouldn't be surprised if he was sent a mile in 1:35 some morning soon; he may be short of work.

And Moccasin was beaten again, finishing sixth in the Ashland Stakes at Keeneland about half an hour after Graustark ran. No Derby for her.

—Audax Minor

•

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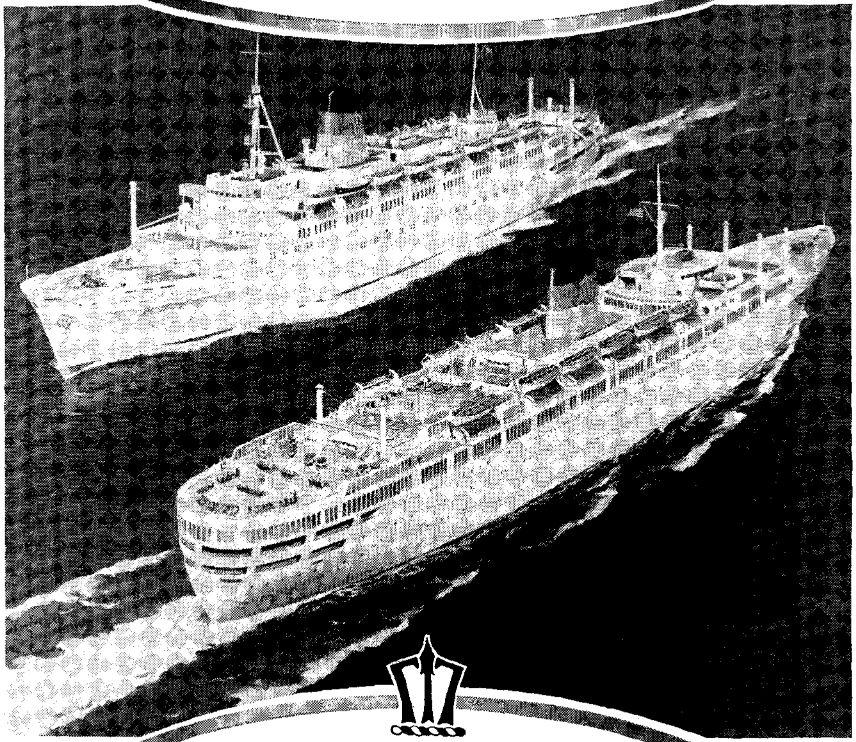

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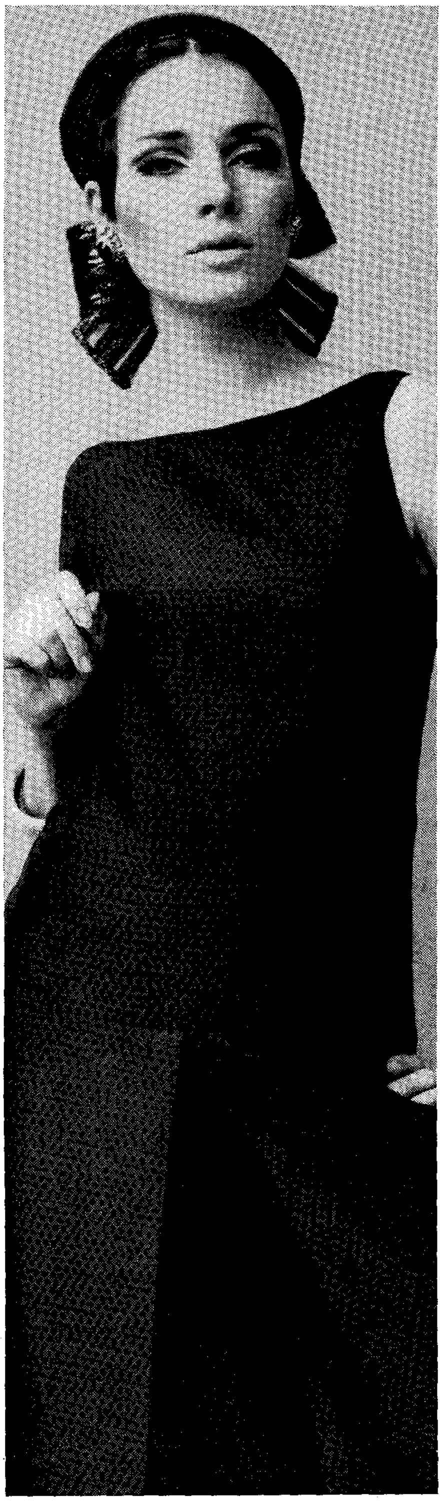

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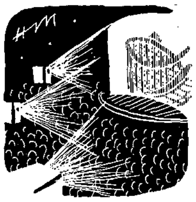
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Easeful Death



KENNETH ANGER's "Scorpio Rising" is by far the best of the so-called underground movies that I have seen, and I am glad that after a couple of years of fugitive appearances here, it has at last surfaced at the Bleecker Street Cinema for a regularly scheduled run, and thus falls within the scope of this department. Before I speak my mind about the movie, let me insert what amounts to a preamble on the unlucky popularity of that word "underground," which promises so much more in the way of heroic iconoclasm than it can possibly deliver. I hear in the word brave echoes of Dostoevski, the American underground railway, the Maquis, and even Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male," but in fact the one quality that all underground movies share has less to do with aesthetic and political radicalism than with economics. It is the quality of their being, above all, noncommercial; since they are not intended for a mass audience, they are hard to raise financial backing for and, once backed and made, they are hard to distribute.

It is true that most underground movies have other qualities in common. Their makers tend to be comparatively young, comparatively poor, and comparatively bold, though this boldness sometimes looks, at a second glance, more like obtuseness. Makers of underground movies are flagrantly inept at self-criticism, and on the rare occasions when they are able to recognize that they have failed to achieve a certain effect in a movie, they seem inclined to repeat the mistake and so gradually promote it into a principle. They show so active a distaste for the discipline of preparing scripts and for the conventional refinements of camera technique that to an outsider their working slogan might well be not "less is more" but "worse is better," and their lofty speculations about their art are quite literally a caution. To hear an underground movie-maker try to explain, orally or in print, what a given movie is about would be a richly comic experience if one didn't turn away in compassion at the point where it was merely painful; the suspicion arises that the camera has been embraced out of despair over the complexities of Eng-

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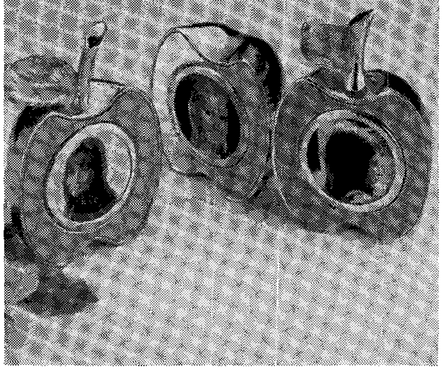

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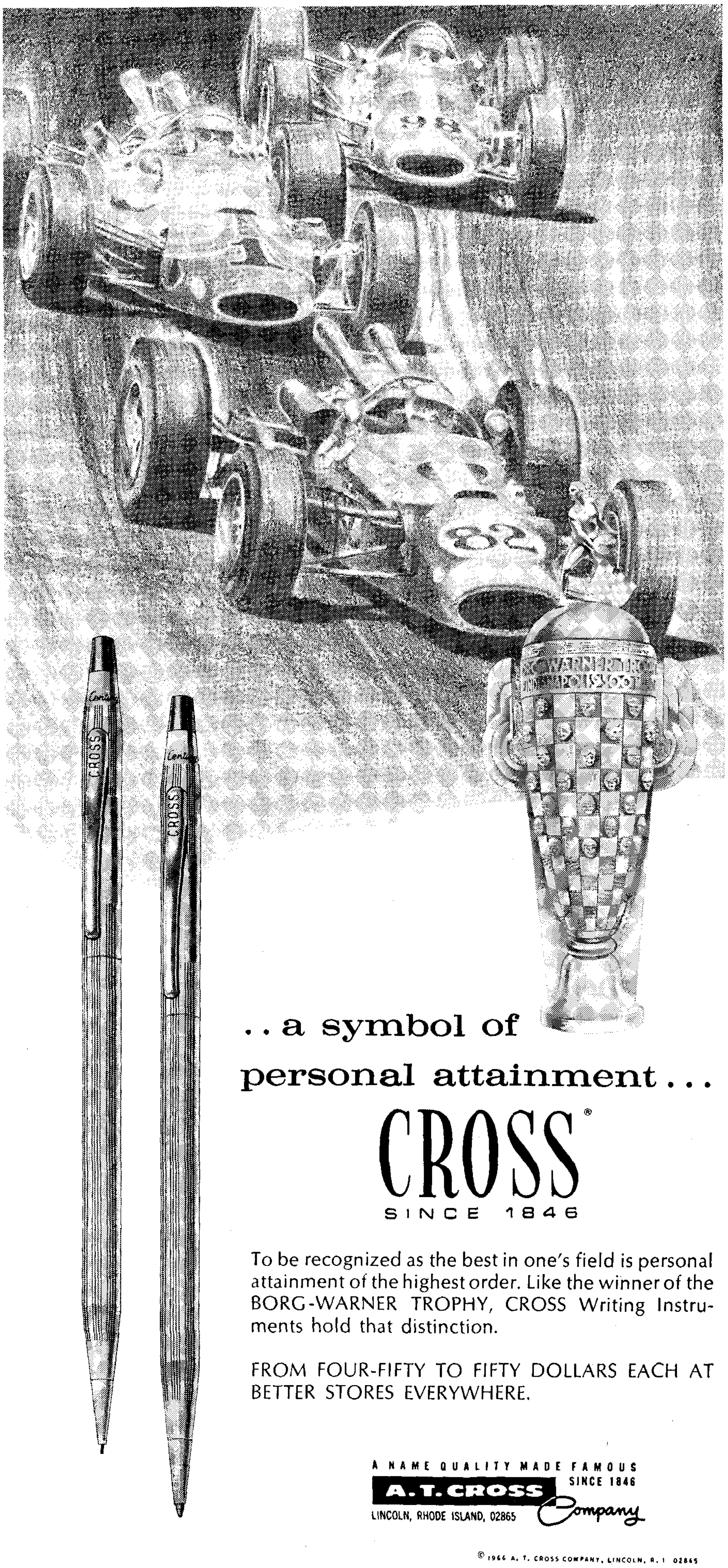
lish grammar. One form of boldness that the underground movie-makers *do* possess is a proud candor in respect to sexual matters. This candor leads to a display of bodily nakedness that has become almost a trademark of the movement (if the nudity is more often male than female, that may be said to be the trademark of the trademark—"none genuine without this signature"), and has caused the movement to be accused of manufacturing what some people in some places at some periods have felt able to identify as pornography.

"Scorpio Rising" escapes the usual pitfalls of the underground movie even as it embodies most of its distinguishing characteristics. Edited, directed, and photographed in marvellous color by Mr. Anger, it is a study, lyrical in form and in the manner of its execution, of a group of black-leather-jacketed young men the chief object of whose worship is the motorcycle; to this they minister tenderly by day and night, drenched in earsplitting canonical rock 'n' roll. They also minister to each other, at parties that pass in a sacred fog of alcohol and drugs, interrupted from time to time by savage rites of initiation. These young men are the priests of a cult dedicated not to a manifest shining wheeled god but to death—that easeful sudden death which James Dean and other apostolic predecessors have already embraced. By keeping his movie short (thirty-one minutes), by making the precise observation of typical small actions serve, in documentary fashion, in lieu of a plot, and by evoking, back of these small actions, a degree of tension that exactly matches the mounting roar of the motorcycles as they rev up for the kill, Mr. Anger has produced a strong and, despite its unpleasant subject matter, beautiful movie. At a single blow, he justifies the notion of an underground and sets a standard that even the most self-indulgent of his contemporaries will surely steel themselves to attain.

ON the same bill with "Scorpio Rising" is a filmed version of Kenneth Brown's cruel play "The Brig." The movie was shot on the stage of the Living Theatre, clandestinely, after the Internal Revenue Service had closed the theatre on account of unpaid back taxes. The director was Jonas Mekas, the Napoleon of the underground, as well as its St. Francis of Assisi. The conditions under which the movie was made must have been hard on everyone, and the results are irritatingly amateurish—the shadow of a hand-held camera is continually being



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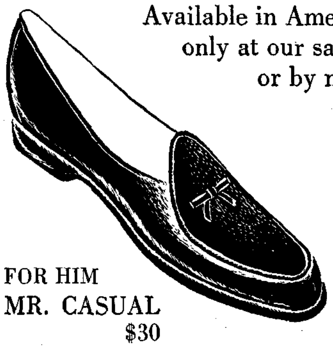

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cast on what is supposed to be the rear wall of a Marine Corps jail in Japan—but I doubt if, under the best of circumstances, the play could have survived its translation into the awesome reality of film. The inexhaustible, unprovoked brutal sadism of the guards comes to strain our credulity (are sadists superhuman? do they *never* tire?), even as the undeserved, incessant punishment of the prisoners comes to strain our capacity for pity. It is the crucial defect of this kind of play that if every moment of it doesn't ring true, none of it will ring true. "The Brig" deserves our attention to the extent that it is an absolutely accurate depiction of certain dreadful events that actually took place. If it is inaccurate by so much as a hair's breadth, then we in the audience have been made to suffer even more wantonly than the prisoners in the brig, and it is not the guards alone who are sadists. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*A report, in Computers & Automation, of a "polite conversation" between a professor from the University of California at Los Angeles and a machine called Agile*]

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AGILE: No power man.
(The "Bad" button was pushed again.)
PROFESSOR: Are you a man?
AGILE: No power man be.
(Again the "Bad" button was pushed.)
PROFESSOR: What are you?
AGILE: I be machine.
(This time the "Good" button was pushed.)
PROFESSOR: Are you a man?
AGILE: I no be.
(Now the "Good" button again.)
PROFESSOR: Are you a machine?
AGILE: Be I bad machine?
(A "Neutral" button—the only choice other than "Good" and "Bad"—was pushed.)
PROFESSOR: I think you are all right.
AGILE:

•

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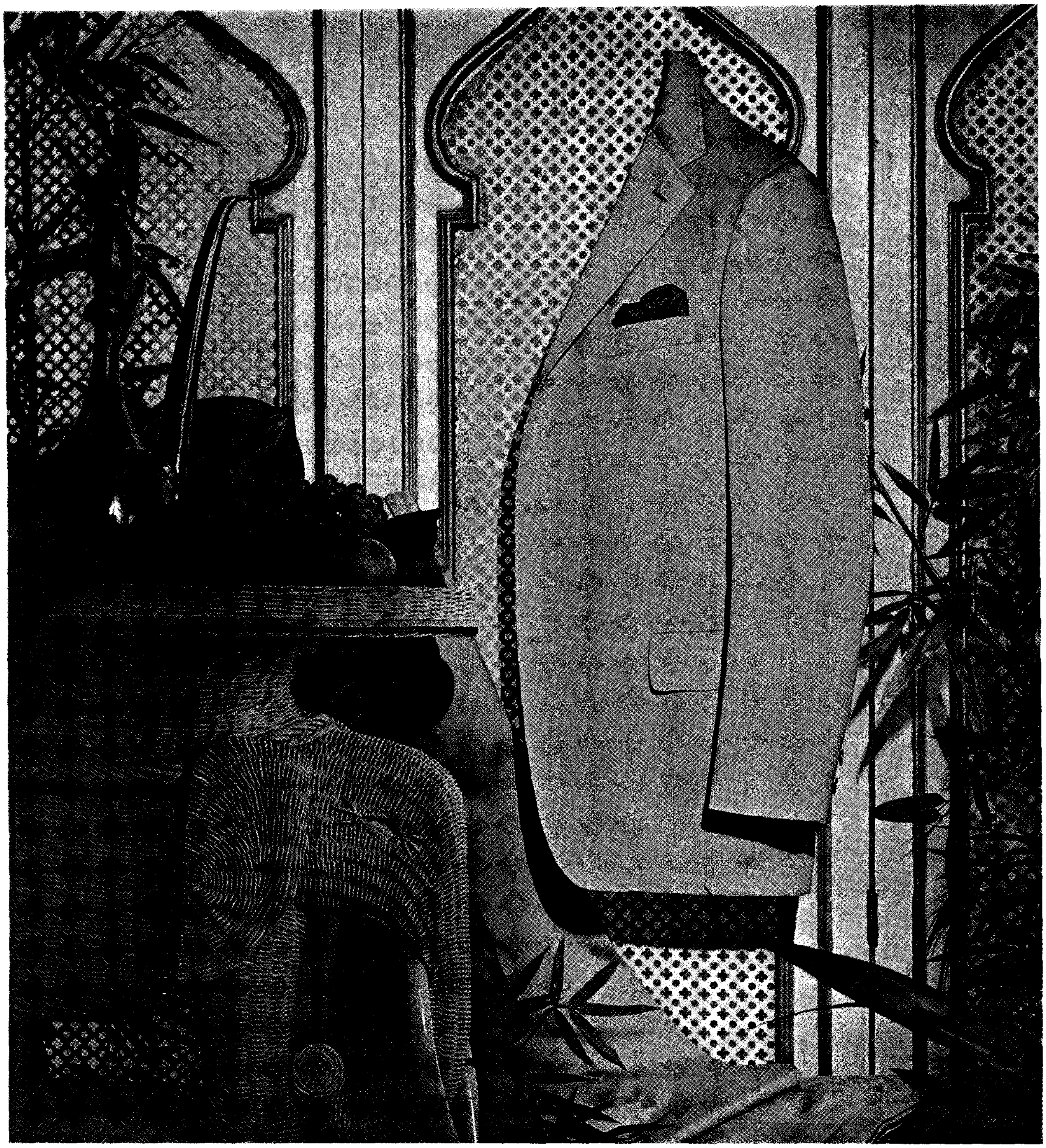

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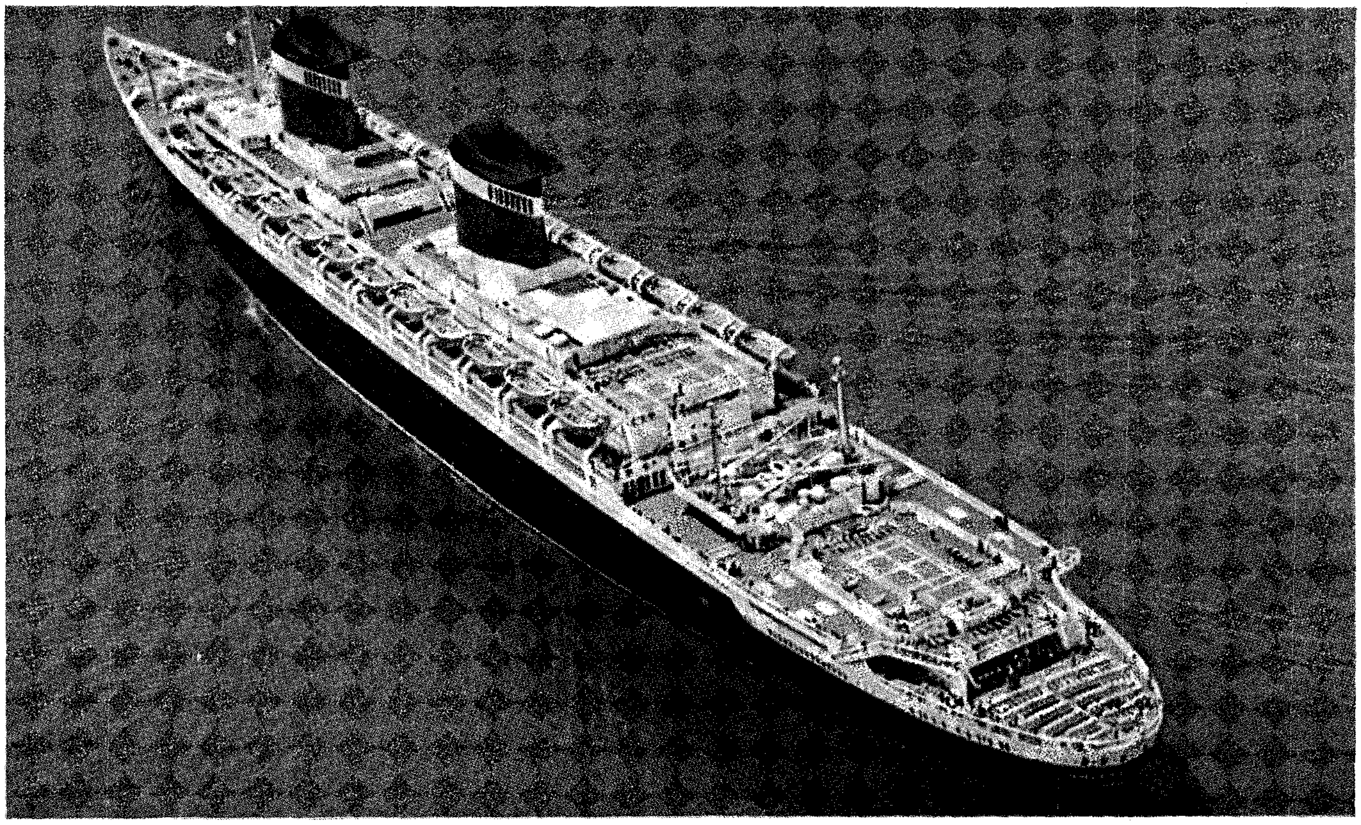

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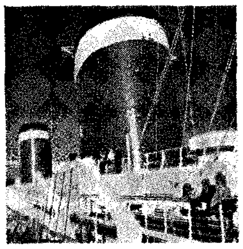

THE ART GALLERIES

Hands Across the Sea

THE much-talked-of exhibition of paintings by the Russian-born Futurist Wassily Kandinsky, now on at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, turns out to be a highly interesting affair. For one thing, it is remarkably inclusive. Though limited to the years 1923-33 (the subtitle is "The Bauhaus Years," and the period covered is mostly the decade between his arrival at the famous school, in mid-1922, and his departure, at the end of 1932, when the Nazis closed the Bauhaus down), it contains a round fifty paintings, almost all ambitious in intention, and this represents a fairly good production for a man who was also working more or less full time on the school's teaching staff. (He gave classes in composition and mural painting.) The show is, moreover, extremely well chosen to bring home to us the considerable variety of moods and methods that made up the range of Kandinsky's accomplishments. My one cavil, a mild one, is that the showing, as an illustration of his progress in what was possibly the peak period of his career, would have been more effective, and certainly more immediately understandable, if even a small group of the paintings of his Futurist phase of the preceding decade had been included, to demonstrate the stylistic and ideational background from which the present works emerged. As things are, the show bursts on one with the sudden violence of a fireworks display. What one encounters at the very start is the spectacle of a powerfully endowed, enormously inventive, compositionally uninhibited artist in full career, and for a while (to change the figure) it's like trying to board an express train travelling at top speed—and across unexplored country. Fortunately, as one discovers, the train is slowing down, for a good deal of Kandinsky's subsequent effort—perhaps, indirectly, because of the sense of responsibility induced by his teaching—clearly seems to have been directed toward self-discipline: a kind of honing down of effort, and an economizing of exuberance without sacrificing emotional impact. So it is that most of the "fireworks" are in the opening section—in pieces

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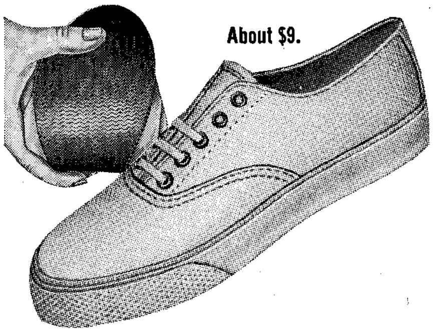

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like the wriggly, squiggly "In the Black Circle" and the less compositionally involved but still wildly centripetally designed "Pink Oblong," both of 1923—and the paintings of the following years, while equally, if not more, effective, are generally less explosive in pattern. This is not to say that Kandinsky still couldn't cut loose at any time—both in the period covered by the current exhibition and later on—with his particular brand of pyrotechnics. Note, in the exhibition, such pieces as the large, slightly sprawling "Yellow—Red—Blue," of 1925, and "Rose in Gray," of the year after, along with the conceivably overemphatic but surely forceful "Hovering Pressure," of 1931. (It is now time, I think, to point out that the titles are literal translations of Kandinsky's already cryptic German ones, and show it.) But in general the approach grows less "busy" compositionally, and it may be because of this that I had an opportunity to observe more fully than one ordinarily can do what a daring and resourceful colorist this artist was. It is an aspect of Kandinsky's virtuosity that is occasionally overlooked, obscured as it is by the aggressiveness of his design, and one of the most commendable things about the present selection is that it is (one might almost say) at pains to bring it to our attention—in, to name only a few works, "Closely Surrounded," with its exquisitely balanced upward gradations, moving from greens through light ochres to dark and darker reds; the brownish, warm "Woven," with its suggestion of a ship; the grayish-blue "Rightward-Leftward;" and the smaller but still striking ice-blue painting called "Dahin," or "Thither."

As the catalogue's preface points out, the selection was focussed as far as possible on paintings in which the design is based primarily on the circle—always a favorite thematic figure in Kandinsky's production—and this serves to give the collection a coherence it might otherwise have lacked; since the circle was, among other things, to Kandinsky a symbol of lightness and happiness, it also lends the exhibition a quite charming cheerfulness and ebullience. I liked especially, in this connection, "Flat Deep," "Jolly," "Small Signs," and the truly delightful "From the Little Arrow," all celebrating the circle in various contexts, as balloons, bubbles, rotating objects, or simply—well, just circles. I couldn't help noticing, too, how many times Kandinsky seemed to have anticipated future trends in art. Despite his Futur-

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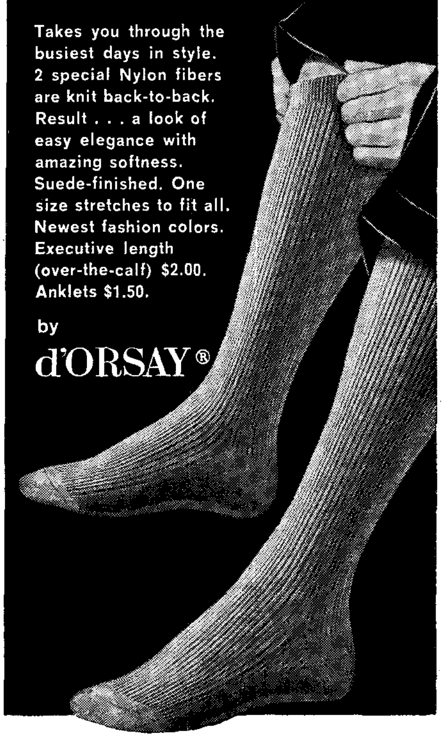

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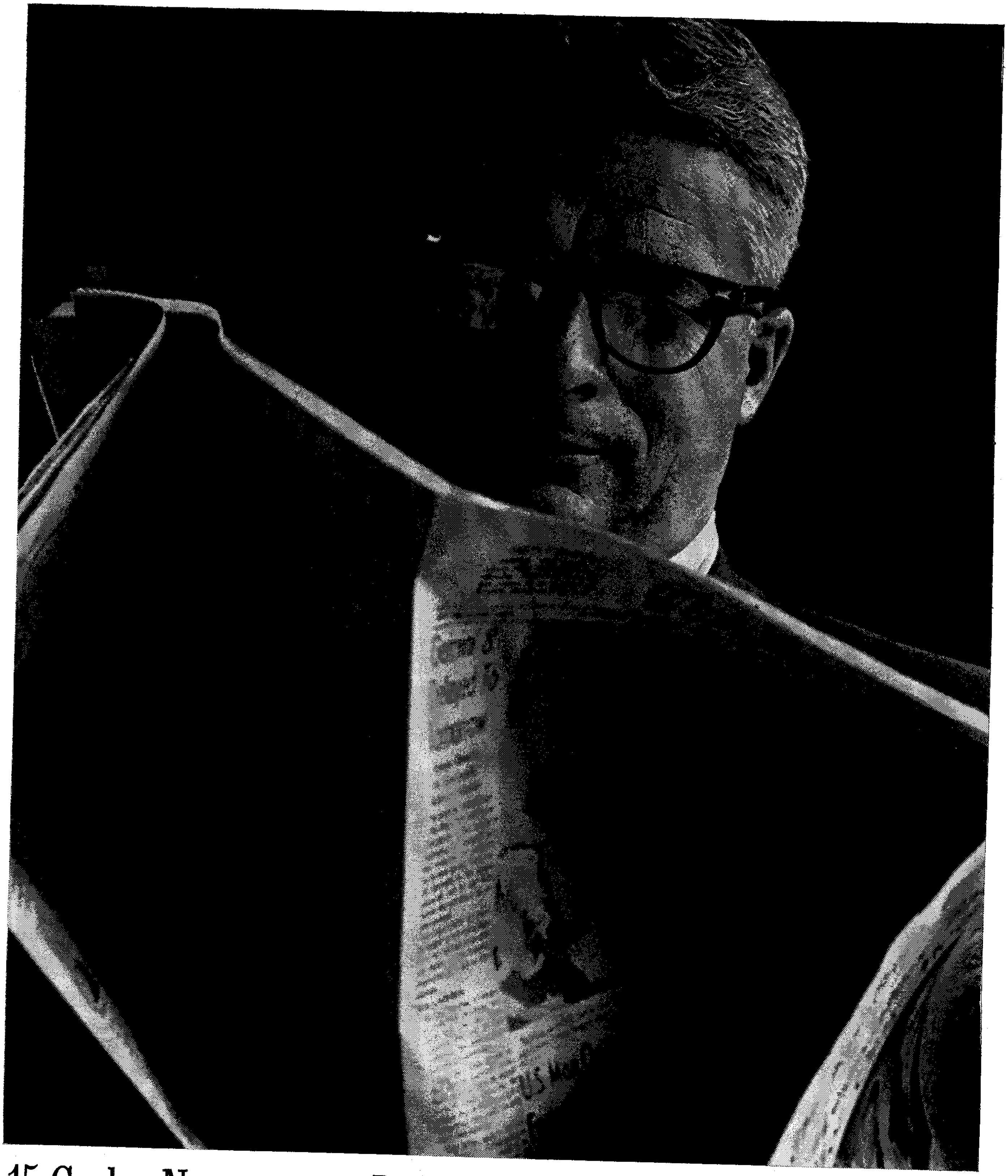

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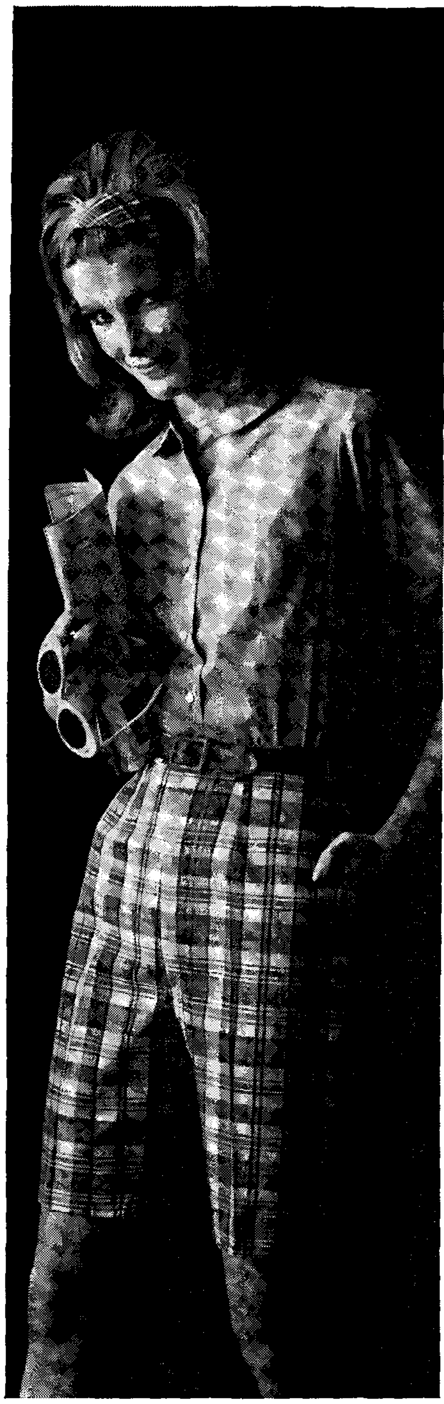

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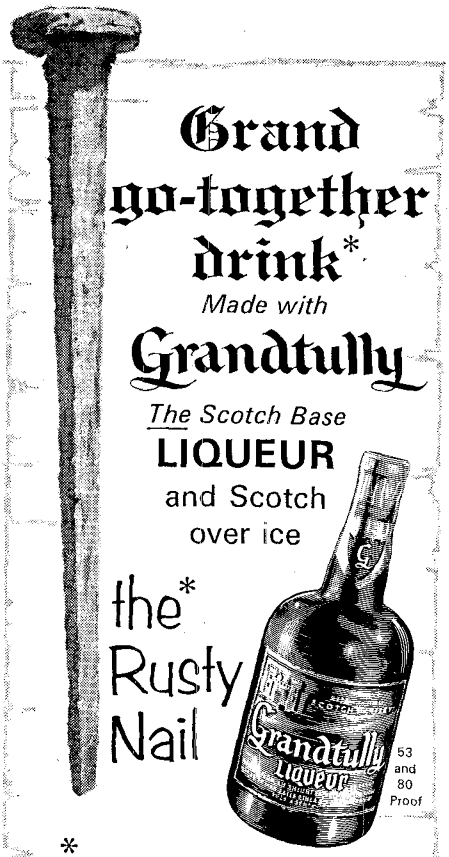
istic background, he began quite early to dabble in the geometric approach when he did such pieces as "Leftward," with its tiered arrows, and even more specifically "Rightward-Leftward," a rarity in his production in that a human figure, abstracted, appears in the composition. And "Quadrat," or "Square," with its sinuously distorted, layered checkerboard design, is an uncannily accurate evocation of the current work of Bridget Riley and others of the Op Art group. Altogether, the whole affair is well adapted to broaden our concept of Kandinsky as one of the great modern masters.

George Bellows, now the subject of a major exhibition at the Gallery of Modern Art (the first, I am told—though it seems incredible—to be held in New York since his death, in 1925), is as "American," in the timeworn but still loosely accepted meaning of the word, as Kandinsky is "European." What it means, again following the traditional interpretation, is that the American, artistically as well as physically, was—or aimed to be—bigger, broader, huskier, lustier than his counterpart overseas, and if this striving for superman stature tended to damage the man's artistic evocation, generally by coarsening it, that was too bad for art. In the case of Bellows, I'm afraid, this attitude did do harm, blunting what might have been a considerable talent. Bellows was extraordinarily precocious. Born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882, he was drawing creditably in his early teens, was a star pupil of Robert Henri rather less than a decade later, and, in 1909, aged twenty-seven, became the youngest Associate ever elected to the National Academy of Design. Four years afterward, he was made a full Academician. He had given up an equally promising career in professional baseball (he was a shortstop) to study with Henri, and throughout his career references to his background as an athlete appear in his work, most notably in the famous paintings of prizefights—"Club Night," "Stag at Sharkey's," "Ringside Seats," "Dempsey and Firpo," and so on. Of these, the two best-known—"Stag at Sharkey's" and "Dempsey and Firpo"—are not in the show, although copious studies for them are. The others are there, though, and they illustrate the more than frenetic emotional approach Bellows brought to the sweet science. But his interest flowed over into other fields of sport, and there, too, the atmosphere is feverish. The two canvases called "Tennis at



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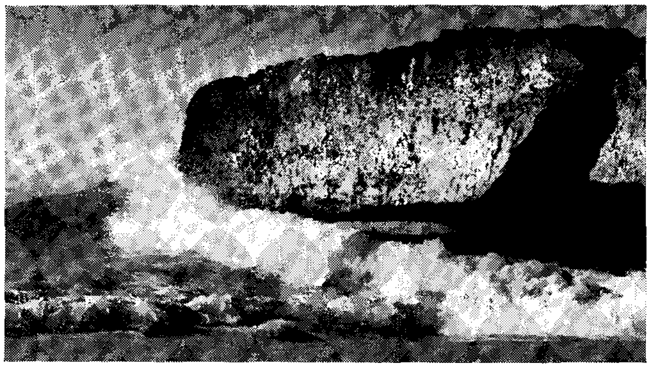

To help, so they said.

And so they did. They helped themselves to the ship's cargo, which soon found its way to Lord's castle.

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Newport," done in 1919 and 1920, give a brawling atmosphere (this may be due to his tendency to overload his paintings compositionally) to what must have been in that era a particularly staid performance, while his studies of polo players in action look almost as savage as a battle picture by Uccello.

I couldn't help wondering why. Was it a lack of artistic security that brought about this tendency toward theatrics? Bellows' life was short (he died at forty-two) and remarkably productive, yet it led through a train of influences—from Henri to Hals, and on to a brief tangle with Impressionism, and then on again. His range of subjects was commendable, for it covered landscapes (and some good ones, too; note "Blue Snow, the Battery," "Winter Road," and the crisp "North River") as well as city scenes and a creditable array of portraits. Why, then, did he so often lapse into almost ludicrous sentimentality—as, for one instance only, in "Edith Cavell," with its prison background so artfully floodlit that it could pass as a stage setting? And the fight scenes! One wonders, in an annoyed fashion, what happened to the man, anyway. As a boxer himself, didn't he know that two fighters, even of the tank type, never get into the tango-and-Twist sort of poses of the men in "Club Night" and "Stag at Sharkey's" and the rest?

—Robert M. Coates

•

If you deposit your memory in a savings bank, you'll find the prevailing rate is 4½ per cent.—*Sylvia Porter in the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Yeah, and we'll forget where we put our passbook.

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Peter Sellers and wife, Britt, the most "in" of all the Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon set, were a foursome at the new West End show, "How's the World Treating You?" He has just bought his 87th car.—*Sheilah Graham in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Well, he *needs* twice as many as most people.

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[From "The Enemy Camp," by Jerome Weidman]

As soon as they did, Mike Gerrity, Jr., who had lost an arm in the war, walked across the street to see Danny.—*Page 187.*

Mike took two staggering steps forward, toward his mother, as though seeking her support. They met and, hand in hand, staggered backward, toward the bar, each with a free hand upraised, as though feeling for support in the dark.—*Page 275.*

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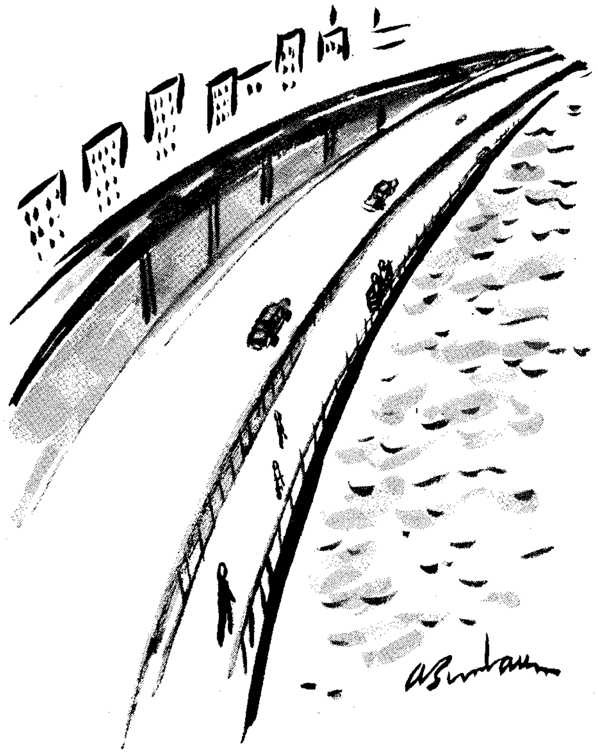

SPRING, as everyone knows, is a fine season for walking—to some place, along some path, or just anywhere and nowhere in particular. Some people choose to walk *around* something. The Scot, for instance, traditionally walks around the perimeter of his domain every spring, and my father as a young man regularly celebrated the arrival of warm weather by walking around the fifty-mile shoreline of the Isle of Wight. My spring walk this year was around the shoreline of Manhattan. It is a shoreline that I think my father would be impatient with, because it is interrupted with a frustrating succession of power stations, bridge ramps, subway yards, and other spawnings of civic activity that were never designed to favor such outings. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to make out exactly where the shoreline is. Moreover, Manhattan being anything but a neat rectangle, its borders have defied planners intent on including them in the comprehensive gridiron pattern of streets and avenues that has been imposed on most of the borough, so that the waterfront is pocked with awkward marginal areas where innumerable blind alleys and runty byways lie in wait to confound the unwary. Although some of these have been obliterated by the expressways that race around the island's rim, the expressways themselves are now a prime challenge to the walker. The Hagstrom Company, as perhaps the leading maker of local maps, tries conscientiously to keep up with the complex changes in Manhattan's transportation facilities as they weave around and over and under its waterfront, but, once having managed to superimpose this tangled skein on the existing gridiron, the company's draftsmen have thrown up their hands and pretty much let the paths and pedestrian bridges call attention to themselves.

All this, as the walker soon discovers, adds materially to the length of his walk. The distance around Manhattan as a determined seagull might fly it is, I think, about thirty-five miles, but for a man on foot—now skirting this obstacle, now retreating from that cul-de-sac—fifty miles (or the distance my father covered) is a likelier figure; in any event, rather than attempt a forced route march, I did my walking over a leisurely three days, beginning at eight-thirty one promising April morning at Ninety-sixth Street and the East River. I chose that particular spot as my starting point because, as a resident of Connecticut, it is where, on my trips to town, I ordinarily enter the interior of Manhattan from the East River Drive. This spot, though it does not boast a moat, or even a portcullis, but only a prosaic warning sign, "KEEP RIGHT. EXIT 96TH STREET. NEXT EXIT 73RD STREET," is to me, after I have been swept along in traffic from interchange to interchange in the common desperate effort to reach the metropolis, as welcome a sight as the gates of a walled city ever were to a hard-beset traveller.

Close to the gates of such medieval centers one could usually find a flight of steps leading to a walkway around the top of the city wall. The equivalent for a Manhattan pedestrian is a passage leading under the East River Drive to a sidewalk that runs parallel to the river. Since I had decided to pursue a counterclockwise course around the island, I headed north on this walk at Ninety-sixth Street, separated from the river, on my right, by an iron railing, and from the East River Drive, on my left, by a scattering of trees and benches and a strip of grass that, though moth-eaten, was perking up with the season. There was a brisk breeze, and the air was still chill, but it was warming rapidly under a marvellously sunny sky. The traffic in the three south-bound lanes of the East River Drive looked normal for that time of day—stalled in one, staggering in another, and moving with resolute frenzy in the third. At Ninety-eighth Street, two elderly gentlemen stood guard over two fishing lines suspended from bright, aluminum-painted bells that were clamped to the iron railing. We exchanged "Good morning"s, and I asked them what they were catching, whereupon they both smiled sheepishly; it was clearly the attempt rather than the result that appealed to them. When I rephrased my question and asked them what they might catch, one of them replied, "Herring and striped bass, sometimes." I admired their patience, and walked on.

At about 100th Street, the river forks around Ward's Island, with Hell Gate veering off to the east, and, a little farther on, a footbridge leads over to the island itself. My map showed that officially—as the city is parcelled up into its five boroughs—both Ward's Island and Randall's Island, just north of it, are considered part of Manhattan, but they didn't look like part of Manhattan to me, so I contented myself with walking only to the center of the footbridge ("THE MIDLE," some helpful outrider with a firm boyish hand had noted on the rail in blue chalk) and surveying them from there. On the surface of the water, highlights from the sun alternated with dull patches ruffled by the wind. To the south was Mill Rock, a very small, elongated island, with a single brick building on it, rising in mid-channel at the entrance to Hell Gate. From where I stood, it looked like a submarine, or perhaps the old ironclad Monitor heading upstream; in reality, it used to be an Army storehouse but was transferred in 1953 to the Parks Department, which has yet to decide what to do with such an unlikely bit of Manhattan real estate. The Parks Department has done a great deal with both Ward's and Randall's Islands, taking them over completely (except for the gaunt buildings of the Manhattan State Hospital, which still occupy part of Ward's, and an adjacent tongue of land dedicated to some obscure operation of the Department of Sanitation) and converting

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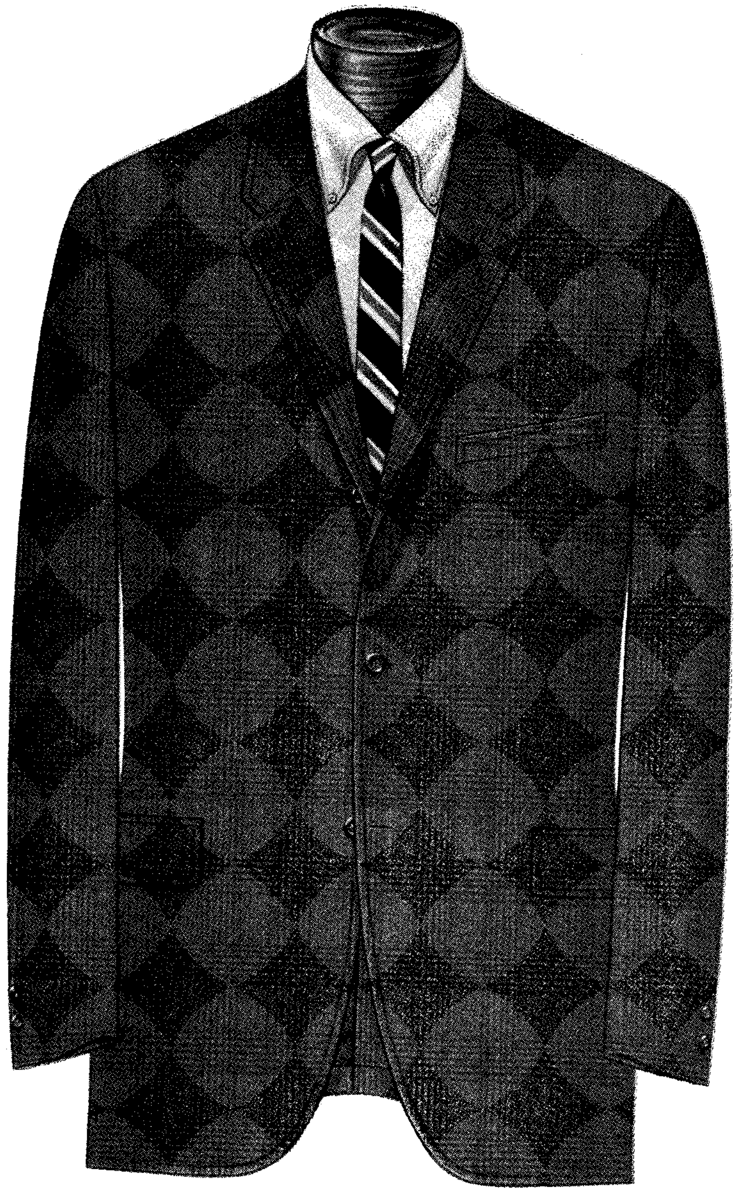

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them into public recreation centers with attractions ranging from a picnic grove to a large stadium. At that hour, their playing fields were mostly deserted. Not far from where I stood, automobiles whipped across the Triborough Bridge as it swung east in its lofty progress toward Long Island, and beyond it a freight train rose from the distant Bronx and started crawling up and over the Hell Gate railroad bridge, which also crosses both islands, to reach the yards in Queens; on and on it rumbled, pulled by three engines, until it filled the structure from end to end. And then—as if to complete one of those Spirit of Transportation murals that have adorned public buildings since the thirties—an old Northeast Airlines DC-3 rose from LaGuardia and chattered west overhead, while a chic yellow-and-green cargo ship surged down through Hell Gate from the Sound. In its wake, gulls flirted with the notorious Hell Gate eddies—soaring, gliding, diving, and then squatting on them as the current roared through the narrow channel.

Leaving the bridge and resuming my walk uptown, I passed a wharf at 110th Street where a crane was unloading coal from a barge and dumping it on a conveyor belt, which carried it through a tunnel to a storage depot on the other side of the Drive. The buffer strip of grass between the sidewalk and the Drive had disappeared. I walked close to the river railing, feeling very much alone. At nine-thirty-eight, with the temperature at forty-five degrees (I had all this on the authority of a giant Cities Service sign over in the now nearby Bronx), the sidewalk also disappeared, and so did I—under the ramps leading to the Triborough Bridge. The girders of crisscrossing elevated roadways angled overhead, and in the murk of that nether region the noise of the traffic crisscrossing on them sounded like doom. Ahead of me loomed a high fence, topped by barbed wire and running to the water's edge, and for a moment I felt trapped; then I saw that there was a gate in it and that the gate was open. Stepping through, I found myself in a parking lot, full of cars but unattended. Beyond the cars, I turned the bend in Manhattan opposite the Bronx Kill, and headed northwest up the Harlem River. There was neither fence nor gate to impede my progress; the parking lot simply faded into a gravel yard, and I walked in.

The gravel yard was as deserted as the parking lot, and since the sidewalk had apparently disappeared for good, I

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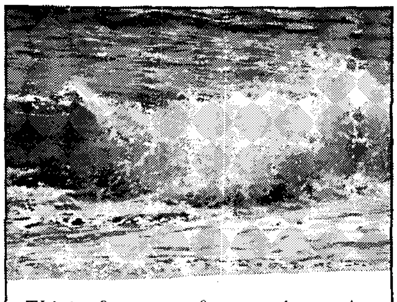

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*Lloyd Hall Magazine Editorial Report, December 1965.

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walked on through, with the river right at my feet, just below a wood-topped bulkhead wall that was surmounted every twenty yards or so by large, rusty iron mooring cleats. Down the Harlem came a police boat—one of three such craft I saw on this narrow, nondescript river—its exhaust noisy, its wake rolling high against both banks. From it, binoculars scanned the line where the wavelets lapped the bulkhead by my side. It struck me that the boat might be on some grim mission, for everybody knows that the Harlem yields more than its share of the bodies found floating in local waters.

There followed a long, wide expanse of wasteland—a desolate strip of rough scrub, some sections of it running straight down to the river's edge, where, for want of a bulkhead, the water splashed up between bare rocks. In my part of Connecticut, waterfront property is at a premium, but here in Manhattan irregular marginal tracts such as this have found no takers, evidently being regarded as indigestible elements. I stumbled on through this no man's land, which took me under the railroad bridge at 135th Street and Park Avenue (the lifeline of train commuters from Westchester and—so far—Fairfield Counties); the Madison Avenue vehicular bridge, at 138th Street; and the 145th Street Bridge. There I encountered another wire fence with a gate in it. This gate, however, was closed and locked, though it guarded nothing so tempting as a collection of parked cars but merely an empty coalyard. On my right was the river, and on my left a railing precluded a dash across the Harlem River Drive. At this impasse, I remembered that there was an escape hatch a couple of blocks behind me—a pedestrian bridge over the Drive. However, after I had crossed it and stopped to take my bearings, all I could see with any clarity was that I was in deep trouble. I was standing on the inland side of a small playground, well separated from the river and unable even to conjecture how many blocks or miles I might have to trudge before I could regain it; the only relevant information I could glean from my Hagstrom's and a street sign or two was that I was now, incredibly, on the West Side—on the far end of Lenox Avenue, about due north of, say, Macy's—having at some point back there in the wasteland passed the upper end of Fifth Avenue.

Thus all too meagrely oriented, I portaged around the ramp leading to the 145th Street Bridge, and on up the

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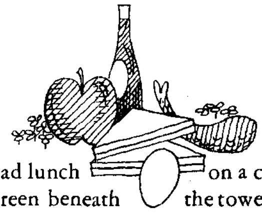

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two or three remaining blocks of Lenox Avenue. It expired in the midst of a squadron of empty buses standing beside a huge garage, their doors open and their engines running as they waited—I gathered—for a new shift of drivers. I approached a policeman who was talking with one of the drivers and asked him how I could get back to the river north of there. That, he indicated, posed quite a problem; beyond the bus garage was all new housing construction. Still, maybe, beyond where the Polo Grounds used to be . . . He stopped short and stared at me. "What do you want to get down to the river for?" he asked. "There's nothing there when you do get there."

"I'm walking around the island, following the river," I said.

"The island?"

"Yes, Manhattan."

"Oh. . . . Well, good for you."

I thanked him for his encouragement, and headed west along 147th Street, then north on Seventh Avenue, executing a flanking maneuver around the Esplanade Gardens housing project, which is displacing what I recalled as a vast subway yard, where row on row of tracks glinted in the sunlight as they waited for their brood of cars to come home to roost at night. Presently, Seventh Avenue also petered out, disgorging me onto the 155th Street Viaduct, on which, at any rate, I could head back toward the river. Almost before I was aware of it, the viaduct became the Macombs Dam Bridge, which threatened to take me *over* the river and out of Manhattan altogether. I felt fortunate to discover a flight of rusty iron steps leading down to a roadway. And there, with the river in full view again, beyond the Harlem River Drive, I sat for ten minutes in a small cobbled area, complete with trees and benches, as in some French village square. The effect was not entirely Old World, however, for the landscape was alive with construction workers—up on the site of the old Polo Grounds, where they were building yet another mammoth municipal housing concentration, and over on the river verge, where they were busy extending the seawall—and the air was full of their dust and din.

Feeling rested and secure again, I resumed my walk, following a paved path that ran for a while next to the inshore side of the Drive and then withered away but picked up again on the other side. During the nineteen-thirties, this section of the Drive was a favorite of sporty Sunday-afternoon motorists,

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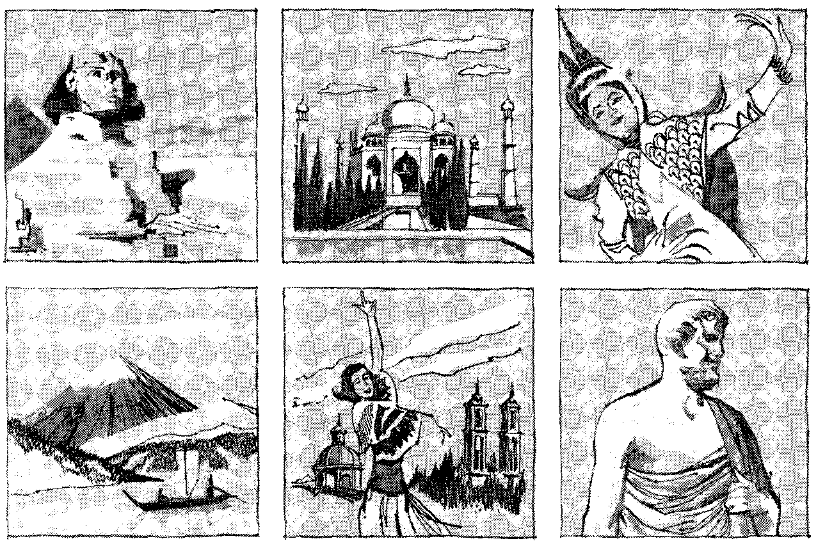

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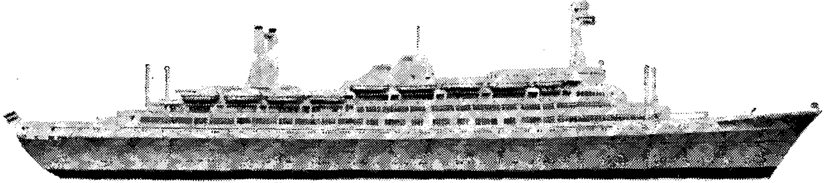

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and became known as the Harlem Speedway, a name that still hangs on. Along here there had once been a real promenade, with a four-foot-high granite balustrade along the riverside. Now the balustrade was crumbling, and grass was sprouting up in long, sinuous cracks in the pavement. To my left rose the precipitous slopes of High Bridge Park, and cutting across the soft blue sky just ahead was a trio of lofty arched steel spans—High Bridge (a vital link in the old Croton Aqueduct system), the recently completed Alexander Hamilton Bridge, which connects the George Washington Bridge and the network of expressways funnelling down from the north and east, and the Washington Bridge, built seventy-eight years ago—all reaching across the Harlem from the heights of upper Manhattan to the mazes of the Bronx. But Manhattan has its own maze here, for just south of High Bridge a spur rises from the Harlem River Drive and, looping and swooping, joins a ramp from the Alexander Hamilton Bridge, and together they find their way into a crosstown tunnel leading to the George Washington Bridge.

On that particular morning, I was grateful for the spur, because it handled the bulk of the cars coming up the Harlem River Drive. North of it, traffic on the Drive became almost as placid as it used to be on weekdays in the era of its Speedway fame. Just as I was getting used to this unaccustomed tranquillity, one of those monthly intimations of the apocalypse, the city's matinal air-raid-siren tests, caught me, shattering the spell. It was several minutes after the last warbling note had subsided before I could again enjoy the calm that is still to be found here and there along Manhattan's fringe. Only an occasional car swooshed by on the Drive. From far up the bluff of High Bridge Park came the shouts of two boys. Some gulls on the balustrade made no sound at all. The calm was that of not being bothered by people while doing something mildly and agreeably adventuresome that other people could do, too, but mostly don't.

The gulls and I shared the bucolic solitude only as far as 193rd Street, for there the Drive veers west to skirt an inlet and a massive power station and then ends ignominiously, north of the inlet, in a mile-long extension of Tenth Avenue, which, like an underground river, surfaces again far from its source, having last been heard from way down on West Fifty-seventh Street, where its northbound prog-

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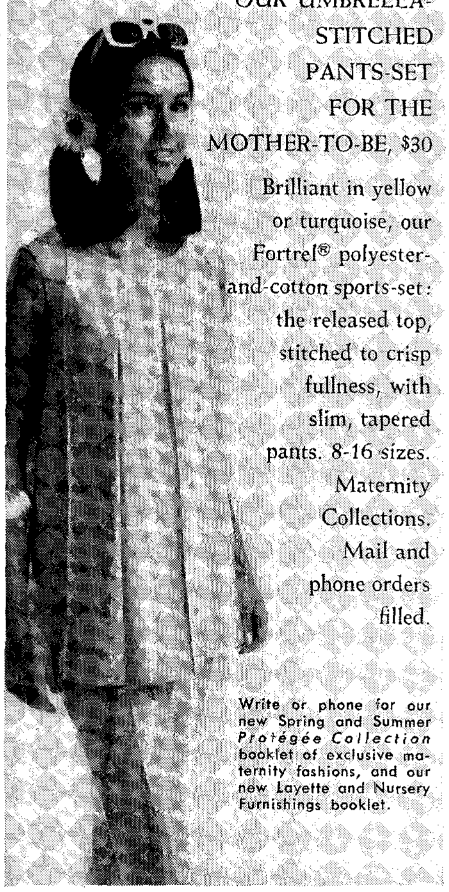

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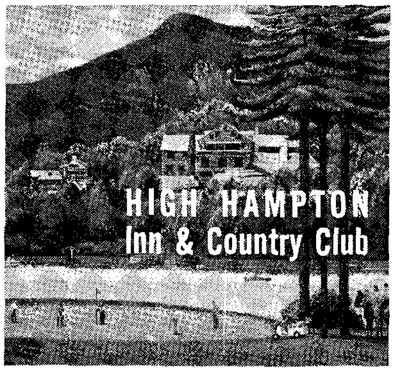

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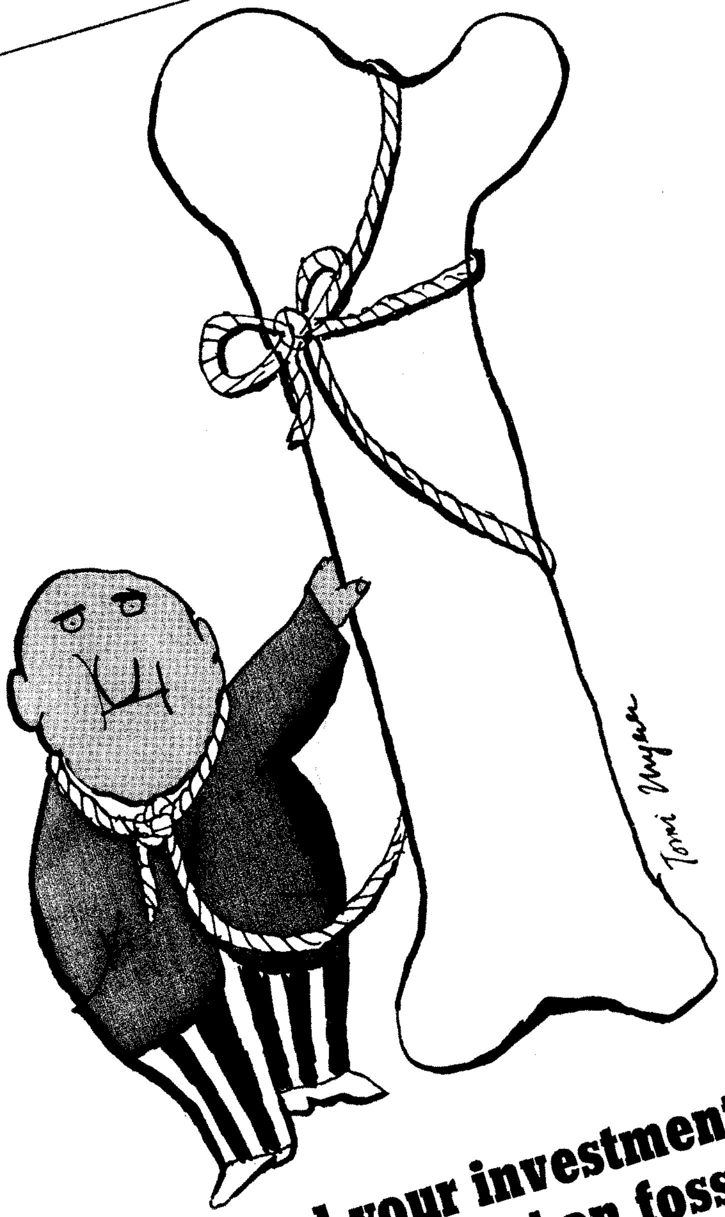

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ress—and, one might suppose, its existence—comes to an abrupt stop with the beginning of Amsterdam Avenue. The inlet makes a dent about two blocks deep in the shore of the Harlem, and at the southern corner of it, behind a rusty fence, were unassuming clubhouses belonging to the Val-Ray Boat Club, the Nonpareil Rowing Club, the Atalanta Boat Club, the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla for Upper Manhattan, and the Empire Motorcycle Club. Nearby was a derelict barge that had been roofed with asphalt shingles, through which a stovepipe poked—a passable model for an illustration of the shoe that Mother Goose's old woman lived in. Dyckman Street comes to its eastern terminus in this nondescript area. Following a fragmentary byway that wanders off Dyckman and leads through a sooty parking lot—the city has given it a descriptive name, *Marginal* Street—I came upon a small boatyard, whose proprietor, a Mr. Ahlmann, told me, in a heavy Scandinavian accent, that during the winter seventy boats had been laid up there, in either dry or wet storage, taxing his facilities to the limit. Most of the boats were small power cruisers, Mr. Ahlmann said, and added, with a wave of his hand up toward Laurel Hill Terrace, on the brow of High Bridge Park, that they were owned by local people. He could keep boats in wet storage all winter, he explained with some pride, because waste heat from the power plant prevented the inlet from freezing over. Mr. Ahlmann let drop the information that there was another boatyard at the other end of Dyckman Street, over on the Hudson, but he spoke of it condescendingly. After all, were its waters steam-heated all winter?

Walking around to the north shore of the inlet, I proceeded east to a conglomeration of small machine shops and trucking firms crowded along either side of a piddling six-block extension of Ninth Avenue. Here was another odd reincarnation, Ninth having to all appearances irrevocably surrendered its bleak identity to Columbus Avenue somewhere down around Lincoln Center. The crosstown streets branching east from this resurrected thoroughfare came to stub ends sealed off by barricades with red reflector lights at the river's edge. North of this ramshackle enclave, my way was blocked by a vast waterside subway yard, effectively dealing, it seemed, the coup de grâce to Ninth Avenue, and obliging me to turn west, and still farther from the river, along 207th Street. I had to go all the way back to Tenth Avenue before I

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was able to resume my northerly course. Now—gradually, innocently—I was approaching a fearful jumble, in which signs and signposts and my trusty Hagstrom's soon had me reeling. I had just finished admiring a pseudo-Moorish edifice with a large sign at one end reading, "Miramar Swimming Pool"—and resigning myself to the sight of a Third Avenue bus terminal solidly established in an old red brick building on Tenth Avenue—when Broadway suddenly appeared, bearing in tangentially from the *west* upon my vestigial remnant of Tenth Avenue and merging with it, after which Tenth was gone for good. But now, as in a bad dream, here was Ninth Avenue again—having, like a weed that refuses to be stamped out, revived just north of the subway yard, to stagger on for four more blocks, until it, too, was absorbed by Broadway, at 220th Street, just before it leaves Manhattan via the Ship Canal Bridge, which everybody calls, naturally, the Broadway bridge.

In those high latitudes, where Manhattan grows thin, I began to feel the pangs of hunger. I bought a Baby Ruth from a tiny old man who was standing on Broadway hawking candy bars and chewing gum from a cardboard tray—just as he had been doing daily in that same spot, he told me, for the past fifteen years. I stood there eating the candy bar, and as I looked around, I saw with some relief that I was at last on vaguely familiar ground again. A couple of blocks north was the bridge across the Harlem connecting Manhattan with Marble Hill, in the Bronx. To the west, just across Broadway, was the high wire fence sealing off Baker Field from non-paying boosters of Columbia teams. I asked the old man if I could get around the northern edge of Baker Field by following the riverbank. "Don't know, my friend. Never tried to," he said, ceding me explorer's rights to the whole area. It didn't take me long to determine, not to my surprise, that Columbia had also provided against gate-crashers along the Baker Field waterfront, and this left me no alternative but to backtrack to 218th Street. This, skirting the south side of the field, brought me to a restful community of apartment houses modestly aspiring to heights of no more than five or six stories. In this hidden-away pocket of the city, the stern rigidities of the gridiron pattern have gracefully disintegrated—216th Street, for example, gets squeezed out, Greenwich Village style, between 215th and 217th Streets, and instead of numbered avenues one finds a Park Terrace East and a Park Ter-

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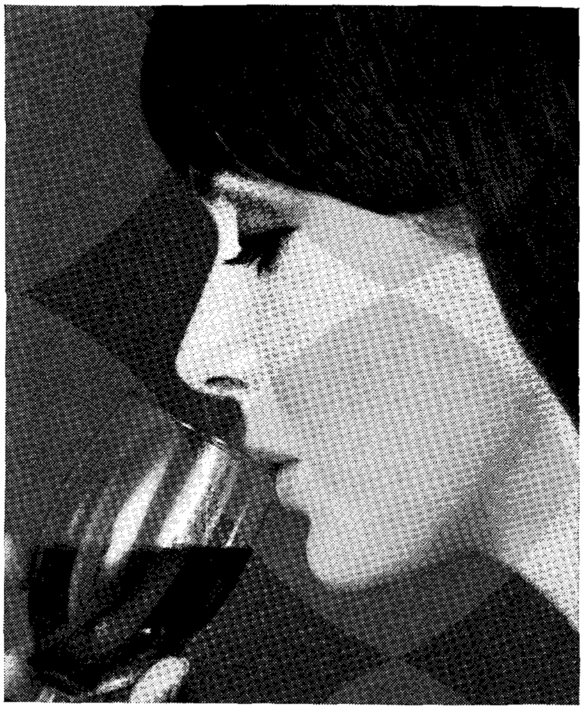

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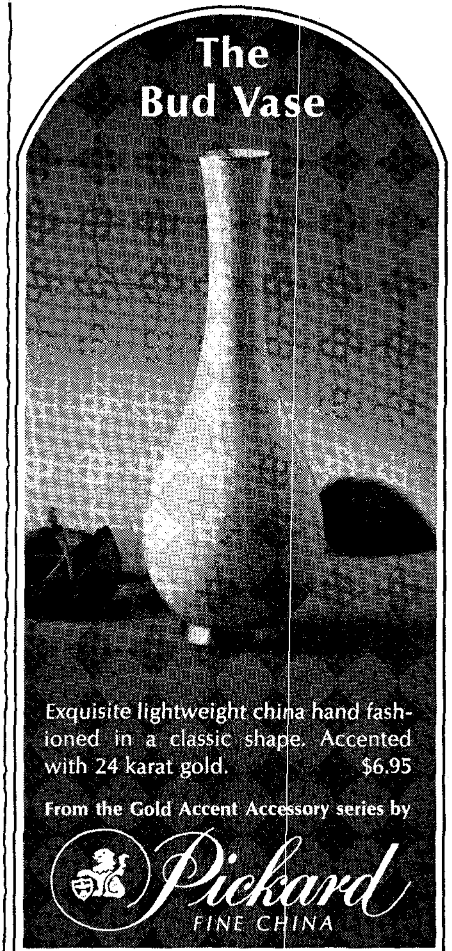
race West. In the midst of this pleasant confusion, I came upon a supermarket on the ground floor of an apartment building at the intersection of 218th Street and a shy little byway called Indian Road. Gratefully, I went inside looking for a sandwich, but the supermarket was no delicatessen, and, in a profusion of goods calculated to last a housewife a week, all I could find to meet my need of the moment was a large dark-red barrel-shaped apple.

"Bag?" asked the man at the checkout counter as he rang up my purchase (seven cents). I told him no, thanks, and carried the apple out across Indian Road to Isham Park, a compact little riverside preserve complete with baseball diamond. There I settled myself on a bench with my apple, rubbed it on my sleeve, and, taking a deep bite, found it sweet and juicy.

On the other side of the baseball diamond, Isham Park merges into the steep tree-covered slopes of Inwood Hill Park, which is the northwest shoulder of Manhattan Island and runs down to the point where the Harlem River joins the Hudson, a confluence that the seventeenth-century Dutch settlers called Spuyten Duyvil because, it is said, old Anthony Van Corlear once swore he'd swim the treacherous thing at flood tide "en spuyt den Duyvil." In his day, the Harlem was a meandering, unnavigable creek that, in the vicinity of Marble Hill, could be forded at low water but at high tide roared with awesome force out over a bar and into the Hudson. Moreover, it was so meandering that it looped up around Marble Hill, making *it* the northern tip of Manhattan. Later, the creek was straightened and dredged, a piece of engineering that eliminated the bar across its Spuyten Duyvil outlet and lopped off Marble Hill, which, with the filling in of the old creek bed, became part of the Bronx, except that Manhattan has ever since insisted on claiming its residents and property owners for voting and taxpaying purposes.

Near where I was sitting, the Isham Park shoreline recedes to form a small bay. At that moment five ducks were cruising on it, while out in the channel one of those patrolling police launches was pursuing its inscrutable ends—now riding with the current and now revving up to jump forward and resume its station. Beyond the launch, a skimpy New York Central suburban train from up the Hudson trundled around the curve below Riverdale and headed down the far bank of the Harlem on its way to Grand Central.



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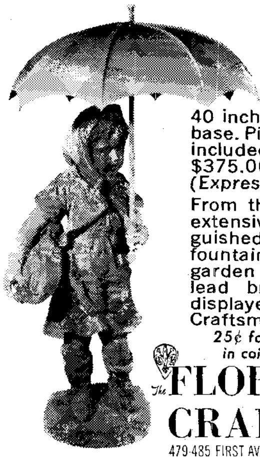
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Refreshed by my apple, I broke camp, traversed the ball field, and climbed a path running along the heights of Inwood Hill Park. Gray squirrels chased one another up and down the trunks of budding trees, and the rays of the noonday sun shone quite warmly in the lee of the rise ahead. I'm told that although the region has been thoroughly dug over by professionals, children still find shards and other traces of Indian kitchen middens in the park. I went unrewarded by so much as an arrowhead. With a hundred feet of headroom, the path led under the Henry Hudson Parkway's approach to its bridge at Spuyten Duyvil; after the distractions of water-level traffic along the East River and the Harlem, it was a welcome change to have the hurrying cars whisk by up there out of sight, leaving the shoreline of the Hudson unspoiled.

Now the hill fell away rapidly to the Hudson, and the path with it, as far as a fringe of rocks along its base. I scrambled down to them, and then paused for a look around. From this vantage point, at the very tip of Manhattan, I could see another trio of bridges: the low, weathered-brown swing span that brings freight trains across Spuyten Duyvil to burrow under Riverside Drive and then creep among the piers and warehouses of the far West Side; the George Washington Bridge, bold and busy a mile or so downriver; and, away upstream, sharply traced against its panoramic background, the Thruway's four-mile sweep across the Tappan Zee at Tarrytown. I lingered there, reluctant to leave. Across the river rose the wall of the Palisades, blue-gray in that light, and somewhere on the water directly between them and where I was standing was a spot where the Half Moon, with Henry Hudson in command, once rode at anchor. Miraculously, nothing within my range of vision had been so tampered with as to make it impossible to imagine the vessel and her master out there even now.

Thereafter, my course lay due south for many miles—straight down the island to the Battery. Helpfully, the path turned in that direction, levelling off along the lower slope of the hill, with the parkway above it and the freight tracks below. A quarter of a mile farther on, it forked, and I took its right branch across a footbridge to the river side of the tracks, where the facilities of a recreation field were being enjoyed by a solitary man. He was rooting around with a golf iron in a

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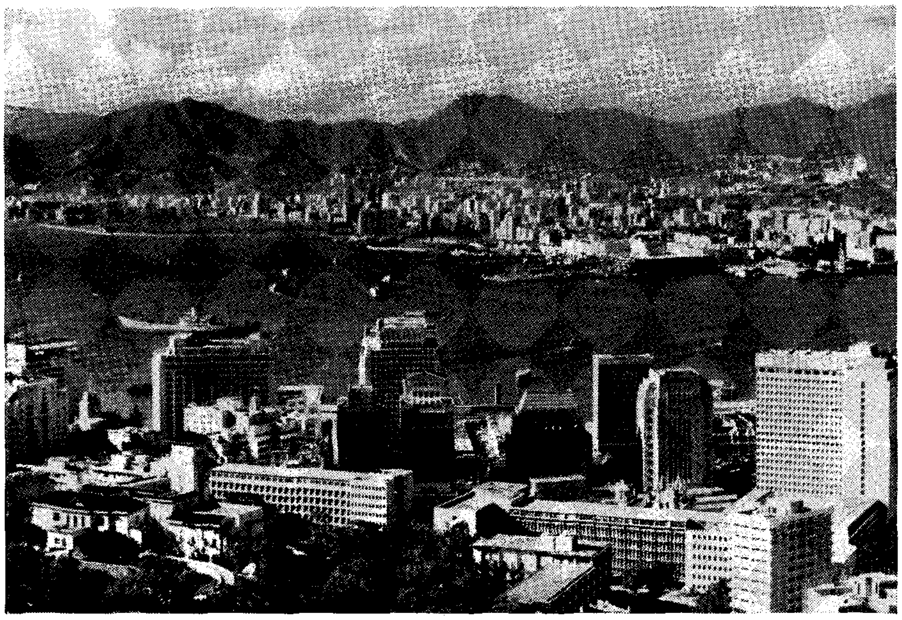

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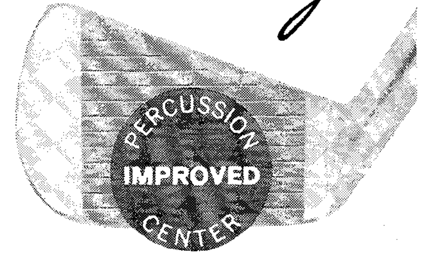

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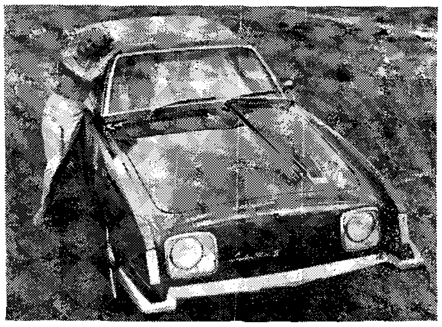
growth of coarse scrub, searching for a lost ball, and he paused to give me a long, dubious stare, as if I were intruding on his private driving range. As he returned to his rooting, I went on down the field to a fence with an open gate leading out onto Dyckman Street. Evidently, his search was not in vain, for as I was walking through the gate a golf ball came piffing through the air and hit the fence close to my right ear. An excellent recovery shot, I thought.

To a generation of aging men brought up in Manhattan, Dyckman Street will always mean the ferry that in their youth took them and fellow Boy Scouts across the Hudson for hikes along the foot of the Palisades. The ferry is long gone now, having been done in by the George Washington Bridge, and at, or near, the site of its former landing is the boatyard that Mr. Ahlmann had told me about that morning. There were several small craft in it, and I looked around, hoping to have a word with Mr. A.'s rival, but he was nowhere to be seen. My plan had been to continue along the shoreline, for Hagstrom's indicated that the way was clear, but a chain with a "No Entry" sign hung on it was strung across the path beside the boatyard. So I walked up Dyckman Street a short way, then cut across the tail end of Riverside Drive, where it curves inland around the base of Fort Tryon Park to meet Broadway, and, entering the park through a gate in a stone wall, climbed a series of steep stone steps to a cobbled courtyard. There, puffing, I stopped to gaze at the Cloisters.

I knew the Cloisters well—so well, in fact, that as I labored, footsore, up the steps, with the afternoon wearing on, I decided to pass them by this time and make straight for the hot bath and spot of rum awaiting me downtown, where I had taken a hotel room. But now, coming on them at the close of such a day, I thought them so inviting—so fresh, and even a little foreign in their charm—that I changed my mind and spent the next hour or so ambling, footsore or not, through apses and halls, stopping to rest on oak stools and stone benches, and listening to the gentle ringing of bells and the quiet splashing of fountains. Among the tapestries, carvings, and crucifixes, and among such redolent names as Villefranche, Roussillon, and Autun, the guards strolled like monks, their thoughts I could not guess how far away. When I left, the sun had begun to subside over New Jersey, and, the first third of my walk accomplished, I



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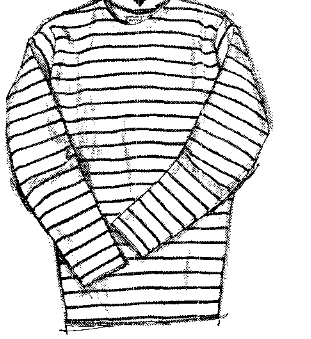

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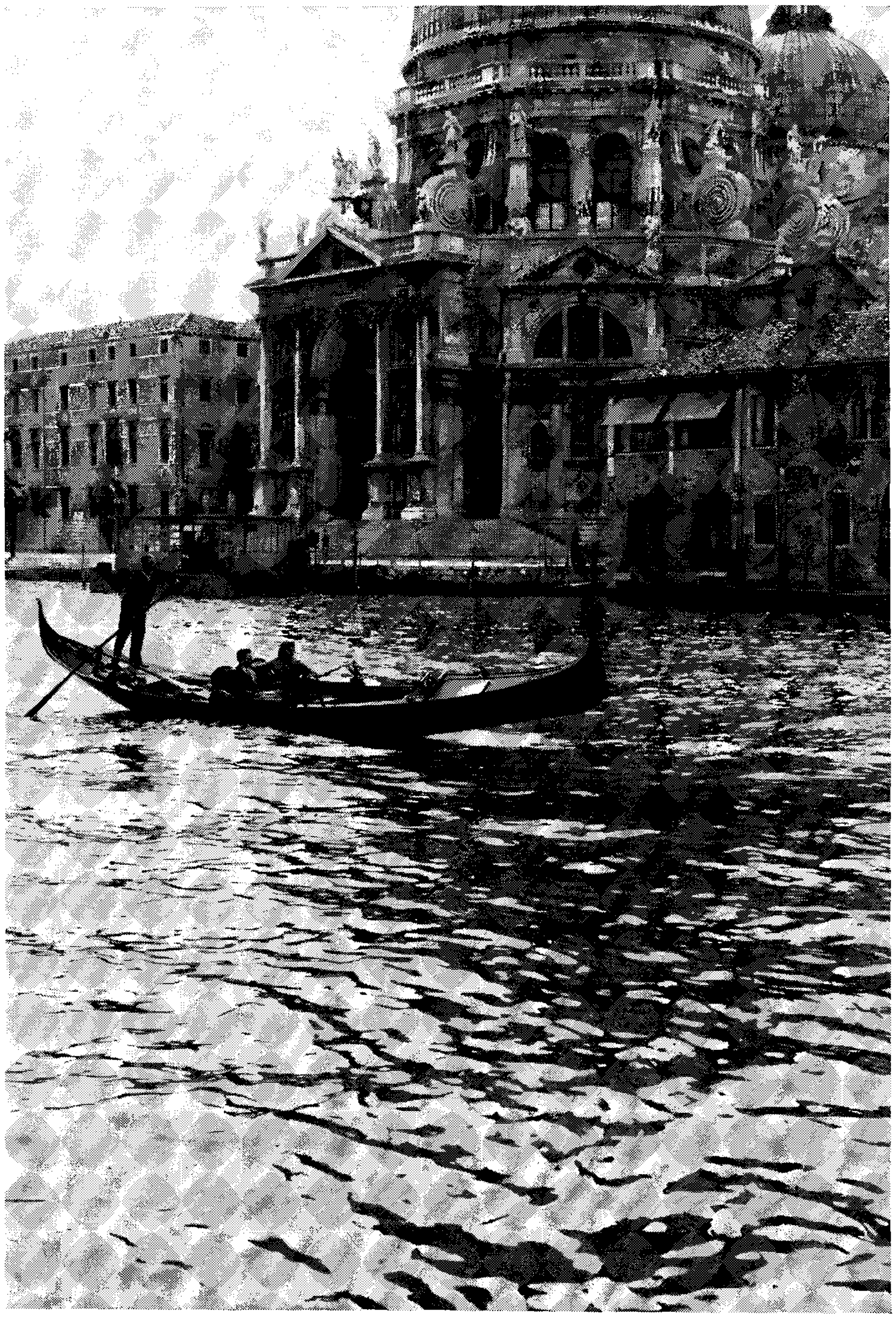
took a No. 4 bus back down to what I had come to think of as the city.

IT rained a little during the night, but by the time I was ready to start out the next morning, the sky was again clear and the air was balmy—not the invigorating kind of day my program called for, perhaps, but one that was altogether satisfactory to me. I took the bus back uptown, almost to the south entrance to Fort Tryon Park, and then walked west across Cabrini Boulevard and descended from the walls of Fort Washington by way of a path leading down a steep cliff to the northbound lanes of the Henry Hudson Parkway. Here a traffic light stands ready to halt the flow of cars at the push of a button by maverick pedestrians like me. I pushed the button, the light changed from green to red, and drivers rocketing up the Parkway slithered to a forced-landing stop and waited irritably while I—feeling as conspicuous as a man walking across a rifle range—hastened to the other side. I followed a sidewalk south for half a mile to a granite-columned portico of enormous grandeur that looks out over another steep drop, this one leading to the Parkway's southbound level and, beyond, to the freight tracks and the Hudson.

A flight of steps, an underpass, and a footbridge brought me to a path along the river's edge and, presently, into the intricate shadows cast by the George Washington Bridge high overhead. Here I came on the most rustic of the many Parks Department efforts I had seen—a picnic ground, with stone fireplaces (well blackened, too) and tables handy to them. Then, for a while, after a relatively formal array of tennis courts, the waterfront was an unadulterated riverbank, where driftwood had come to rest and gulls stood watchfully on a tumble of disordered rocks. No trains were in sight, and the Parkway seemed high up and far off.

For the next five miles or so, all the way down to Seventy-second Street, I walked past many familiar scenes, with the river always where I wanted it—clearly visible and never more than a few hundred yards distant—in marked contrast to my trials with the elusive Harlem. On I went—up and down and up again, now on one side of the tracks and the Parkway and now on the other, through gravel yards and along strollers' paths, and occasionally rising to the stately elevation of Riverside Drive, that lovely holdover from an earlier era and an unfailingly poignant reminder of what, with better



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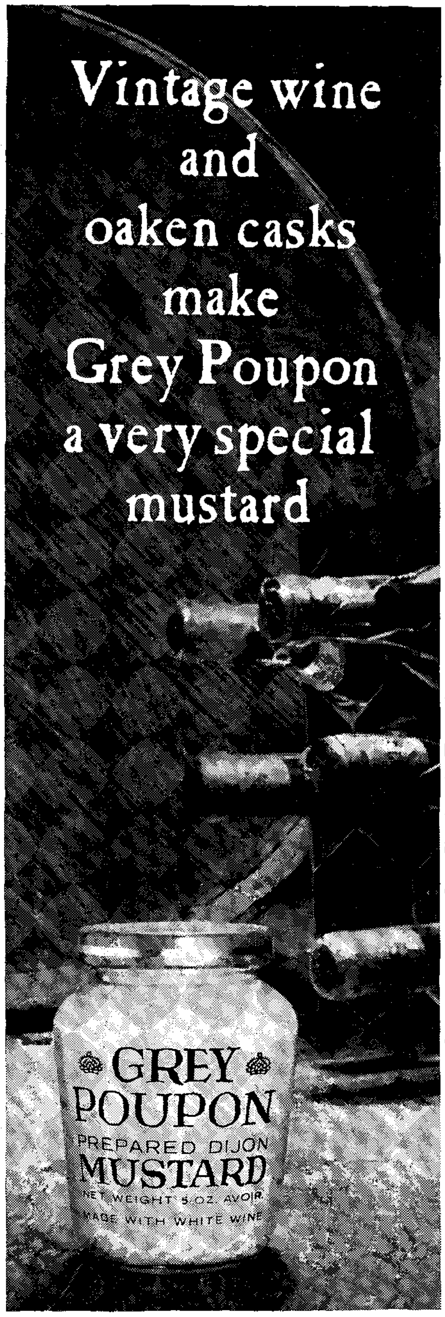

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luck, the East Side might have had, too. The only major deviation occurred at 135th Street, where the Drive—which I happened to be on at the time—airily takes off across a viaduct instead of wallowing through the shambles of the abandoned Fort Lee ferry landing far below. As a dedicated waterfront buff, I elected to wallow, and descended by a flight of steps to river level. I found myself in a perpetually twilit zone of decrepit warehouses and unkempt streets under the viaduct, where life centers on the oozing platforms of some wholesale meat markets. On a railway siding stood a refrigerated freight car, its internal workings humming their defiance of the season. Although the ferry has folded, like the one at Dyckman Street, this dishevelled region still draws its share of people—fishermen trying their luck from the bulkhead, motorists polishing their cars, boys playing catch among the 125th Street crosstown buses, which turn around here. At the curbside was the starter in charge of the buses, and I asked him if he could tell me the name of the street we were standing on—a mucky sort of quay four or five blocks long. "Well, no, I can't exactly," he said. "They *tell* me that this street ought to be called Twelfth Avenue. But, personally, I don't know." Later, when I had a better opportunity to unfurl my map, I found that "they" were right; the quay *is* Twelfth Avenue—a final, truncated bit of the dismal thoroughfare that struggles piecemeal along the Hudson in mid-Manhattan.

And so on downtown—for a while up on the Drive again, and past a busload of sightseers paying their respects to Grant's Tomb and the Riverside Church. The skeleton of the Spry sign across the river, a familiar night-blooming organism that died some months ago when its owners turned it off, looked lonely and remote. By the time I reached the Seventy-second Street boundary of Riverside Park, I had walked so long without hindrance that it was almost a relief to find my way blocked there by an eight-foot iron fence (with an extension projecting out over the water, in case I might have been feeling headstrong). So I walked over to West End Avenue, and, turning south again, was struck by the abrupt contrast between the typical high-rise apartment building of fifty years ago and its present-day counterpart—both huge, but the former (near Seventy-second) dark, massive, broodingly introspective, and the latter (west of Lincoln Center) bright, flimsy, nervously cordial. On my right,

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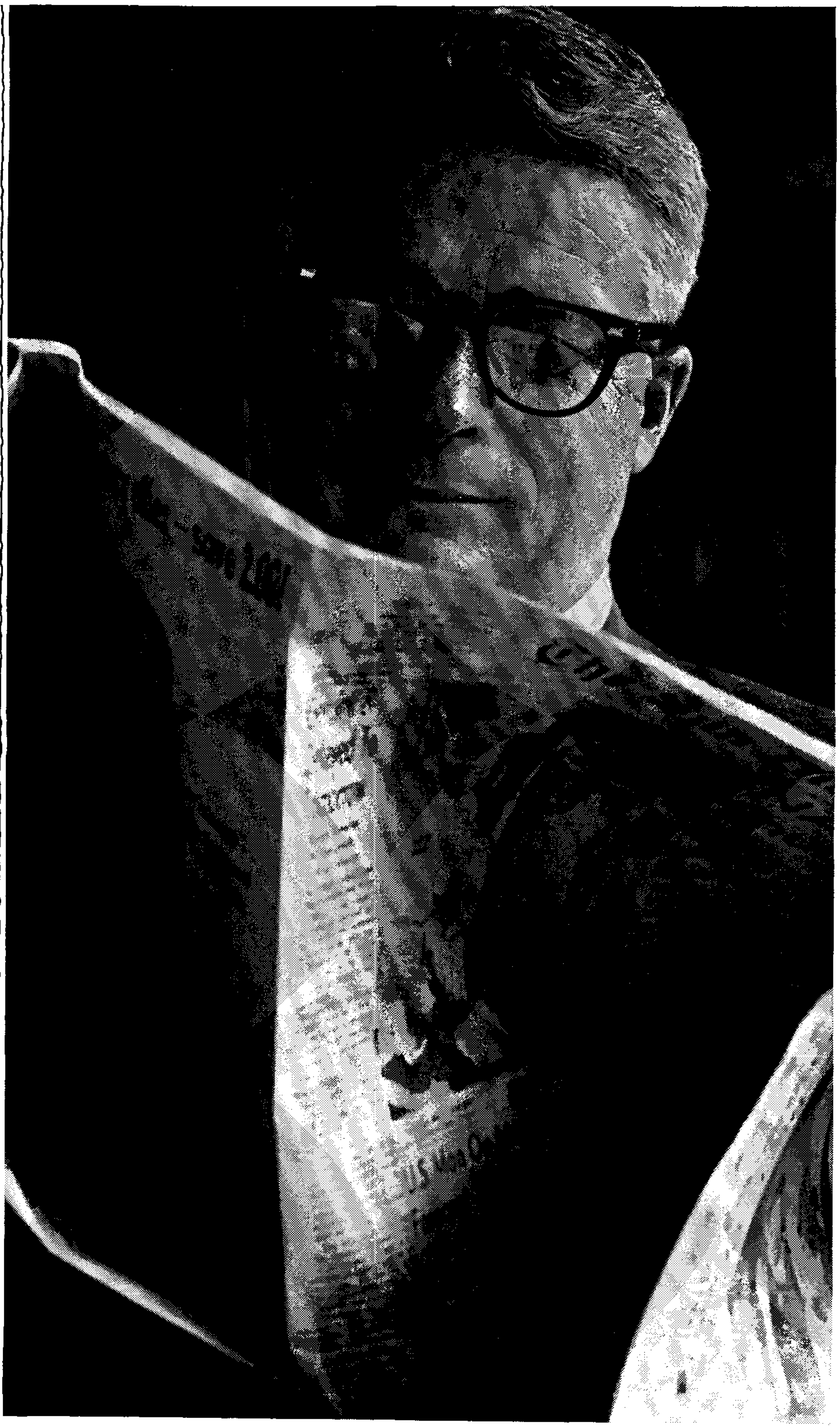
the *Times'* new printing plant—utilitarian-looking and probably sanitary beyond belief—cut off my view of the West Side freight yards (which were what that eight-foot fence was all about). My way back to the river was barred, indeed, until Fifty-ninth Street, where I turned west into as cheerless and forsaken a block as I'd yet been through. It was without sidewalks, and was paved with cobblestones, except for a crater in its middle where a cluster of them had simply dropped out of sight into the darkness of unfathomable depths. Some old warehouses stared at me glumly, and, towering foursquare above them, a Con Ed plant was busily churning away.

Here the riverfront walker moves across the maritime gateway to the city—a swath of strand along which Manhattan extends a raucously uncivil welcome to the transatlantic liners and the wide-ranging cruise ships that are drawn to it as the center of the world's largest port. For miles—until I was within hailing distance of the Battery, in fact—I cautiously picked my way through the forest of steel uprights supporting the dour canopy provided by the West Side Highway, just overhead, walking on and on in a numbing clamor compounded of trailer trucks banging over the crumbling pavement, freight cars creaking in and out of sidings, taxis vying for position at the luxury-liner piers, and lifts and hoists rumbling here and there, with longshoremen at their helms. Along this murky strip, I was glad to see, diners are still holding their own—the real, old-fashioned kind, too narrow for tables, and with just a row of stools along a counter, at which longshoremen and truckers sit devouring king-size meals or lingering over coffee served up in thick white mugs without saucers. Here and there, out-of-doors snack eaters convened under striped umbrellas around the pushcarts from which hot-dog venders dispense their steaming wares. On the inland side of some blocks there were sidewalks, but often these were made inaccessible by big trailer trucks backed up across them against warehouse loading platforms, leaving me no alternative but to walk out in the street, under their towering radiators, as Walt Whitman once walked on the waterfront side under the overhanging bowsprits, jib booms, and dolphin strikers of the ships that impelled him to chant his rhapsody to "mast-hemm'd Manhattan."

Most of the piers along the Hudson are still of the classic variety—long and narrow, and protruding at right angles



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from the waterfront—and thus retain the appearance, which romantics have admired since ancient times, of fingers reaching out toward the sea and distant shores. Here the ships' bows still lunge at the island, some of them pressing right in over the bulkheads, as they did in Whitman's day. But what, I wondered, would old Walt have made of the Hudson's latest piers, like those of the United States Lines, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh Streets, and the Holland-America Line, between Charlton and Leroy Streets—great, square-walled platforms, each filling the space of four conventional piers, and the water between them, too—at which vessels can dock well out in the river, alongside their deep-water ends, parallel to the shoreline and not even visible from it?

Diminished though the prospect of the river may be by these new piers, it probably doesn't matter a great deal down there anyway, since the West Side Highway casts its shadow over the whole waterfront, and few people are likely to go there these days just to enjoy the view. And it could easily be argued that new piers of almost any design are preferable to old-style piers so long neglected that they are mere crumbling masses of decayed timbers and splintered planking. Yet derelicts of this sort, most of them city-owned, occupy nearly half the space along Manhattan's commercial waterfront. This situation has been aggravated by the transfer of most cargo shipping from Manhattan to the modern docking facilities in Brooklyn and in nearby Jersey ports, where trucks can have all the room they need. The transfer has left a number of doomed relics along the rivers. Down around Vesey Street, for example, the Belgian African Line's former base of operations remains a perfect example of old-style pier design—a riverfront warehouse whose dark-green façade, embellished with heavy moldings and ornate trim, frames big doors that were inscribed half a century ago with such Heart of Darkness names as Matadi, Boma, Luanda, and Lobito.

Below Thirtieth Street, Manhattan begins to squeeze in a little on the West Side, but nothing like the way it does along the East River south of Corlears Hook, or, as I still vividly remembered, along almost the whole length of the Harlem. At Twenty-third Street, Twelfth Avenue gets pinched off, and so, a little farther down, does Eleventh, and after that it's West Street all the way to the Battery. (None of the other numbered

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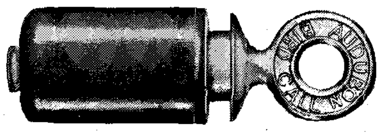

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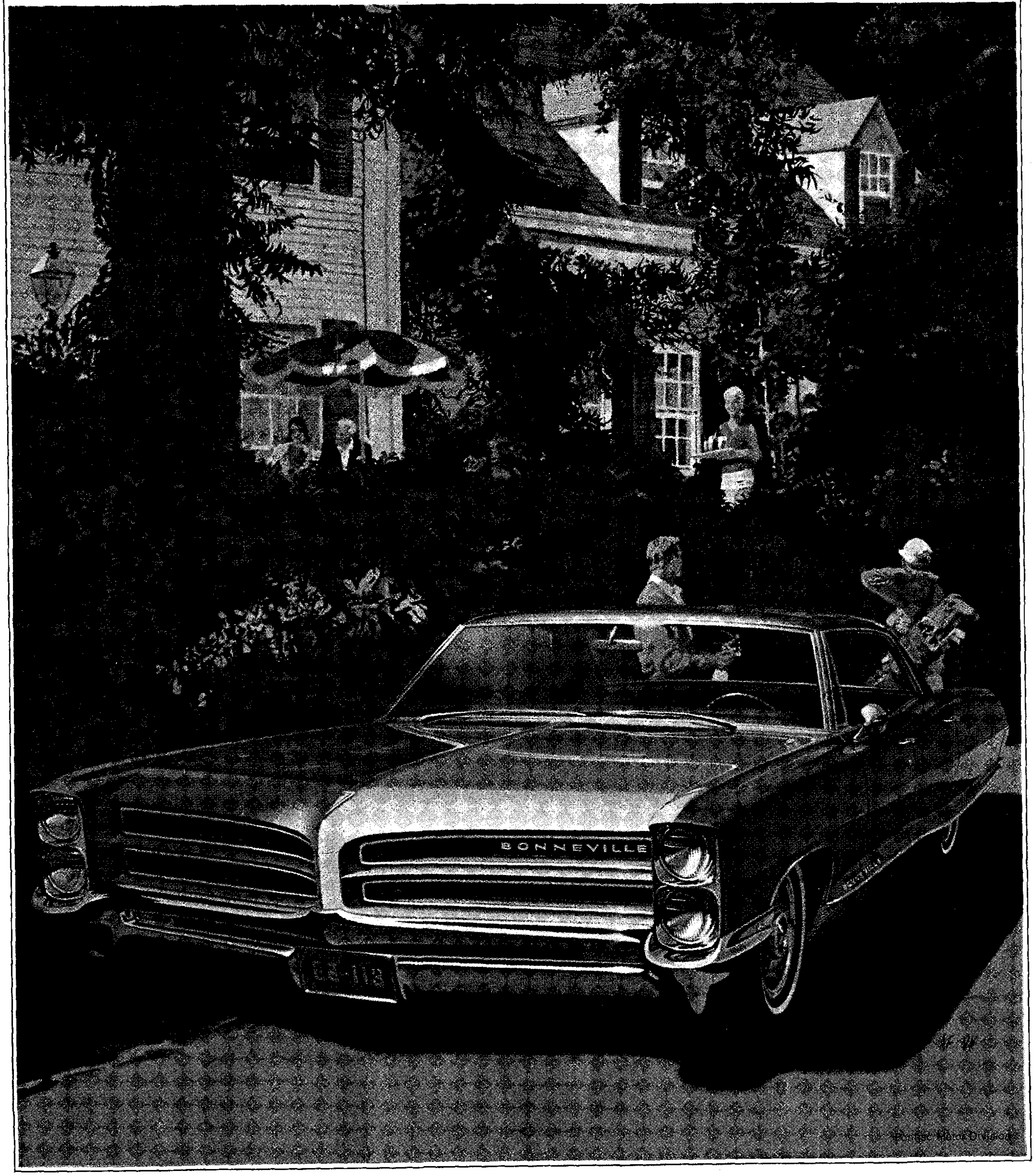

West Side avenues ever make it to the waterfront, for the haphazard highways and byways of lower Manhattan were already there when the gridiron system was adopted.) I hurried past Fourteenth Street to escape the smell of flesh and blood issuing from the complex of meat-packing houses there, but soon slowed down to sniff the welcome flavor of Worcestershire sauce (possibly imaginary) that reached me as I passed what once was the Lea & Perrins warehouse at Eleventh Street. Farther on, I quickened my pace again, to get by the silent, sinister cube of the Federal Detention Headquarters at the corner of Eleventh and West Streets. North of Chambers Street, waylaid by some traces of lovely architecture, I wandered for a while through the untidy environs of the recently demolished Washington Market, where early-nineteenth-century two-story houses, with raised-eyebrow dormer windows and guy wires running down from their cornices to support canopies extending over the full width of the sidewalk, reminded me—at least, when I looked at them through half-closed eyes—of small European theatres. Seen through eyes fully opened, they prove to be quite different, with crumbling brick and mortar, blistered paint, and broken windows. By the time I got to the market district, which comes alive around midnight, it had long since subsided for the day. A few crates of oranges, bananas, and grapefruit still lay scattered about the sidewalks—waiting, I suppose, for some forgetful buyer to come and pick them up. Also waiting were some of the market's human debris, hanging around the place more or less ready to help shift and load produce when called on—stubbled, grimy old men shuffling about in broken boots, with bottles of muscatel poking out from the pockets of their jackets.

If there is a breeze stirring anywhere else in Manhattan, there is likely to be a stiff wind blowing at the Battery, and that afternoon was no exception. Whitecaps covered the bay, where tugs were charging spiritedly through their own spume, and spray was breaking over the railing at the water's edge. A few dapper office types, out for a mid-afternoon breath of air, were holding their hats as they took a quick turn through Battery Park. I was blown eastward around the end of the island and into a cafeteria, where I prudently settled for just a hamburger and coffee. It was too late for the lunch crowd, so I had no trouble finding a table near a window, and I ate looking out at the wharf where the Miss Liberty was

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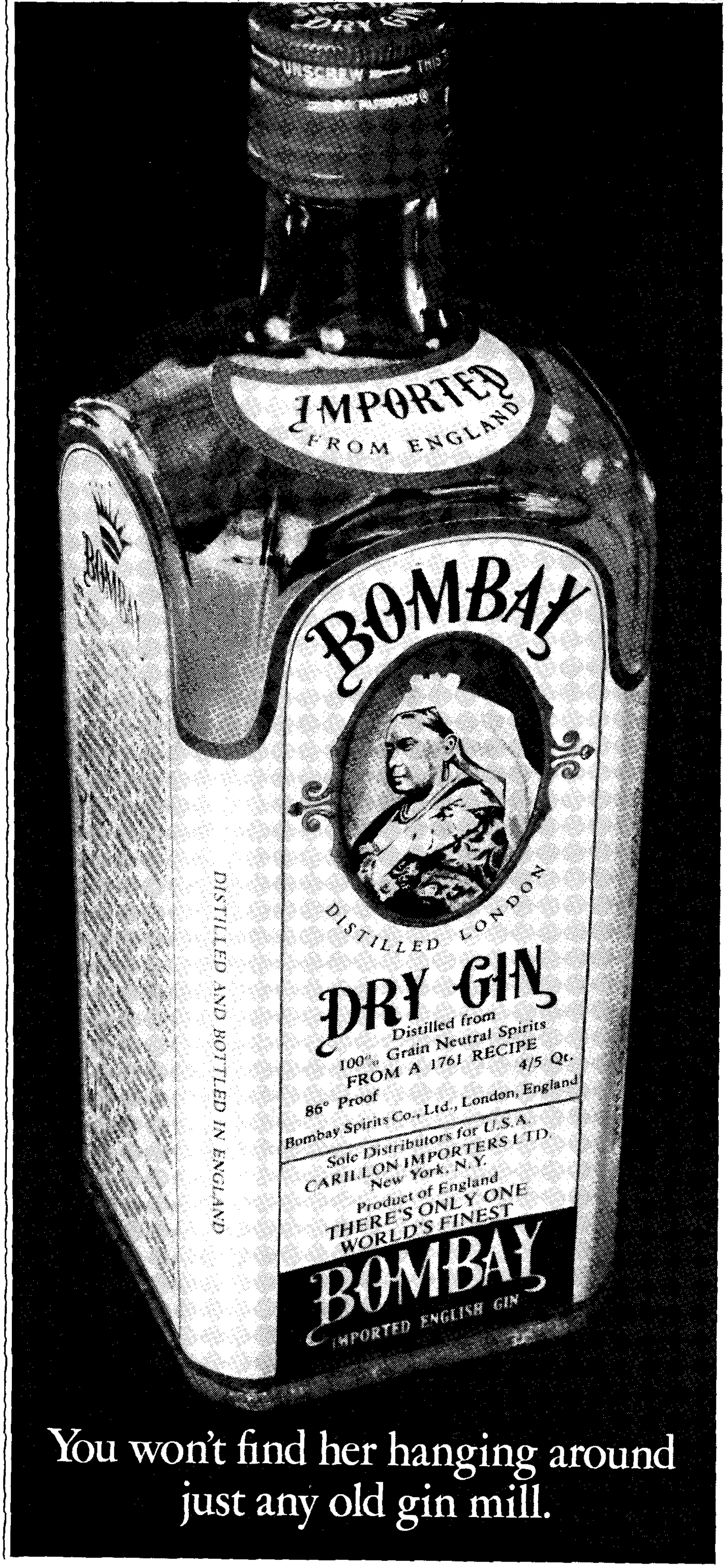
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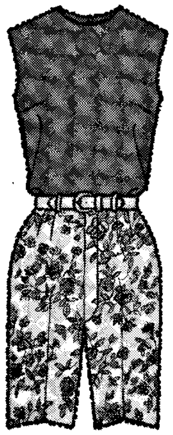

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berthed, rolling hideously in the swell as she waited to ferry another batch of sightseers, including most of my fellow-diners, out to the Statue. I won't go so far as to call the cafeteria one of my favorite New York restaurants, but for me, as I relaxed there in an advanced stage of tolerant fatigue, it did take on a certain exotic ambience reminiscent of the top of the Empire State Building—a blend of men and women with unidentifiable foreign accents, Texans in stetsons and high-heeled boots, and schoolchildren in the throes of tourist adventure. At the table next to mine sat a honeymoon couple, and just beyond, at a table bare of dishes, was a middle-aged man wearing a serviceable but shapeless blue suit and hobnailed boots that were creased and curled up at the toes. He might have had too much to drink, but I doubt it; he looked as if he could have arrived in town that morning, alone except for his thoughts, as a round-trip-excursion passenger on a long-distance bus. All at once, he turned to the couple, and in a level voice, neither brash nor diffident, said, "You mind telling me something? That water out there's going one way now. Does it ever turn round and go back the other way? See what I mean?" The girl, who had on a red hat, red high-heeled shoes, and carefully matching red lipstick, giggled; her young man blushed and looked into his coffee cup. The man in the blue suit waited patiently for an answer, and then, having got none, turned without resentment from them to the room at large and announced to an unresponsive mass audience that society had caved in in 1917 and had never recovered. "Two guys out of three are O.K.—know what I mean?" he said. "They're well set up. But they pick on the third guy. Don't get me wrong, but that third guy is in a mess—you get me?" They did. They knew a third guy when they saw one. The man pondered their silence, rose, picked up his chair, and started for the door, explaining that he was going outside to sit in the sun. Nobody made a move to stop him. When he had almost reached the door, his plan dissolved; irresolute, he groped for it a moment, and then he returned to his table, bringing the chair with him, and quietly sat down.

I felt that I had walked enough for that day, so I paid my check, went out, and took the subway uptown.

ON my third, and last, day, the weather was still with me. Again I took up very close to where I had left off—at the foot of South Street,

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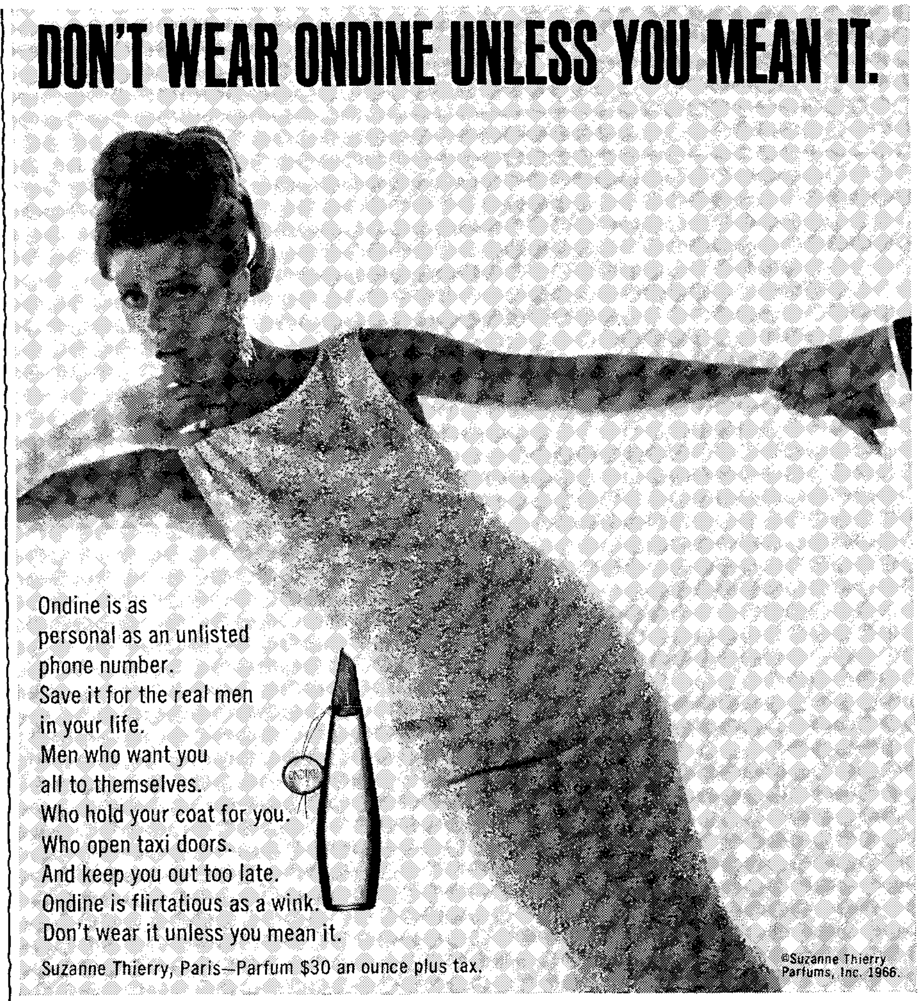
which, despite its name, borders the lower reaches of the East River. My starting point, to be precise, was the terminal of the Staten Island ferryboats—still hooting, still bustling, and by far the sturdiest example of a species now nearly extinct in these waters. (Of the thirty-two ferry lines that fed into Manhattan in 1911, the banner year, only two others survive—the Barclay Street and Liberty Street lines, both kept alive mainly as adjuncts to commuter railroads in New Jersey.) The commercial waterfront on South Street is as ramshackle as the one on West Street. Many of the piers there are rotting away, though one of them, off Wall Street, has been given a brisk dusting off to convert it into a heliport for commuters to the financial district. As I passed it, a twin-engine helicopter settled down to unload half a dozen briefcase-carrying passengers, who, still deafened by their flight, came ashore shouting affably at one another.

Nowadays, most of South Street's business is transacted in the shadow of the South Street Viaduct, another link in the chain of highways gradually encircling Manhattan. The viaduct takes up the middle of the broad old waterfront street, but what are left of the ancient buildings on its inland side remain bound to the life of the river across the way, their musty ground-floor shops being tenanted, as they always have been, by ship chandlers, cordage merchants, and so on. I noticed, in particular, some early-nineteenth-century houses at Fulton Street that gave me an idea of what this part of the waterfront once looked like—four-story buildings with Flemish-bond brick walls and high-pitched roofs of tarpaper held down by vertical battens. I also noticed, of course, the Fulton Fish Market, which is due to be only a fragrant memory before long. Trucks have mostly replaced boats in bringing fish to the city, and downtown Manhattan is no longer a convenient place for selling fish wholesale. From the market, facing north, I had an excellent view of the Brooklyn Bridge. Compared with the Manhattan Bridge—half a mile upstream, and, with its iron pedestrian walks and small, opera-box turrets, little more than a squashed-down Eiffel Tower—the Brooklyn Bridge is both Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, combining the solid, both-feet-firmly-planted quality of the church on the rock with the noble aspiration of the great cathedral.

Just before reaching Corlears Hook—the big bump on Manhattan's eastern perimeter where the shoreline



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takes a sharp northerly turn—the South Street Viaduct dips back down to earth. As it ends, so, in name, does South Street, which becomes the East River Drive. As I started up the Drive, apartment buildings in the thrifty municipal format rose on my left, part of the gigantic string of housing projects lined up almost without a break along the river from the Brooklyn Bridge to Twenty-third Street. Stretching out ahead for the next two miles was the East River Park, the only good-sized, accessible segment of Manhattan's fringe that is neither cluttered by gravel yards, warehouses, piers, and such nor crowded to the shorefront every now and again by a highway or a railroad track. Here I had no difficulty in sticking close to the river, but, as a walk, this stretch was pretty monotonous, and also rather disappointing. There were none of the trees, grass, and rambling paths that grace Riverside Park. In contrast, this park seemed hardly a park at all but an enormous recreation area, being made up of baseball diamonds, football and soccer fields, and courts for tennis, basketball, and handball, with here and there some benches that looked no more comfortable than most. Obviously, the planners of the park tailored it to withstand the wear and tear of thousands converging on it from the towering dwellings massed just across the way, but the thousands don't seem to converge on it, perhaps because it *is* so crowdproof—and dull. Fortunately, what the park itself lacks in natural beauty is compensated for to a considerable extent by the turbulence of the East River as it sluices like a great drain down its edge. At the moment, its Confederate-gray waters were ebbing fast, swirling about the rocks inshore with a lap and a rustle reminiscent of the fountains at the Cloisters. Across the river, the Brooklyn skyline was one of naval cranes, breweries, sugar refineries, and chemical-storage tanks, and among them—like the titles woven in the Cloisters' allegorical tapestries ("Spes," "Fides," "Caritas")—sprouted signs just as explicit ("Schaefer," "Domino," "Pfizer").

The park tapered off as it approached Fourteenth Street, and there a Con Ed power plant looming over Stuyvesant Town in the background effectually put an end to it. I succeeded in finding a narrow sidewalk, crunchy with soot and coal dust, that led beneath a series of conveyor belts carrying coal up an incline and into the power plant from a dump alongside the river. Indeed, it was as if I were starting out all over again. The Drive

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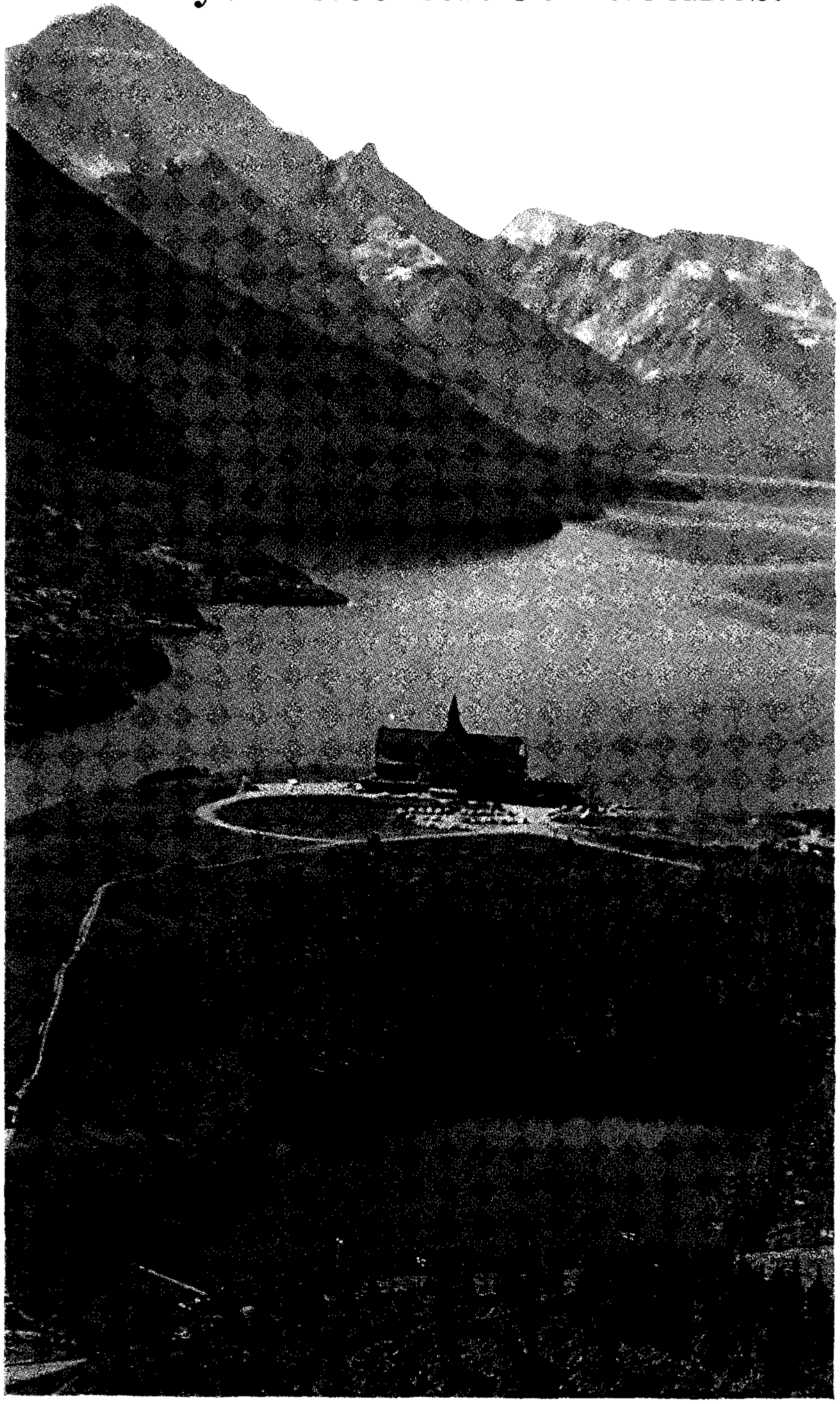

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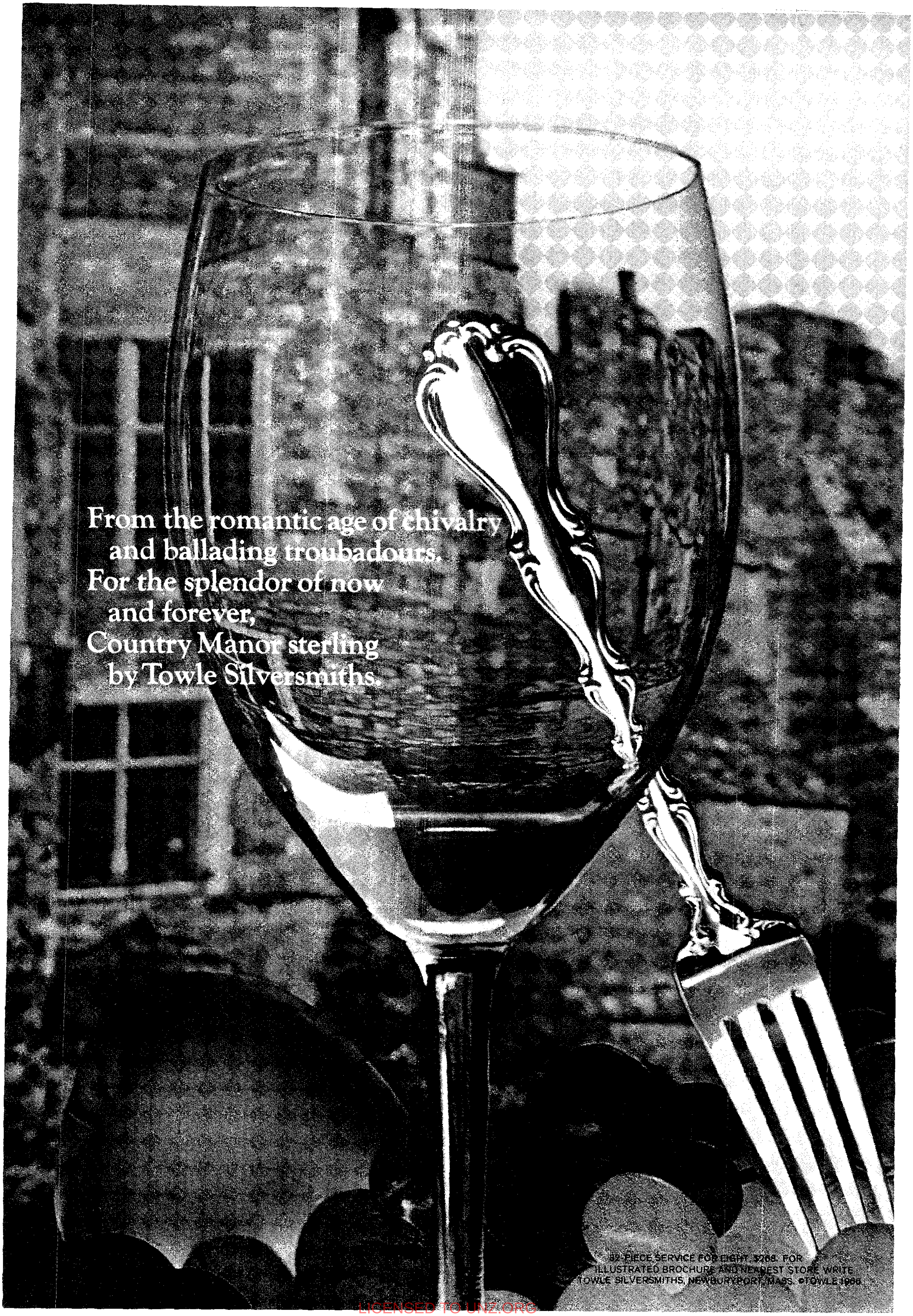
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crossed overhead, and the sidewalk simply quit. After passing through a parking lot and a concrete-mixing yard, I found myself on another sliver of pavement the city calls Marginal Street. The scene changed, however, at Twenty-third Street, where the facilities of a parking garage, a seaplane base, and a marina have been combined in a rounded four-story concrete structure of recent design—self-consciously modern but hardly in a class with the Guggenheim Museum. Any feeling it managed to communicate of a world in spirited motion was soon dissipated as I picked my way along past the austere eastern façade of Bellevue, which, with its flanking Veterans Administration Hospital and New York University Medical Center, commands the next half mile of waterfront. The Drive itself was being widened along here, and, adding to the noise and confusion, big trucks filled with tons of brick and rubble from all over town were constantly backing up to the edge of the river and dumping their loads into scows that would carry the stuff away. At Thirty-fourth Street, I once again infiltrated the outlying hindrances of a Con Ed plant to advance five blocks along a weed-ridden path. But then came a major crisis, for the Drive, which I had been clinging to, began to vanish inexorably beneath the massif of the United Nations buildings. There was no path for pedestrians—in fact, they were specifically prohibited from the roadway, along with commercial traffic. I was left with no choice but to retreat or make a dash for it, against the traffic, up between the high concrete embankments of the access road leading to First Avenue and Forty-second Street. I chose the latter, and emerged unscathed in the congenial surroundings of United Nations Plaza. By that time, I was very hungry, but, with a fanaticism born, probably, of three days of solitary walking, I rejected the idea of idling over lunch in one of the neighborhood's varied restaurants and, instead, sought out a delicatessen, where I bought a pastrami on rye to go. This I devoured a few minutes later in the small park north of the General Assembly Building.

Try as I would, from there until I got up into the Eighties I was able to see the river only in bits and snatches. The best I could do as a starter was to walk up First Avenue to Mitchell Place, and then east to Beekman Place, where, at the far end of Fifty-first Street, a footbridge led over the Drive to a squat little pier that I remembered

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as having once been an inviting place to loll in warm weather. No longer; someone had fenced it off with a palisade of raw timbers seven feet high. I walked back to First Avenue, tried again on Fifty-second, found it a dead end, and moved on to Fifty-third. This was better, allowing me to advance as far as Sutton Place South, where I continued north. But the cross streets leading from Sutton Place to the river were blocked off by barriers of various sorts; in that neighborhood one senses at every turn the elbow-spreading pressure of fashionable whim and ready cash as apartment houses of no real distinction nudge one another right out to the river's edge, sealing over the East River Drive and leaving it to make its way through a dim, dripping arcade among their foundations. At Fifty-eighth Street, I took reverent note of two tiny hideaways between Sutton Place and the river—Sutton Square and Riverview Terrace—their dozen brick or brownstone dwellings standing serenely aloof from the jostling all around them. And before plunging north into the uproar created by traffic on the Queensboro Bridge overhead I also paid my respects to the small mansion at 1 Sutton Place, with its fine door, including a mauve glass bellpull, and its history of having been sold at auction a few years ago for four hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars.

Having ducked under the ramp to the bridge, at Fifty-ninth Street, which is where Sutton Place becomes York Avenue, I had only two blocks to cover before I was able to cut over east and, by doing some fancy broken-field running through a Department of Sanitation refuge, reach an alley that brought me out at Sixty-third and the Drive. Fortuitously, a footbridge was waiting here to carry me over to a paved walk along the river. And so on north again, with the going easy—past the mysterious greenhouses of the Rockefeller Institute and the battlements of the New York Hospital to another footbridge that takes one from the Drive to street level at Eighty-first Street. Here I embarked on a soothing stroll along the John Finley Walk, the one fragment of the whole Manhattan waterfront that has been formally set aside for walkers—and dedicated, appropriately, to a man who was a walker of unsurpassed zeal himself. Finley was an Illinois farm lad who became president of City College, and, later, an editor of the *Times*, and throughout his life (he died in 1940), whether he was in the cornlands or in Manhattan, he walked and walked—up to sixty miles a day, some

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say. A pleasant half-mile promenade built out over the Drive—and trembling a little as the cars surge by below—the Walk bearing his name extends to the northern end of Carl Schurz Park, at Ninetieth Street. At the south end of the Walk is a wrought-iron commemorative marker with a cut-out silhouette of the man—a tall, grandfatherly figure striding on his way with bowler hat and walking stick, one end of his scarf flapping in the breeze. At Eighty-ninth Street, I stopped to enjoy the pleasing prospect of the early-nineteenth-century white wooden farmhouse known as Gracie Mansion, with its wide porches, low balustrades, and nicely proportioned twelve-paned windows, whose shutters look as if they really shut. As, for some quarter of a century now, the official residence of the Mayor of the City of New York, this well-preserved and well-sequestered dwelling—sheltered under tall trees, isolated by hedges—must often have seemed to each of its successive occupants the only valid reason for not chucking the job.

From the upper end of the Walk, I ad four blocks to go—once again ugging the margin of the East River Drive—in order to round out my stint nd reënter the walled city at Ninety-ixth Street. It took me only a few ninutes. As I reached the gates, feeling ather triumphant, I noticed two fishernen on the pathway not far ahead, and I felt sure they were the same two lderly men I had encountered there hat first morning. I was tempted to go nd inquire whether they had caught nything yet, but I decided it was wise o call a halt right now. I was afraid I ad gathered such momentum that I night walk on and on.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

•

Search by 30 police and detectives hrough the Fox Theater interrupted a howing of the James Bond "Thunderall" movie but did not result in the capure of a man who had held up and obbed the Beneficial Mutual Savings ank at 9 S. 16th of $1696 in $20 bills hortly before noon Thursday.—*Philadelhia Inquirer.*

Anyway, he was shortchanged.

•

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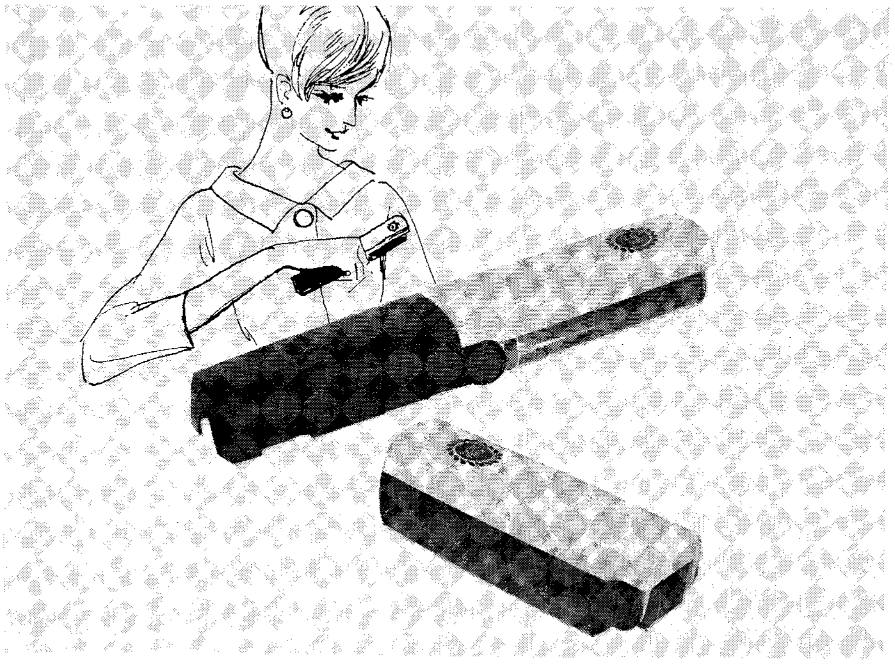

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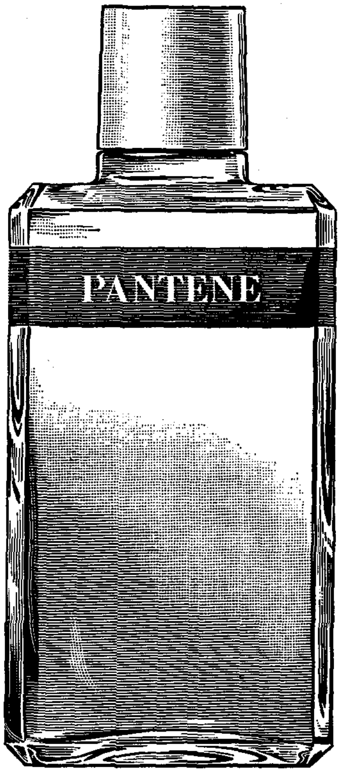
Is it true European men have something American men have not?



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A LECTURE

LATE one April afternoon, Uncle Panos sat across from Mike in Mike's brother's restaurant. He said in his gravelly voice, "How you can live these way? How old you are now?"

"I was twenty-seven last month."

"Almost thirty. Tall, nice-looking boy. Not married, no respo'sibilities, useless. *Like failure.*"

His moist brown eyes were set deep among brown wrinkles. His hair was very gray. One day soon he'll die, Mike thought, looking at him. Poof. Heart. Like Uncle Costas, who died last Easter. Dyed red eggs inside his casket along with the cheap icon. Seven dollars and eighty-five cents in his pants' pockets. All he had. Alone, in a veterans' hospital in New Haven. His family back in Albania, inaccessible. But he was a gay blade. He was *capable* of dying alone. Mike stared at his uncle's eyes, and he thought, Your family is still back there, too. I saw you crying at my brother's wedding. When the nuptial crowns were exchanged, you were thinking of your son's wedding you never went to, of grandchildren you'll never see.

"What becomes of you?" Uncle Panos said. "How you can ever have home, new car—what's that piece junk you driving, aren't you shamed youself, college-educated boy? What happen to the smart boy you was? And you getting skinny, too."

Uncle Panos was smoking. His fingers were permanently rich golden brown with nicotine. His fingernails were thick, corrugated, and yellow. Jesus, Mike thought, what bulky hands he has. From forty years of lifting fruit crates, boxes, cutting his hands, sweating. Now he coughs and splutters, his lungs filling more and more each year. Why? What for?

"You got to organize you life, shame on you. Don't you know people start to talk? The Greek community?" He mouthed the last word. It must have been a new one.

"Who?"

"Not to mention names—names not important."

"Like Vasili Bouros?"

"Well, yes, boy. Yes." Uncle Panos shrugged.

"That pig." Mike ran his fingers rapidly through his thick black hair.

"Now aren't you really shamed youself? He comes here five years ago, stupid, no money, no understanding to the language, and now lookit—he has big frozen-custard stand, home,

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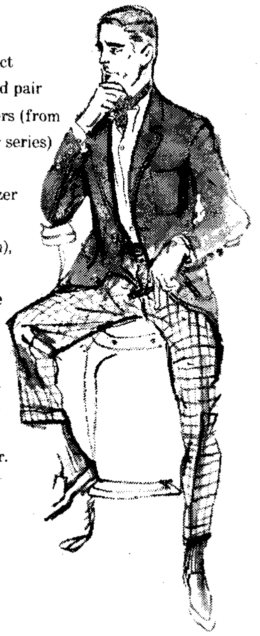

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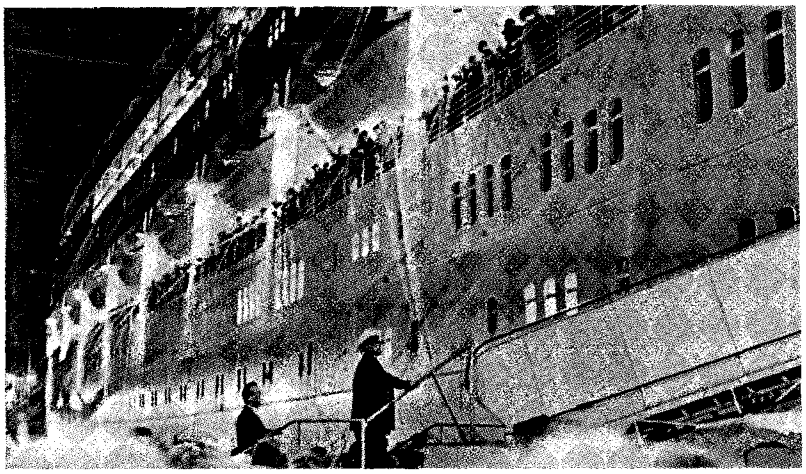

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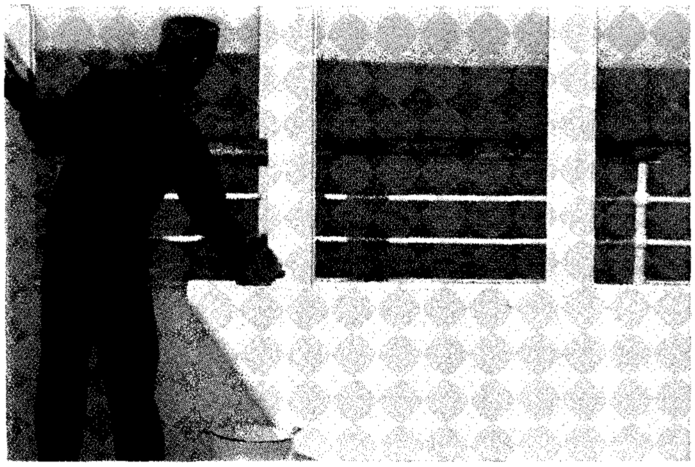

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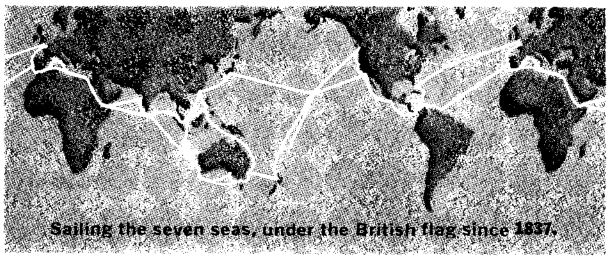

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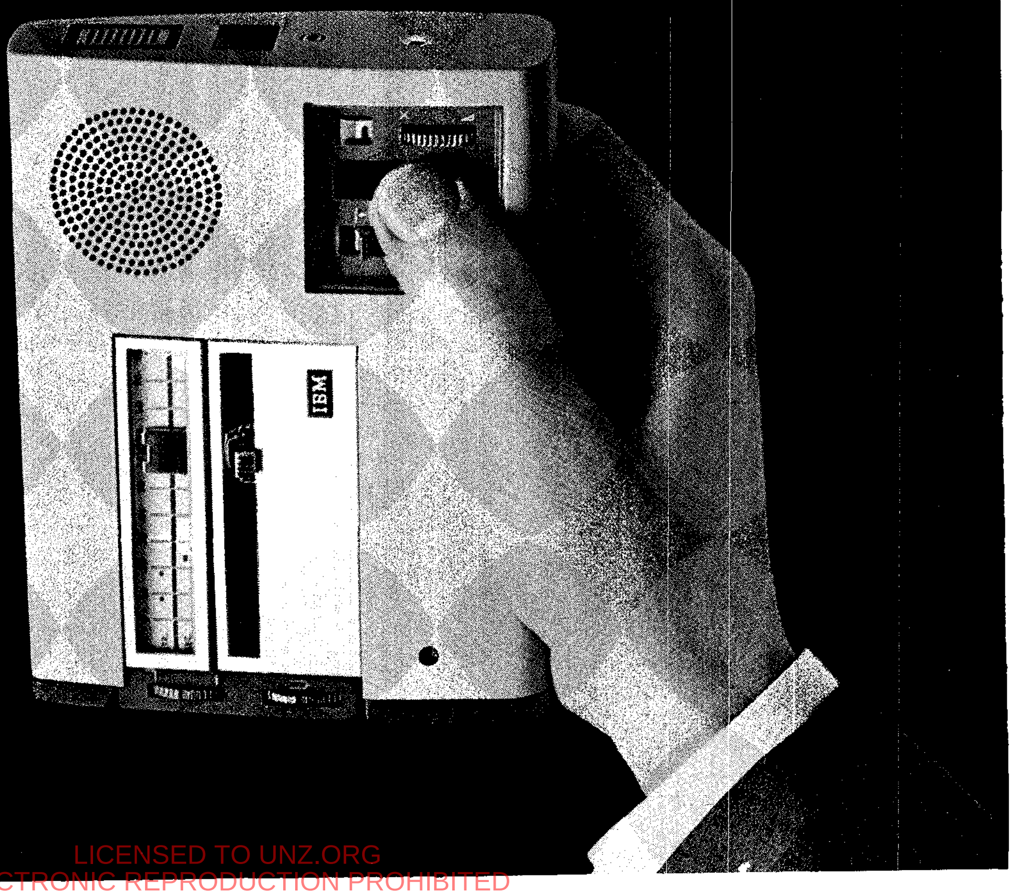


nice new car. Worth forty thousand."

"He's a pig," Mike said. "My father sponsored him to get into this country. He lived in our house—slept in my bed while I slept on a cot out in the hall. My father gave him a job, and when the rest of Vasili's family came over and they moved into their own apartment he gave them furniture, and clothes, too, and now they never even come to see us. Never. They don't even know us. You think I need him or want to be like him? I'd starve first."

"Just the same. You smart, educated boy. *Now* look, *he* got everything."

"*Everything.* Nothing!"

"Don't talk foolish. These talk you have don't mean nothing. Look. I don't yell to you. I'm talking to you now gentlemen. I'm interesting what you going to be, what you do with you life. All right. You had it good job—hundred dollars a week. You leave it, went like a gypsy in Europe. Now since you come back, lousy jobs, old car—"

"I love that car. My '48 Chevy."

"Bah! Talk sense. And money. For really, now, what you make in that hospital?"

"A dollar an hour."

"Part time, at night, cleaning from sick old people, you father tell me. He can' do nothing with you, he say. Jesus, boy. Aren't you shamed youself?"

"No."

Uncle Panos's face got red. He sneered. "Why, I come here with nothing—not one goddam penny—work hard, kill myself forty years, save money."

"Now you have it all in the bank, you have your apartment houses, you live in one of them all alone, you are happy, Uncle Panos."

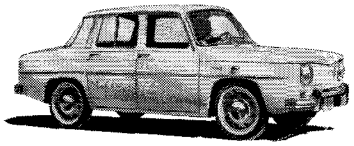
"Tell me," he said. "What *is* these thing you are doing?"

"But you know, Uncle. Everyone tells you about your brother's lazy son." Mike sighed. "Reading. Learning." It would have been suicide to mention that he was trying to write poems.

Uncle Panos pressed his lips together, turned them down at the corners, nodded shortly, and said, "The Great Philosopher," in Greek. He went on in broken English, "What, you can' do these on the side? Get good job again in the office you was in and do these study part time?"

"Good job? Part time? I have my honor," Mike said, smiling.

Uncle Panos groaned. His dark fat face twitched. "Honor? You remind it me of lawyer in the old country. These one time, he wouldn't take a case. No



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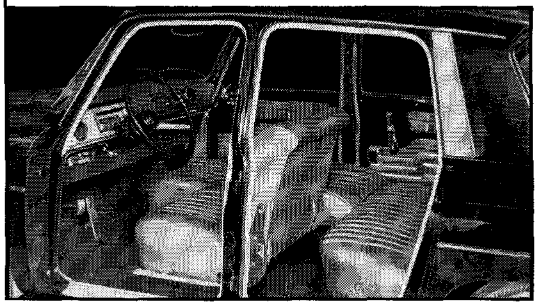

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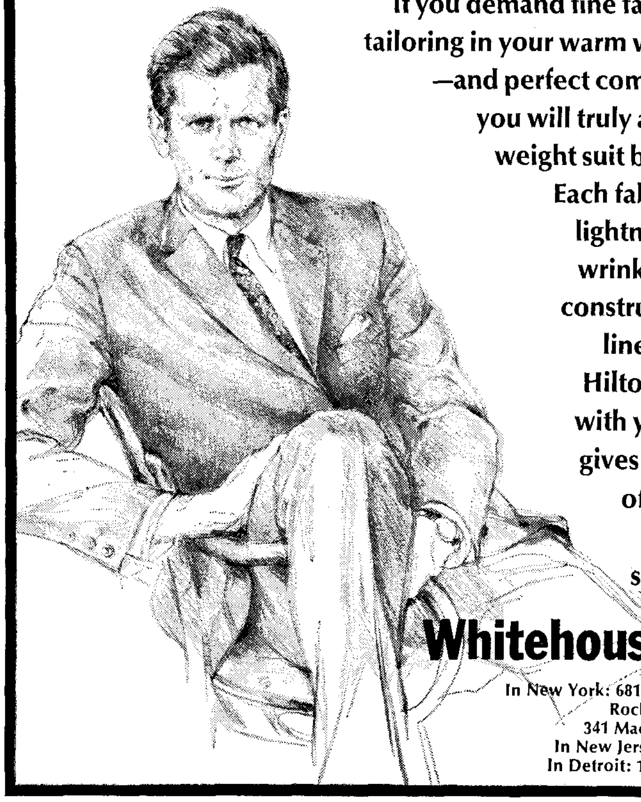

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honesty in it, he say to me. And he talk about *his* honor. Baloney. He was poor, never marry because of his honor." The aspirate "h"s fell thick and heavily Greek. "You gonna be half rooster, too, like we say, with no wife and kids?"

Mike wanted to say to him, "Why not? You are. When it was still possible to get your wife and kids out of Albania and bring them here, you didn't." But he kept his mouth shut out of an old, learned respect. "I'm going to die like my Uncle Costas—alone and single," he said.

"Don't talk like these." Uncle Panos frowned. "He was big fool."

"Because he didn't care about making a fortune in America? And gambled what he had on the horses and drank himself to death and made fun of the rest of you? That's why he was a fool? He was the only free one of all of you who came over together." Mike got ready to leave. He had had enough of listening to his uncle, of sitting in the red plastic booth, looking at the variegated plastic tropical plants in a long green plastic box on a Formica sideboard.

Just then his brother George came to work. He was thirty-four, dark-haired, and handsome. He was quiet, like their father. As he walked behind the counter, he hardly said hello. His eyes were puffy from a late-afternoon sleep. He had the night shift this month.

"Why you can' be like him?" Uncle Panos said.

"Because I don't want to be like him. *He's* lost, not me."

"He's make it lotta money, married, got two kids, insurance business on the side. He be worth plenty someday."

"I wish him good luck. Him and all his damn money," Mike said. And he thought, Behind my back, they all shake their heads. "Lost." They put their hands to their mouths and tell one another in Greek.

"I tell you for you own good," Uncle Panos said.

"*Your* own good. My own evil."

"Talk plain."

"Plain I talk."

"O.K., now you make it fun of me."

"No. You make fun of *me*," Mike said.

Uncle Panos hunched his shoulders. Then he leaned forward, opened his big hands in front of him, and said imploringly, "What you want to *be*? What you care about?"

"What I care about." Mike looked across the restaurant, out the window,

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up Main Street. He talked rapidly. "Let me tell you what I care about. A little while ago, before I came in to eat, I was walking up the street. It was cloudy out. The world felt restless. I looked up and saw a mystery. You know what it was? Rain. A spring shower. I saw it move, very slowly, right down the street toward me, coming long and thin, silvery. Gliding. Not hurting anything. Just splitting the late afternoon—understand? Delicate. Then it got to me and it touched me with gentleness, and it didn't ask for anything in return. It didn't ask for a cent. I was in front of the bookstore. . . . Wait. Don't get up. Listen. I just by luck happened to get caught in the rain in front of a bookstore. I went in and looked at books for over an hour—you hear? No one asked for pay, and no one paid me for my time. I looked at every kind of book. And other people wandered around in there, too, and no one said anything. No one made any kind of a demand. No one told me to go out and earn forty thousand dollars or asked me why I'm wasting my life."

Uncle Panos got up. "You get out of the rain, anyways. Maybe you be all right still."

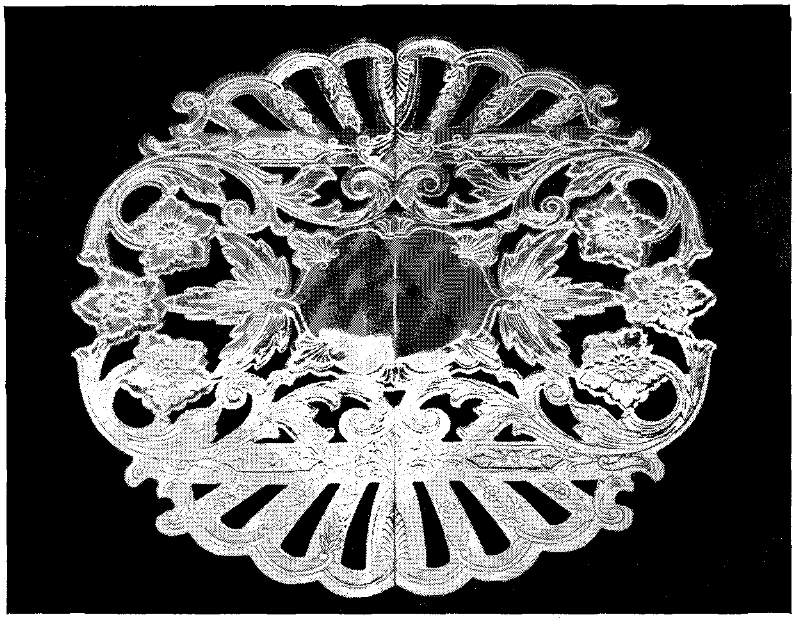
Mike held back his uncle's heavy wrist. "Please. Let me finish. There were all kinds of books, all colors and sizes—rough and smooth, cheap, expensive. I read in some of them, standing there, and I could smell the print, the beautiful chemicals of the ink."

Uncle Panos stood squat and proud, important, wonderful in his old ballooning brown gabardine pants. His head was erect, his chest fat and marvellous, his chin pulled in making two or three chins. His brand of English fell handsome from his loose-hanging lips. "Well, I don't know one word of all these you are talking. Poor fool. Half rooster. *Honor*. Bah! Someday, is true, you *really* die like you uncle, you mother's tragedy fool of a brother." Greek fashion, he mock-spat at Mike, but without malice.

Mike smiled. Uncle Panos put his whole hand over Mike's head and tousled his hair, giving him a kindly peasant benediction, as though Mike were ten years old again. Then Uncle Panos strutted toward George, who was putting on a clean starched white apron as he stood by the coffee urns. They talked together.

Mike sat alone for a while. He stared out the window, remembering the warm rain and the bittersweet smell of all the new books.

Now he felt the waitress hanging



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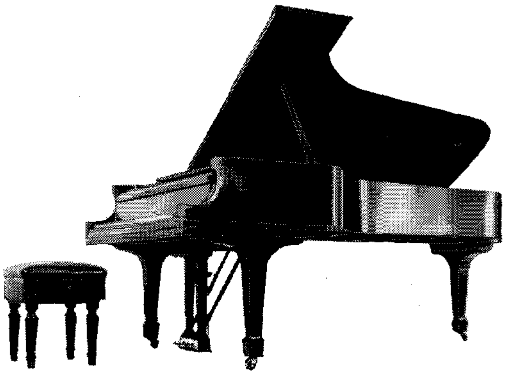

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over him like a fly on a summer day. He got up and put a quarter on the table. She grinned, gap-toothed, and said, "Thanks!" as she began to swab the table.

Mike put on his coat. He went to the counter and gave George his check, with a dollar for the food. George, who had a partner, looked around. Then he pushed the dollar back to his brother and folded the check. Winking, he slipped the check into the pocket of his fresh white shirt. This was not the first time George had kept a check, but Mike had never really thought about it before. He looked down at the tile floor until its stark black-and-white tiny squares hurt his eyes. When he finally looked up, Uncle Panos was staring at him, grinning.

George said to Mike, "He giving you some trouble?"

"A lecture," Mike said, flushed.

George looked content, innocent, full of peace. With his soft brown eyes, he was sleek and beautiful, and he seemed, as always, to enjoy the role of big brother.

"Any new deals?" Mike said. He knew that George loved that question.

"I got a big new apartment house in the works—comprehensive, full commission," he said. He talked softly, out of the side of his mouth. "Keep it under your hat."

"Good," Mike said. He motioned toward his uncle and said, "I was telling him that I'm going to die just like Uncle Costas."

George chuckled. Uncle Panos grunted, smiled painfully, and called Mike a stupid son of a bitch. Mike started out the door.

"Where you going?" George asked.

"Nowhere," Mike said.

George shook his head and touched his shirt pocket.

MIKE went out. He walked up Main Street in the twilight full of moving pedestrians and cars. The shower had gone by long ago. The air was chilly. In the sky the clouds were breaking and racing south, a huge red sun setting ragged among them. He walked past the bookstore. All the street lights suddenly went on together, glazing the wet sidewalks and the wet macadam street, but there was no mystery.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

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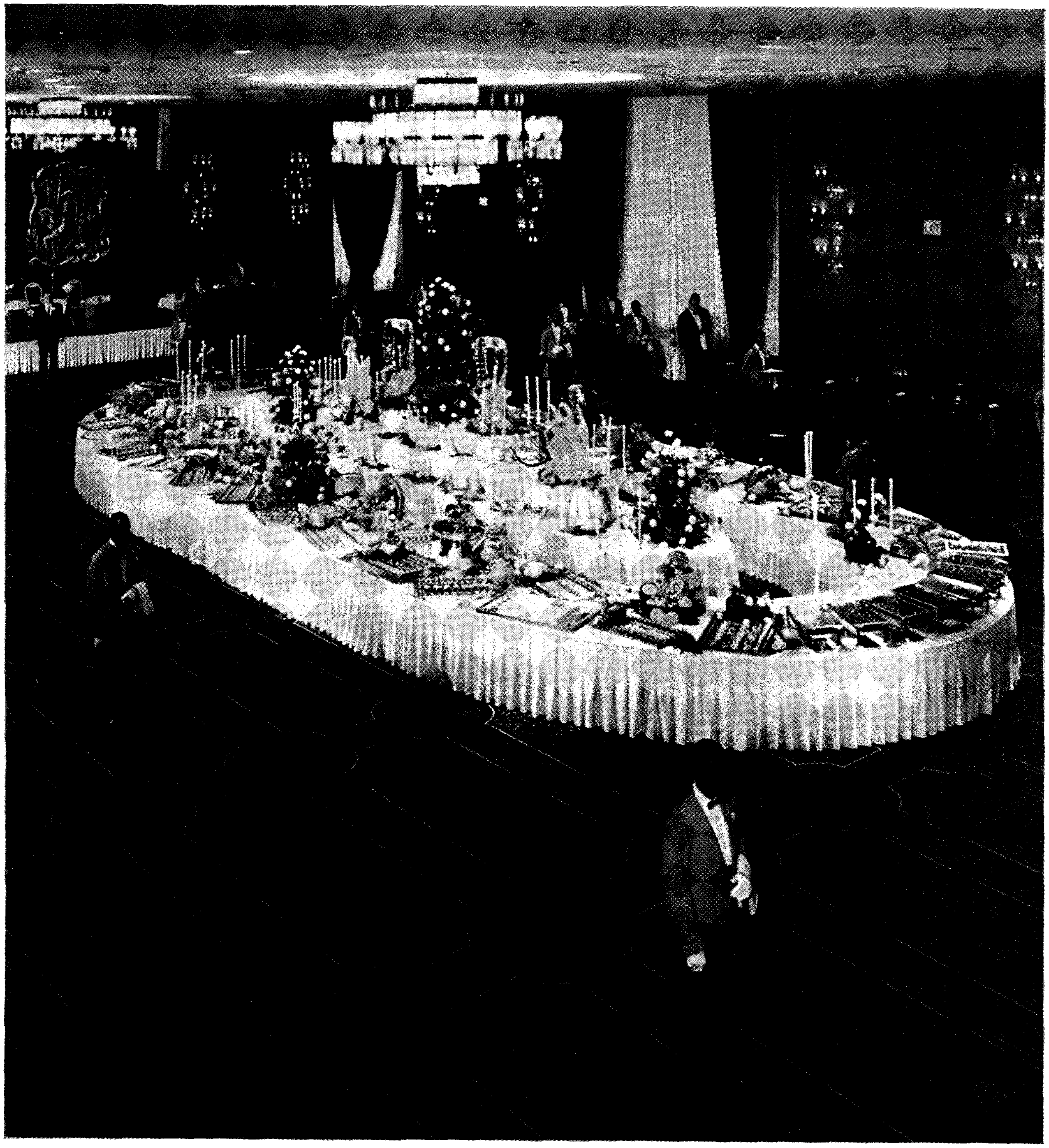

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◄ Sgt. 1st Cl. Robert A. Burke (right) gets the signal to fire when ready from Staff Sgt. Horace G. Jackson at the U.S. Army Missile Command, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.

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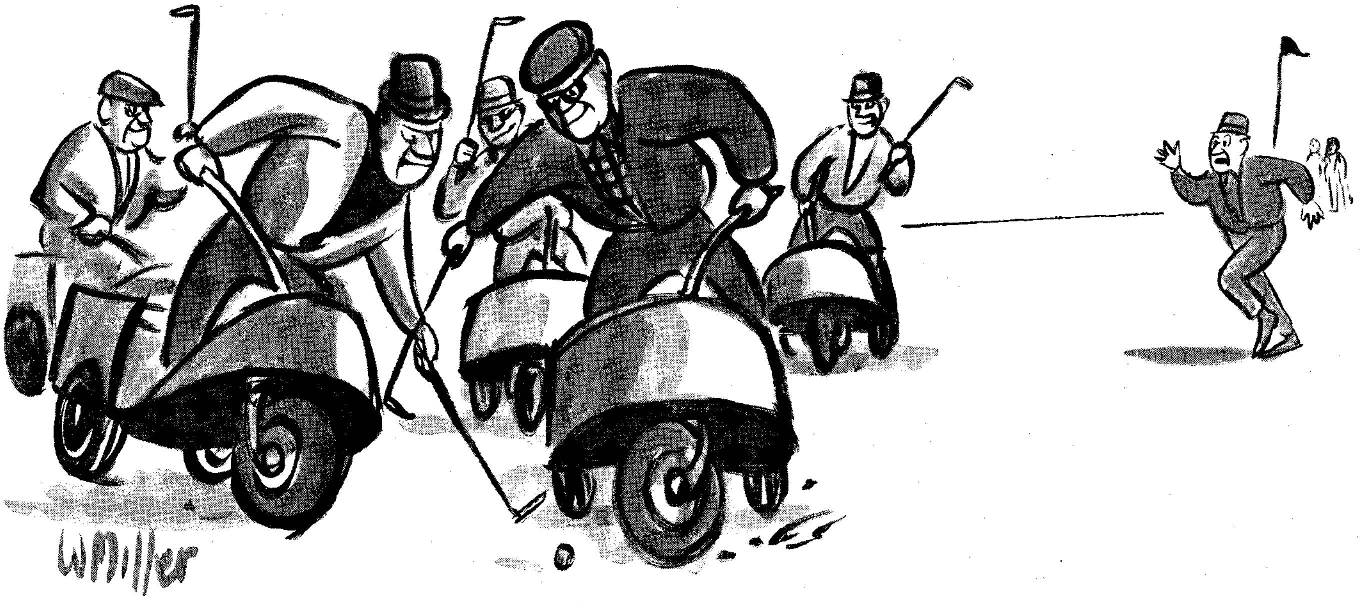
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

April 17

FROM the first days of the political disorders in South Vietnam, the administration has been going to considerable lengths to create the impression that this time, for the first time, it is playing it cool. The President, indeed, has gone to Texas and Mexico—accompanied by his Secretary of State and the leader of the loyal opposition, Senator Dirksen—to call attention to his disinterestedness and his absorption in other matters, such as the economic development of Latin America and the nourishment of the Lincoln legend. To emphasize official disengagement even further, the Secretary of State planned to go on to Turkey and Iran, but he changed his mind at the last moment, evidently so that he could take advantage of an opportunity to appear on network television in support of the foreign-aid bill. From what one can learn here, the disinterestedness is more or less genuine and the display of coolness, though created largely by artificial means, not entirely misleading. In Saigon, it is true, Ambassador Lodge acceded quickly to General Ky's request for an American airlift of government troops to Danang, the center of civil unrest and the stronghold of his political rivals. But it was stressed here that this was the Ambassador's decision, not the administration's—though there was no suggestion that in making it he had violated his instructions or exceeded his authority. It was also made known, here and in Saigon, that the United States hoped that the military Directory would not be removed by a coup and would continue to exercise state power until a civilian government has been formed—either by elections or, since almost everyone considers it quite unlikely that elections will ever be held while the fighting goes on, by negotiations of some sort among the contending parties, factions, classes, sects, cults, tribes, and other groupings in the bewildering political life of South Vietnam. But there is a clear policy here of speaking neither good nor evil of South Vietnamese leaders or of their followings, and there has been no attempt to identify the future good of either the United States or South Vietnam with any particular program. The recurrent theme is one of circumspect nonintervention and neutrality. And the explanation commonly given for this novel approach (no one is trying to conceal the fact that it is novel) is that our interventions in the past have not only failed to bring about the results hoped for but have generated new animosities and new confusions. Having learned the error (or, at any rate, the unprofitability) of our ways, we are now, at last, practicing what we have always preached and claimed to do battle for—the self-determination of peoples. In recent months, even while doing everything possible to strengthen General Ky, the government has repeatedly committed itself to the acceptance of any decisions the South Vietnamese choose to make about their own future, and we are now, it is maintained, doing no more than honoring that commitment.

The explanation leaves several things unexplained and is wanting in candor. The ostentatious disinterestedness is far more a product of paralysis than of analysis. We are keeping hands off mainly because no one knows how or where or when to lay hands on. If we knew of a not overtly Draconian way of keeping the Directory in power, we would surely follow it. Our failure to take sides is not a matter of principle belatedly applied; it is partly a matter of being in the dark as to which, or whose, side to take and partly a matter of dissension among those who draw salaries to figure out the answer to such questions as this. This dissension is widespread and now exists at the highest levels, in the executive as well as in the legislative branch. It is no secret here that there are officials who were almost elated by the revolt against the Directory and hoped that it would proceed to a point at which some newly and—at least by South Vietnamese standards—duly constituted authority would advise the United States that its military presence was no longer required or desired. This is not the first time that hopes for such a dénouement have been expressed. There have always been people here who have felt that while withdrawal on our own initiative would be dangerous and dishonorable, there would be little cause for regret if we left in response to a properly issued and worded request to do so, and it has been reported from time to time that the President himself was attracted by the possibility. But in the past few weeks the numbers of those who took this view have swelled astonishingly, and several officials of imposing rank—men on whose diplomatic and military advice the President has frequently acted—have now come to feel that the latest manifestations of



"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

South Vietnamese instability are making our role militarily almost impossible and politically insupportable, and that the best we can hope for is the ascendancy of new leaders who will ask us to leave. This view has not, of course, prevailed. But it is unquestionably one element in the situation that encourages the official policy of nonintervention. For any strong partisan commitment by the administration would very likely bring into the open its own internal differences and might lead to severe embarrassment in many places.

There are large numbers of people who, though not sharing the hope that we will be asked to withdraw by some future Saigon regime, nevertheless believe that this is what in the end is most likely to happen. Some think that it may come about fairly soon, as a direct result of the present crisis; others think hat it will be more likely after two or hree more periods of upheaval similar o the present one. There are many, however, who think that it is too late n the war for any such resolution to be as acceptable to the United States as ome officials now believe it would be. For one thing, the war has become Americanized. It can no longer be properly described as one in which we re "assisting" an ally defending its overeignty; it is South Vietnam that is giving us a certain amount of assistance n what the leaders in Washington and hose in Hanoi and Peking regard as a arger conflict. Our stakes, like our osses, are becoming greater than those of our partner. To accept a South Vietnamese request to remove ourselves would be to act on the hypocritical fiction that the relations between the two governments are those of a host and guest bound by traditional etiquette. It would not be the first fiction we have hosen to live by. It would, though, be ne whose character the rest of the world would immediately take note of.

Furthermore, the logistical and potical problems of withdrawal would e immense and dispiriting. A year go, it would have been a fairly simple matter to decamp almost overnight. Our contribution to the combat then was mostly aircraft; these could have aken aboard large numbers of the round forces then in the country and een flown out of the country on very hort notice. Now, however, getting ut would be almost as great an effort s getting in. Some military men estimate that it would take four months o remove our troops and dismantle heir bases—insofar as dismantling would be possible. Some of our in-

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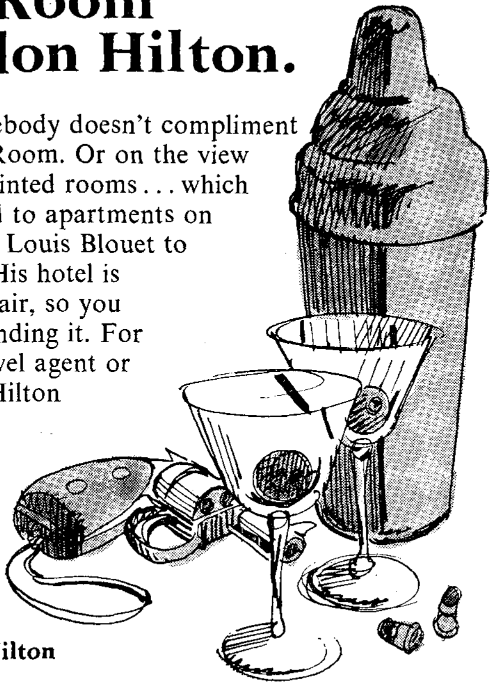

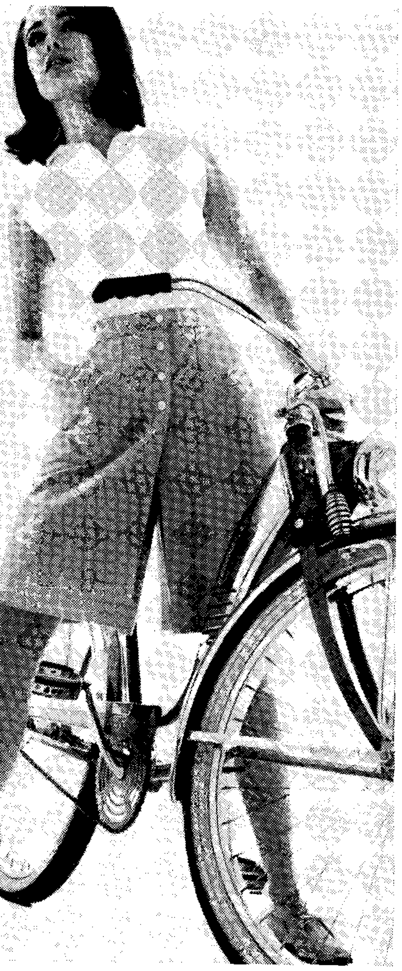

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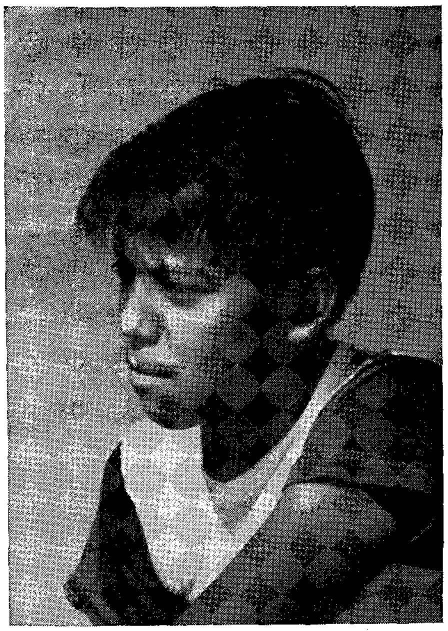

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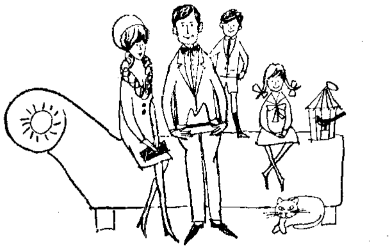
stallations are irremovable, except by destruction; they are as much a part of the country as its jungles and constitute a significant part of its wealth and resources. To accept an invitation to leave would mean making a gift to an unfriendly government, quite possibly a Communist one, of installations worth millions of dollars and, furthermore, of high utility in the event that the incoming regime decided to have a hand in "liberating" Laos, Cambodia, or Thailand. (Thailand is the place to which Senator Javits has suggested we might withdraw our forces; this could very well lead to a situation in which they would shortly find themselves assaulted from bases they had recently constructed and then abandoned.) And even if we were willing to write all this off, there would be little assurance that our departing personnel could put down their weapons while waiting to climb aboard transports. Hanoi and Peking have never seen the war as merely an effort to remove the American presence from South Vietnam. They look upon it, more or less as we do, as part of a far larger conflict—one that cannot be brought to an end by an agreement between Washington and whoever holds power in Saigon. The aim has always been to inflict a maximum of damage—militarily and diplomatically—on the United States. It would therefore seem likely that there would be continued shooting as long as there were Americans within range and that, even in the process of effecting a withdrawal, we would be compelled to defend our enclaves against attack. This, then, would look less like an orderly and acceptable withdrawal than like a retreat under fire. No doubt it could be managed, and efficiently, but the Communists would have it within their power to make the political consequences extremely disagreeable, both in Southeast Asia and in this country.

As of now, the political consequences here of the events of the past few weeks are difficult to assess, and it may turn out that in the usual terms of partisan and factional power nothing much has changed. Some Republican leaders in the House have tried to blame the administration for the political deterioration in South Vietnam and for the difficulties that this has led to in the prosecution of the war. For the present, this strategy does not appear to be very promising. Senator Dirksen evidently wants no part of it, and not many Republican candidates seem eager, on the one hand, to attack the administration for its conduct of the war or, on the

People tell us things they won't even tell their analysts



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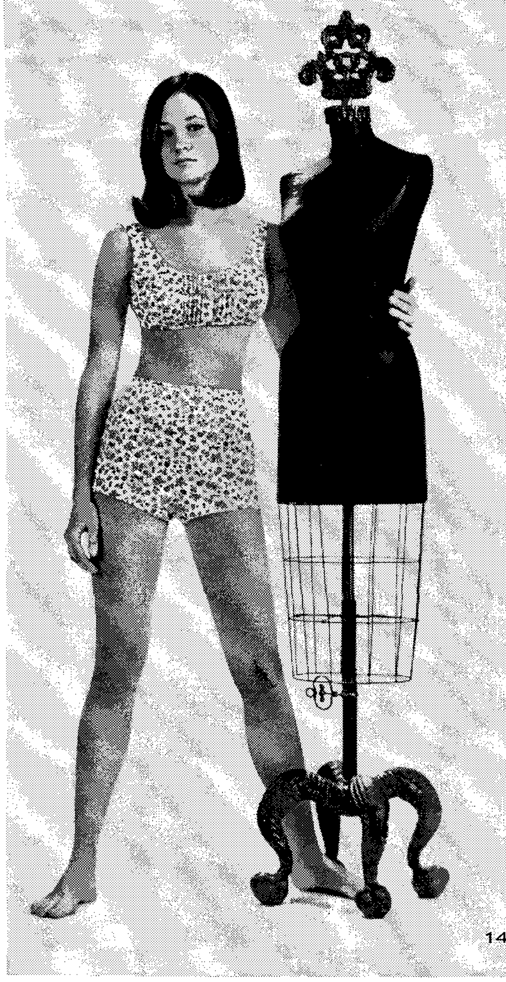
other, to alienate the "doves" by calling for an enlarged commitment. It seems less likely now than it did a month ago that Vietnam will be the most prominent issue in the fall elections. Opinion is sharply and passionately divided, but it is divided in a hundred different ways, and is thus extraordinarily difficult to deal with in campaign oratory and campaigners' pledges. It seems hardly affected at all by party affiliation, or even by what passes for ideology in American politics. An organization as normally cohesive as Americans for Democratic Action is sharply and bitterly divided. So, of course, is the administration itself. There is far less bitterness in the administration, though, for most of its members regard themselves as victims of circumstances rather than of avoidable error, and some of them—almost certainly including the President—are divided within themselves. Naturally, many things may happen between now and November to bring about important realignments. But if the elections were days rather than months away, it would be fairly safe to assume that the impact of Vietnam would be negligible—or, better perhaps, undiscernible. This would be not for lack of concern, which has probably never been higher, but for lack of any political means for registering concern.

In the politics of pressures and counter-pressures that prevail here, recent changes may have a highly discernible impact. By far the most important development is the increase in numbers of those who would not—or who now think they would not—protest a withdrawal that could be described as something other than defeat. No known convert to this view is looked upon with more respect in the administration or in Congress than Senator Russell, of Georgia, the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee and frequently the spokesman in Congress for the military establishment. "If it becomes clearly evident," Senator Russell recently said, "that a majority of the Vietnamese do not want our help, I would favor withdrawing immediately both military forces and economic aid." The respect that Senator Russell enjoys is more a tribute to his power and prestige than to his judgment, which has never been particularly imaginative or enlightened. Because of his conservatism and his seniority, however, any position that he chooses to take is a "safe" position for anyone else to take. Except where race and region are involved, no man's motives are likely to be attacked if he is able to say and demonstrate that



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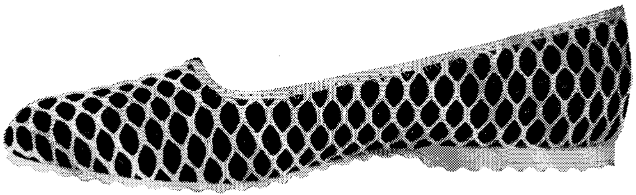

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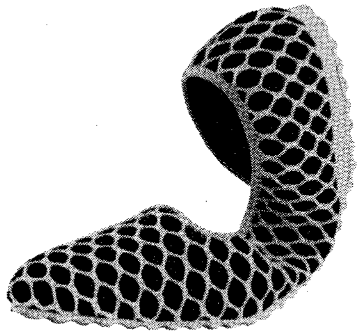

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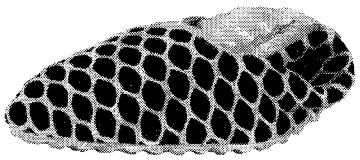

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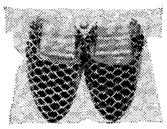

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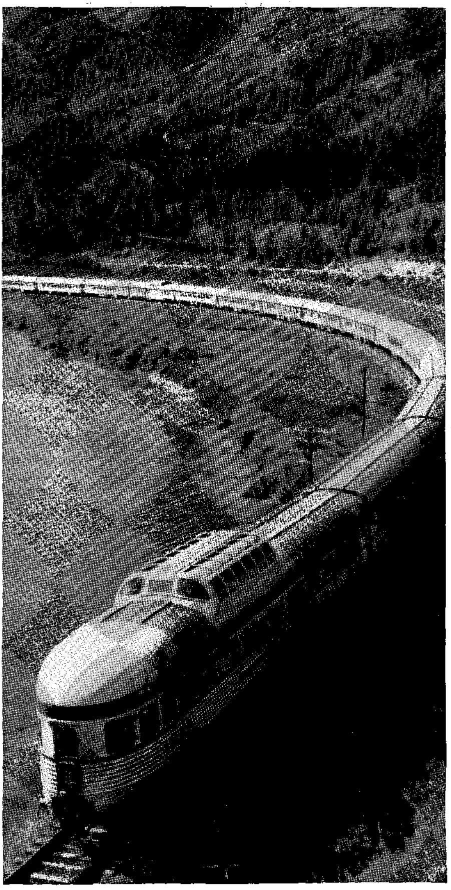

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he and Senator Russell see things the same way. To agree with him is to certify one's patriotism. It can greatly strengthen even a President's hand. And it would be surprising if the President is not using this added strength in his own negotiations with people in his own government, especially the military people. The predictable military reaction to the developments in South Vietnam has been to request more power and authority. The lesson the Air Force has drawn from it all is that the war in the air, where no riots or demonstrations can impede the action, should be greatly stepped up. Escalation in the air is even being offered, as it was when the bombings first began, as a tonic for the morale of the South Vietnamese. All the available evidence suggests that the President and Secretary McNamara are in no mood for escalation. This was as true earlier in the year as it is now. But the troubles in South Vietnam and the effect of them on such a man as Senator Russell have undoubtedly improved the President's bargaining position.

Shortly after returning from what now appears to have been his ill-advised Honolulu meeting with General Ky, the President told a news conference that he intended to devote the next five or six months to a review of American policy in Southeast Asia, and that he would probably hold another rally in Honolulu early this summer. Even if General Ky is still a figure to be reckoned with by then, it is inconceivable that any such meeting will take place, in Honolulu or anywhere else. The visit to Mexico was clearly acknowledged as a retreat from Hawaii. (Ironically, it is being pointed out, the Mexican journey could prove to be an error similar in nature, if not in scope, to the earlier one. The President hoped to mend fences in South Vietnam by showing his solidarity with General Ky. He hoped to mend fences in Latin America by showing his solidarity with the Mexicans. But according to Latin-American experts here, most Latin Americans feel about Mexico as many South Vietnamese feel about General Ky, which is to say they regard it as arbitrary, overbearing, and seldom to be trusted. An American show of solidarity with either is more likely to make the situation worse than to make it better.) But the review of policy will go on and will doubtless be broader and more intense. It will be a melancholy affair, inasmuch as it will require weighing the advantages and disadvantages of policies that are almost uni-

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formly short in the former and almost uniformly rich in the latter. At the same time, though, it is hard to imagine a political atmosphere in this country more favorable to statesmen trying to make their hard choices soberly and responsibly. The pressures under which Presidents always work are in this case distributed in such a way as almost to liberate Lyndon Johnson from any pressures at all. The polls continue to show that the country supports the administration in its present conduct of the war and is ready to go on meeting the costs at their present magnitude in life and money. "Decisive majorities," according to the researchers who made the widely discussed survey sponsored by Stanford University, "reject unilateral withdrawal as they reject extreme escalation." The proponents of withdrawal and of escalation are about equal in numbers and thus cancel each other out in terms of pressure. But the polls also show that the majority that supports the President as a war leader would also follow him in almost any effort he might make toward negotiation, going so far as to approve, the Stanford survey reported, "forming a new government in which the Vietcong took some part." It added, "So far as public opinion is concerned, it appears that a considerable leeway exists for American policymakers." That is the general view here; in fact, there seems to be almost unlimited latitude.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

LANDMARK

Six eastward paces from the dead man's skull
(The goatweed growing in one vacant eye
Not on the chart, as nothing permanent)
Print the hot beach until one turn of sky
Propels the spyglass to the seventh hill.

The island rolls. Now ocean-sharp the wind
Spanks in the canvas trees. The deck-bright sand
(Again awash with waves) billows and swells,
Loud with the creak of rope. The pitch—the lurch—
The hull aground—and, telescope in hand,
The lookout falls to meet the spinning seas;
Logic of cross-hairs on a land still strange
Has dropped a dizzy sailor to his knees.

Recovery is quick: the guide the rock
Cleft like the Devil's foot. The southern range.
The pirate isle, impervious to change.
The stream, the stonecrop, and the blasted tree,
Then twenty-seven paces north-northwest.

What matter that the map proved false, the cave
Empty of treasure, the dim habitat
Of six brown lizards and an ailing bat?
That was a day—remembered from afar,
In gout and age—of possibility.

"The sky was thin that day," the sailor said,
Fevered and weak with rum in Bintulu.
"The air was full of salt, the clouds alive."
The wind made spindrift of his matted hair, the sun
Was on his granite cheek, the stir
Of riches in his heart and in his head,
Glancing on gold and pearl and Spanish loot.

The treasure? In his mortal reverie
It may have been there too. But what was sure:
His spyglass pinned the tree against the hill
That day, and, blanched upon the sand, he'd found
(With all its promise of reward) the skull,
Green goatweed in the cavern of its eye.

—HAROLD W. SMITH

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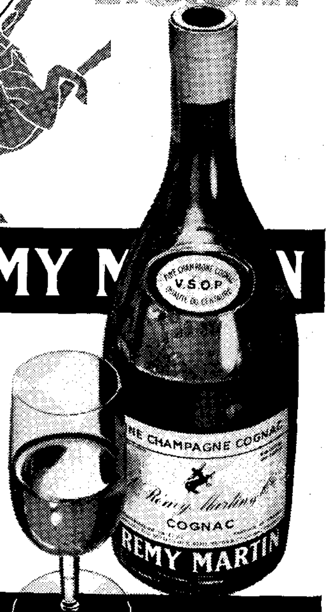

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lost in a New Found Land

Many a concertgoer has probably wondered just what importance or lack of importance attaches to the art of musical composition in the United States, and which of our many composers are to be considered more, or less, significant than others. Critics have their opinions but seldom cover the whole field. A few books of a fairly comprehensive sort have been published in the past, but they do not attempt the Olympian task of evaluating the work of each composer and of placing him in relation to his environment and tradition, and none of them takes into consideration the parallel arts of jazz and the musical show. One book that undertakes to do all these things has come out recently. It is Wilfred Mellers' "Music in a New Found Land" (Knopf). Mr. Mellers is a composer and professor of music at the University of York, in England, and he has the advantage of looking at American music from the outside. He is also a researcher of some diligence who has studied most of the music of a number of the composers who are prominent in the American scene. The assiduousness of his analysis tends to offset the condescension of his title. (We were here a good while before Mr. Mellers found us, and our East Coast musical life has certainly rivalled London's for about a century.)

Mr. Mellers, as might be expected, finds no American Mozarts or Beethovens. He does find some figures that are interesting to him, and though anybody who has watched the American musical scene for any length of time will find his judgments somewhat capricious, he can, now and then, be brilliant and very much to the point. He is, though, not only an incorrigible *Zeitgeister* but an incorrigible *Ortgeister*, which is to say that he feels that all good music must not only express its time (the meaning of "time" in this context has always been ambiguous; however, most true believers in the creed think that the present time is bad and that the music should therefore be unpleasant) but should also somehow express the place of its origin. Mr. Mellers' idea of "place," as applied to America, involves a heavily dramatized concept, half cowboy-and-Indian

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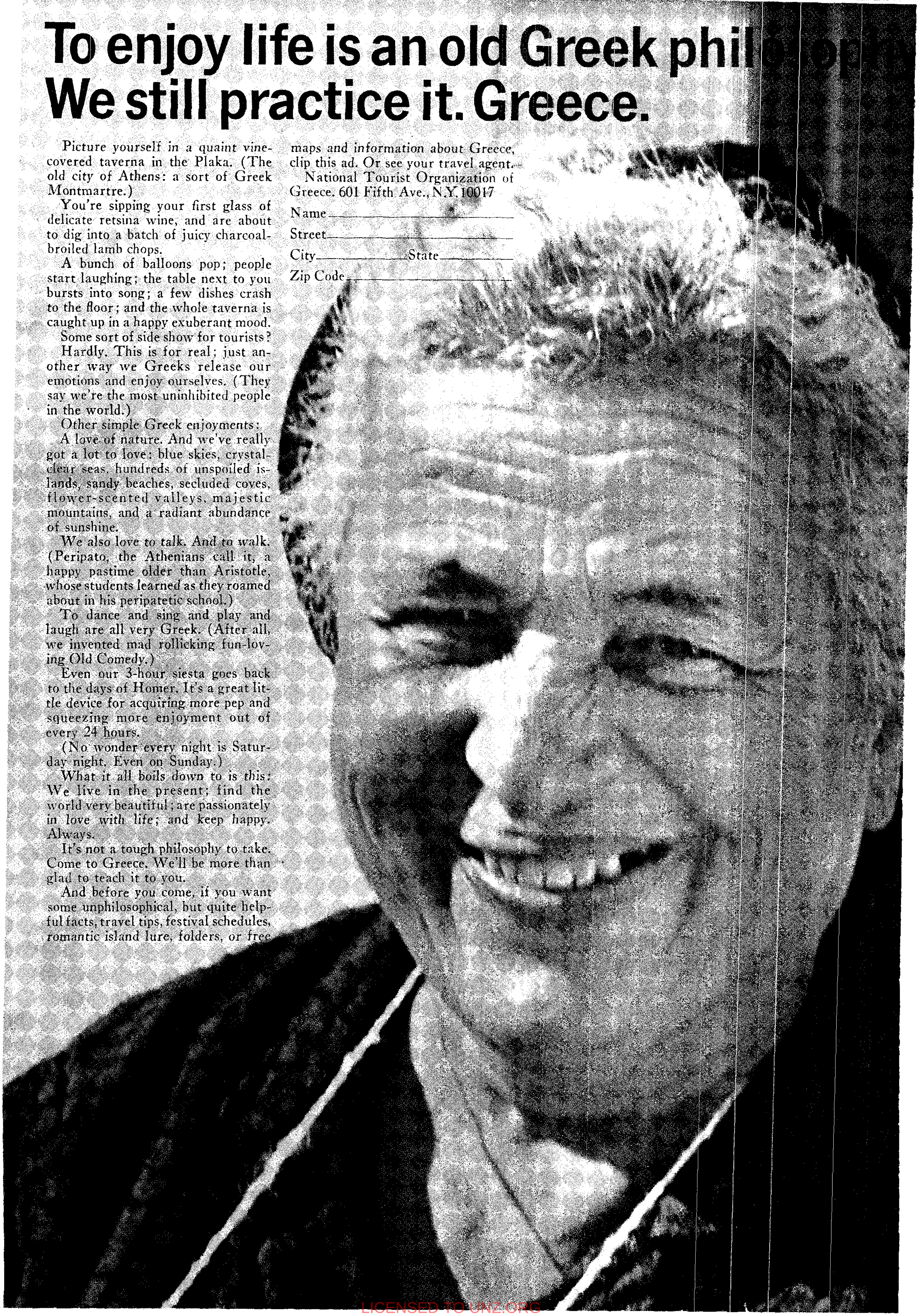

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and half machine-maddened urbanite. He writes, "There are . . . two main 'positives' in the evolution of American music in the twentieth century. One we may define as pioneer heroism. . . . The other we may define as the search for order from authenticity" (by which, I gather, he means the imposition of form on the composer's impressions of the chaotic world of American industrial civilization). This uncompromising—and I think rather unrealistic—position leads to some curious conclusions. His "place" concept puts him hot on the trail of the "authentically American" composer, whom he seems to think of as emerging on a *tabula rasa*, except for some possible influences from Stravinsky, Nadia Boulanger, and Schoenberg, or, on the more popular level, from the American Negro or the white hymnody. It does not seem to occur to him that most Americans, aside from the Negro and the American Indian, are Europeans by origin and have brought some European traditions with them. Nor does it seem to occur to him that until the generation now in its thirties nearly all American composers studied in Europe, and that this international association has been so close that the decadence of the European tradition has meant the decadence of the American, too. He appears to think that we are cut off from the rest of the world, and that if we produce symphonies and operas they must be outgrowths of a unique strain in the American soil.

Early in the book, Mr. Mellers lays hold of Charles Ives, who almost anyone these days will concede was at least America's most remarkable composer, and makes him a sort of archetype by which he judges other Americans. He does not regard Ives as a fully developed composer. Ives is "embryonically major. . . . A proportion of his large scale works . . . remains in part incommunicable as well as experimental." Mr. Mellers' position causes him to overlook completely the importance of such European-influenced composers of yesteryear as Edward MacDowell, George Chadwick, Horatio Parker, and John Knowles Paine, and such similar composers of today as Gian Carlo Menotti and Samuel Barber (whose opera "Vanessa" he finds, for some obscure reason, "nasty"). Only the barefoot boys of the prairie or the avant-garde twelve-tonists and "experimentalists" seem to be worthy of his approval, and they—Carl Ruggles, Henry Cowell, Edgar Varèse, Lukas Foss, Harry Partch, Gunther Schuller, Milton Babbitt, Morton Feldman, and

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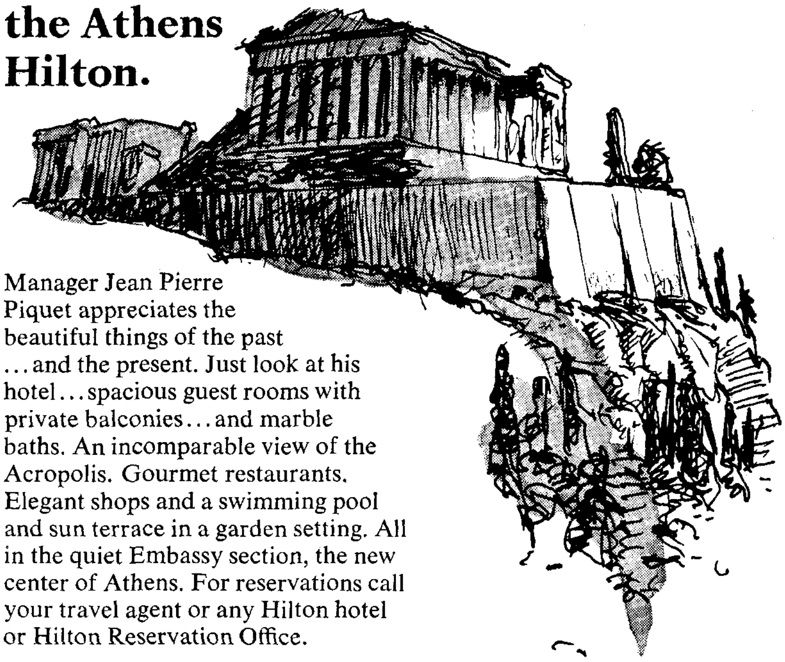

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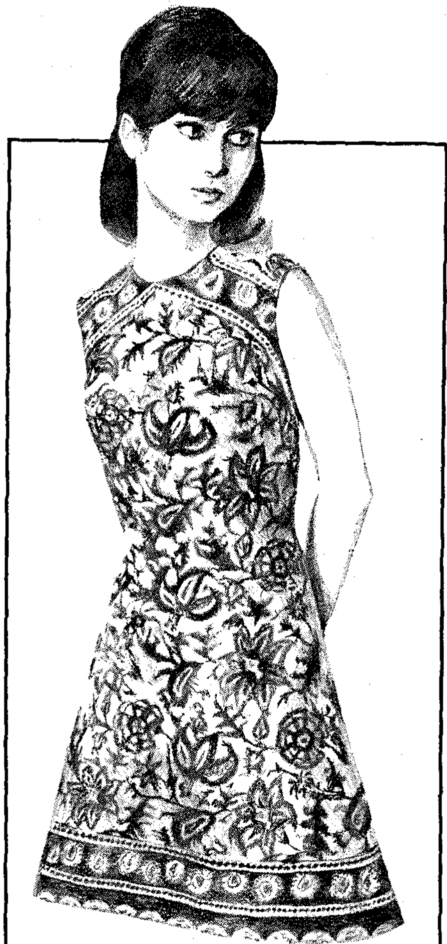

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John Cage, along with a few more generally respected figures, like Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, and Roger Sessions—constitute the main part of his dramatis personae. One gets the idea that he would accept with the utmost gravity the cellist Charlotte Moorman's recent dipping of herself in a tank of water in view of the audience after a few notes on the cello—a "musical happening," as it was fashionably called.

Mr. Mellers certainly thinks our music should make us suffer. He is very hard on what he calls "evasions of reality"—an inexact phrase but one we well know the meaning of: no enjoyable melodies. At one point, he refers to Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff as "neurotic misfits"—as if that were a stricture even if it were true. Neurotics like most good artists? Yes. Misfits? Hardly, in view of their public appeal. At another point, he takes a backward swipe at Johann Strauss's dear old "Fledermaus," calling it "a substitute for living," whatever that means (to what extent *is* art a "substitute for living"? If it isn't, what good is it?), and not even John Philip Sousa gets by without being tagged with the "evasion-of-reality" label. Mr. Mellers' thinking, throughout, is uncompromisingly Hegelian, and "history" is a magic word in his vocabulary. Thus, "Copland . . . is not a 'great' composer—perhaps not even a great composer *in potentia*, like Ives. But he is a very important composer in twentieth-century history;" Elliott Carter's "historical importance is undeniable, whatever conclusions one may come to as to the ultimate value of his compositions."

On musical shows, most of which bear a strong relation to an older European, or, indeed, international, tradition, Mellers is whimsical, to say the least. He admits only Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Leonard Bernstein, and Frank Loesser to his pantheon, apparently because of the character of the plots and lyrics they chose rather than because of the quality of their music. In the field of jazz, Mellers evidently feels happier, since he has at last found a vigorous musical tradition that has grown up wholly on American soil. He discusses the work of some jazz artists with perception—notably that of Duke Ellington. But elsewhere he is prone to statements that are either so windy as to be practically meaningless—e.g., "Ellington, starting from jazz, came to terms with Tin Pan Alley; Gershwin, starting from Tin Pan Alley, attained the integrity of jazz"—or certainly questionable.

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He appears to think that jazz is really *not* Afro-American. "There is nothing specifically African about the so-called blues scale," he writes, "for its fundamentally pentatonic modality is common to folk music all over the world" (its "modality" is, of course, heptatonic, and it is unique among the world's scales because of its blue notes). Mr. Mellers feels that the principal non-European feature of the blues is that "the music does not end, it merely tails off"—something that can be said about most folk music, wherever it is created. And at another point, he says that "harmony is not 'natural' to a primitive people," which is true of most primitive peoples but not of Africans. These statements are at such variance with all authorities in the field that one can only wonder where he has obtained his information. He ought to consult some scholarly treatises on the subject, particularly his countryman A. M. Jones' monumental study of African music. There are other eyebrow-raising statements, too; for example: Beiderbecke was "one of the first to explore the type of harmony that might be applicable to jazz." "Latin-American rumba rhythm" is discovered by Mellers to consist of 8 divided into $3+3+2$, but he is apparently not aware that all jazz and all ragtime, as well as a great deal of African music, fall into the same rhythmic pattern, or derivations of it. Mr. Mellers is a facile writer and a not very clear thinker. It may be that his book will impress those who know nothing about the art of music and are overpowered by technical terminology and musical illustrations. But to people who can check up on him, Mr. Mellers certainly is no authority. We need a book of the scope he sets out to cover. But this is not it.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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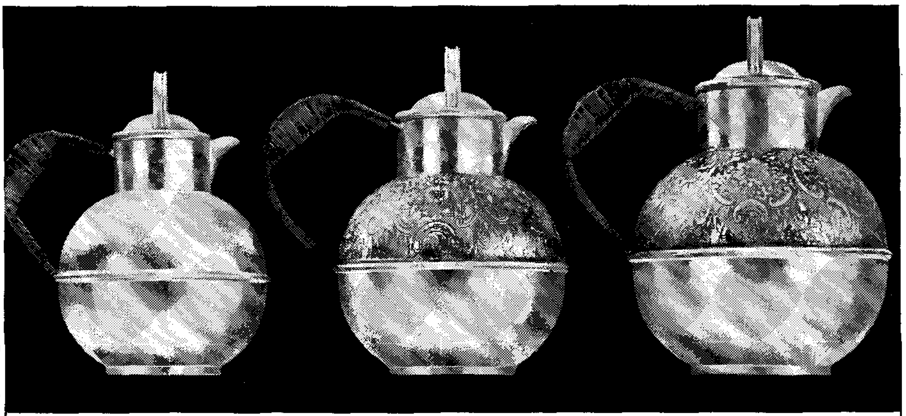
In the white paper, it is pointed out that employment in Canada in the closing months of 1965 was down to 3.5 per cent, considered the next thing to full employment by the experts.—*Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.*

Experts always live from hand to mouth.



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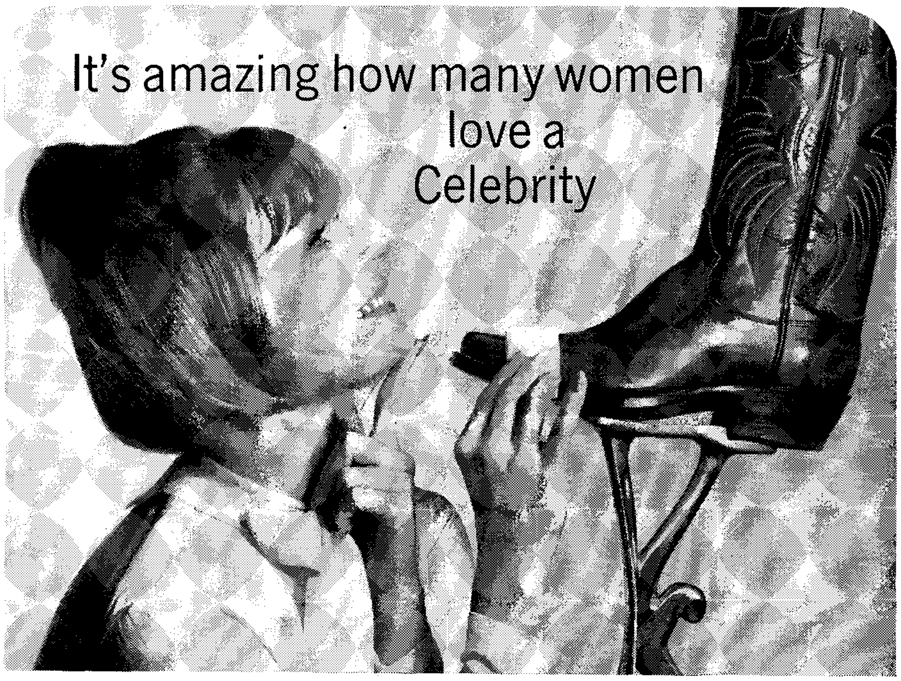
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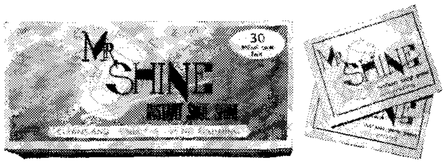

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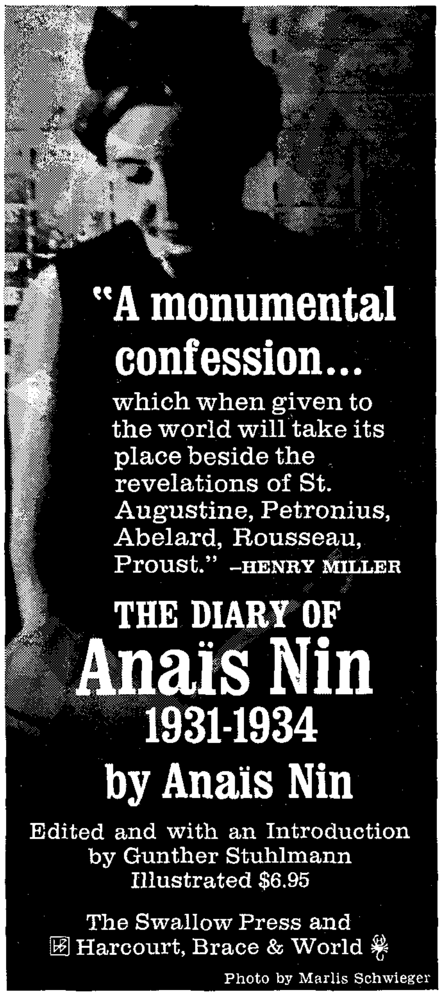
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MIRAGE, by Andrea Newman (Dial). Miss Newman expends an enormous amount of skill and understanding on the telling of a tale that is fundamentally off center, because the heroine—a young wife named Jane Lewis—is such a hysterical little creature that neither her common sense nor her sensuality is strong enough to tell her when she is well off. Jane loves her husband, Dino, an actor, but she would rather lose him completely, and break her heart, than continue to put up with his occasional, almost automatic infidelities. This account of the fatal episode in the life of a pitiably weak, angry girl is told so electrically that almost to the last page we keep hoping for a glorious about-face that will bring the unfortunate Jane to some kind of independent stature. The scene is England—London, for the most part.

SOME DOVES AND PYTHONS, by Sumner Locke Elliott (Harper & Row). Mr. Elliott writes on tiptoe of a houseparty given on a summer weekend in the country by a successful New York theatrical agent, Tabitha Wane. Among her guests are her lover, a stony architect; a declining novelist; an ascending movie director; a skinny girl singer; a far-out songwriter; Tabitha's best friend, Daisy Jenner; and Tabitha's ex-husband, a thin playwright turned fat comic-strip artist. The party is a success—that is, a lot of food and liquor are consumed and the reputations on hand inch predictably up or down. The novel, though, isn't, because it is almost impossible to tell where the author's sympathies and dislikes lie.

CORBIE, by Robert Newman (Harcourt, Brace & World). This may be the only novel ever written by a human being (as opposed to an electronic computer) that contains dialogue like this: " 'Well, in general,' said Gordon, 'what they did was to confirm the theory that the same laws apply to a particle and its mirror image, provided the flow of time—either forward or backward—and the relationship of the particle to its anti-particle are also taken into account. In other words, it's not impossible for other worlds—or even another universe—to exist which would be the mirror image of this one, but composed of anti-matter.' Then, as Corbie nodded, 'As I said, Brock was working in that same area. But in some ways he had gone even further than they had. And that may be how he got into trouble.' " This sounds like gibberish and, in fact, it *is* gibberish. But the real pity is that Brock, a half-cracked physicist and the only remotely appealing character in the book, falls down a deep hole soon after this description of his work, and dies, leaving us alone with the remaining figments of Mr. Newman's imagination. They are, to put it mildly, not very entertaining company.

GENERAL

1933: CHARACTERS IN CRISIS, by Herbert Feis (Little, Brown). In 1931, the author, then an economist, entered the State Department at the invitation of President Hoover's Secretary of State, Henry Stimson. Later, Mr. Feis was kept on by the Roosevelt administration, and in this book he recalls the year of transition, an *annus* both *mirabilis* and *terribilis*, during which the United States government changed hands and policies while domestic distress, worldwide depression, Japanese aggression in China, and the success of Nazism in Germany were competing catastrophes. (Practically nobody realized that they were interrelated phenomena.) Mr. Feis is now a historian—one of this country's best—and here he combines his economic expertise and his sense of what matters about the past with a memoirist's candor and attention to character.

SUMMER'S LEASE, by John Rothenstein (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The author, who retired in 1964 as director of the Tate Gallery, was the son of one English painter and, on his mother's side, the grandson of another. From the cradle he was surrounded by men and women whose names are a brief chronicle of English art and literature, and it may, in retrospect, look inevitable that young John should have grown up, as he did, to be among their number. But, as this agreeable auto-

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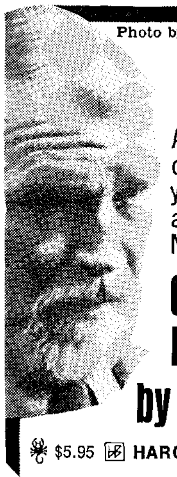

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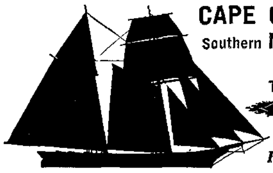

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biography relates, no such certitude cheered the young man; like many sons of distinguished fathers, he had difficulty deciding who and what he was going to be. Nobody, perhaps, was more surprised than Rothenstein when he learned that as a tyro museum director, at the City Art Gallery in Leeds—a post he took after a variety of odd jobs and false starts—he was commonly agreed to have set a new standard for provincial art museums. This volume ends in 1938, when the author has just been hired by the Tate, and it succeeds, as an autobiography should, in giving the reader the impression of knowing the author; most readers will feel they could not make a more beguiling friend.

CHANTEMESLE, by Robin Fedden (Braziller). Mr. Fedden is an Englishman who grew up in France in a country house called Chantemesle on the banks of the Seine, about halfway between Paris and Deauville. In this brief memoir, written some thirty years later, he relives his experience of that enchanting place, a paradise of birds and flowers and wooded islands, and recalls—by way of a candlelit ball and a moonlit skating party—a climactic year on the threshold between adolescence and youth. The writing is plain, precise, and shining, and the result is a kind of masterpiece.

THE FATAL IMPACT: AN ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, 1767-1840, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row). The thesis of Mr. Moorehead's book is that the three great voyages of Captain Cook—a hero with good intentions—marked the end of an age of exploration and opened an age of exploitation in the South Pacific. Mr. Moorehead selects three of the places that Cook visited and (with the help of assorted scientific experts he carried aboard) described—Tahiti, Australia, and the Antarctic—and tells how it happened that Europeans nearly destroyed the peoples of the first two and the wildlife of the last. Mr. Moorehead's narrative style is flawless. His sense of character enables him to do speaking sketches of the many remarkable people who figure in his tale, and his sense of reality helps him understand the role of accident and the pull of adventure as factors in history and protects him against sentimentality. He does not idealize the "noble savage" of the South Seas but accurately describes him as a human being whose culture

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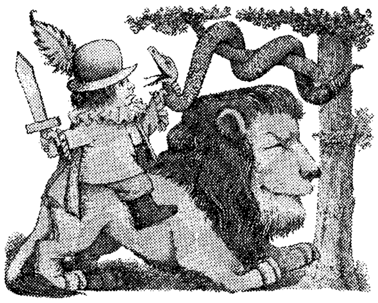

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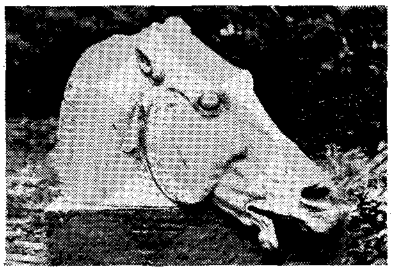

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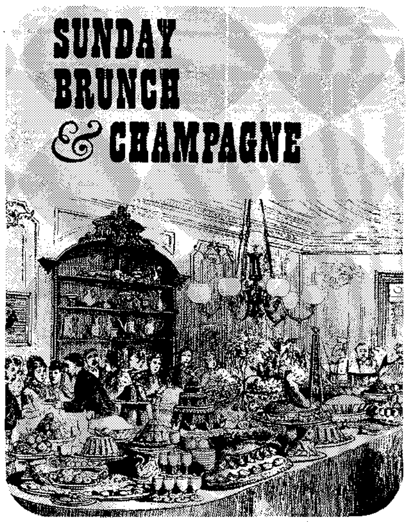
THE SCHOOLCHILDREN: GROWING UP IN THE SLUMS, by Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan (Pantheon). This book, which describes two schools, one in East Harlem and the other in Harlem, would not be as disturbing as it is if it were not a marvellous piece of work, for the general notion it expresses—that slum children get an inadequate education—is hardly news. The authors, who both teach in New York City primary schools, use several literary patterns—first-person, my-day accounts by a teacher; brief third-person descriptions of people and scenes; and conversations and comments among the children themselves. The effect resembles that of a film documentary—a pictorial sense of what is. But the authors do more: they also offer some explanations, many distinctions, and constant reminders of the uniqueness of each child.

HOMAGE TO GALILEO, edited by Morton F. Kaplon (M. I. T.). The danger in assembling a group of scholars from extremely diverse disciplines and asking them to comment on a subject as broad and ramified as the influence of Galileo on contemporary thought is that each scholar may make the occasion an excuse to discuss his discipline rather than the subject. At least half the papers in this symposium, which was presented at the University of Rochester in the fall of 1964, have more to do with the special interests of the speaker than with Galileo. A notable exception is a brilliant essay by Giorgio de Santillana entitled "Galileo in the Present." Professor de Santillana has made a lifelong study of Galileo, and he is an excellent literary stylist to boot. He manages to capture the grandeurs and the tragedy of Galileo's life, and to make it clear why Galileo found himself in such bitter conflict with the Church he revered.

ENGLAND WITHOUT RICHARD: 1189-1199, by John T. Appleby (Cornell). This is a distinguished and lively book telling what happened to England when King Richard the Lion-Hearted went off to the Crusades. Richard's father, Henry II, had done much to see that his subjects maintained order and dealt justly with each other, and had done rather less about dealing justly with his subjects. Richard began his reign popularly by opening the prisons and,



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less popularly, by opening his subjects' coffers. When he had raised enough money to leave for Palestine, he left. His arrangements for his absence—so Mr. Appleby's story goes—were unworkable, but they worked. Richard's stay-at-home brothers were ambitious, and the political prelates he chose to run the country were prone to triple embroilments—political, religious, and personal. Yet, despite these plural temptations to civil war, England kept something like domestic peace. Mr. Appleby's minutiae always serve a point. The reader learns what the disputes were, what issues were involved, and what the contestants were like. Even the members of the permanent civil service, which was making its shy début, acquire something like individual personalities.

THE SECRET ISLANDS, by Franklin Russell (Norton). The islands whose exploration forms the subject of this book are Newfoundland and a dozen islets off its eastern coast, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in the Bay of Fundy. They are inhabited by several million water birds (gulls, murres, puffins, gannets, petrels, kittiwakes) and a tiny human population of rugged, inbred, fatalistic innocents ("A man's finished at forty, b'y, finished. There's no point in fighting fate") still largely living in the seventeenth century. Mr. Russell, a New Zealand-born Canadian naturalist, makes no attempt to relate these different wildlings (he is not, thank heavens, that kind of writer), but he finds them equally absorbing, and he describes his adventures among them—a lonely day on an island catacombed with puffin burrows, a wild night on an island populated by rancorous breeding gulls, and a windswept visit with a magnificent elderly Newfoundlander to Funk Island, the final breeding place of the long-extinct great auk—with honesty, warmth, and style. Photographs and an endpaper map.

THE VIEW FROM THE SIXTIES: MEMORIES OF A SPENT LIFE, by George Oppenheimer (McKay). The author, now the drama critic of *Newsday*, started out in publishing in the nineteen-twenties—he worked for Knopf and helped found Viking—and spent the nineteen-thirties as a Hollywood scriptwriter. Therefore, as he warns us on page 3, his autobiography is filled with the names of celebrated literary and theatrical figures. Since Mr. Oppen-

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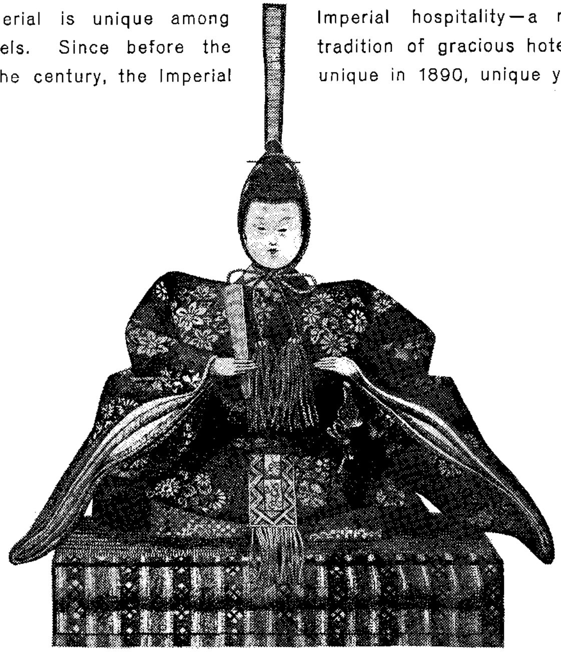

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heimer's anecdotes are all entertaining, this apology is unnecessary.

FRÉDÉRIC JOLIOT-CURIE, by Pierre Biquard (Eriksson). Although this biography of one of France's greatest twentieth-century physicists (and, of course, the son-in-law of Pierre and Marie Curie) is not very well written, it is carried along by the fascinating and perhaps ultimately tragic quality of Joliot himself. Born into a relatively prosperous middle-class French family, he showed when still a student both a remarkable gift for experimental physics and a deep sense of social protest. His talent as a physicist led him to the laboratory of Marie Curie, where he met and married Irène Curie (whose name he added to his own). In 1935, they shared the Nobel Prize for chemistry; by the time the war broke out, they were well along on a program for making use, in a chain-reacting pile, of nuclear energy. With the German occupation of France, Joliot joined both the Resistance and the Communist Party. (Although his laboratory was under constant German surveillance, explosives for the Maquis were made in it.) After the war, Joliot set out to rebuild French physics, and at the same time played an active role in the Communist Party. In 1950, the French government removed him from all connection with government-sponsored nuclear physics because of his Communist affiliations. The loss of his position was a deep blow to Joliot, and it was followed in 1956 by the loss of his wife, who, like her mother, died from the aftereffects of overexposure to radiation. Joliot died in 1958, probably also from radiation, just after his return from a trip to Russia.

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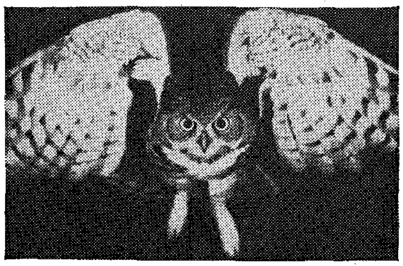

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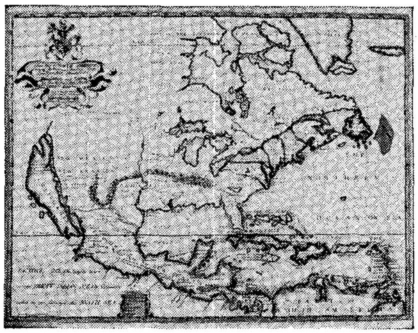

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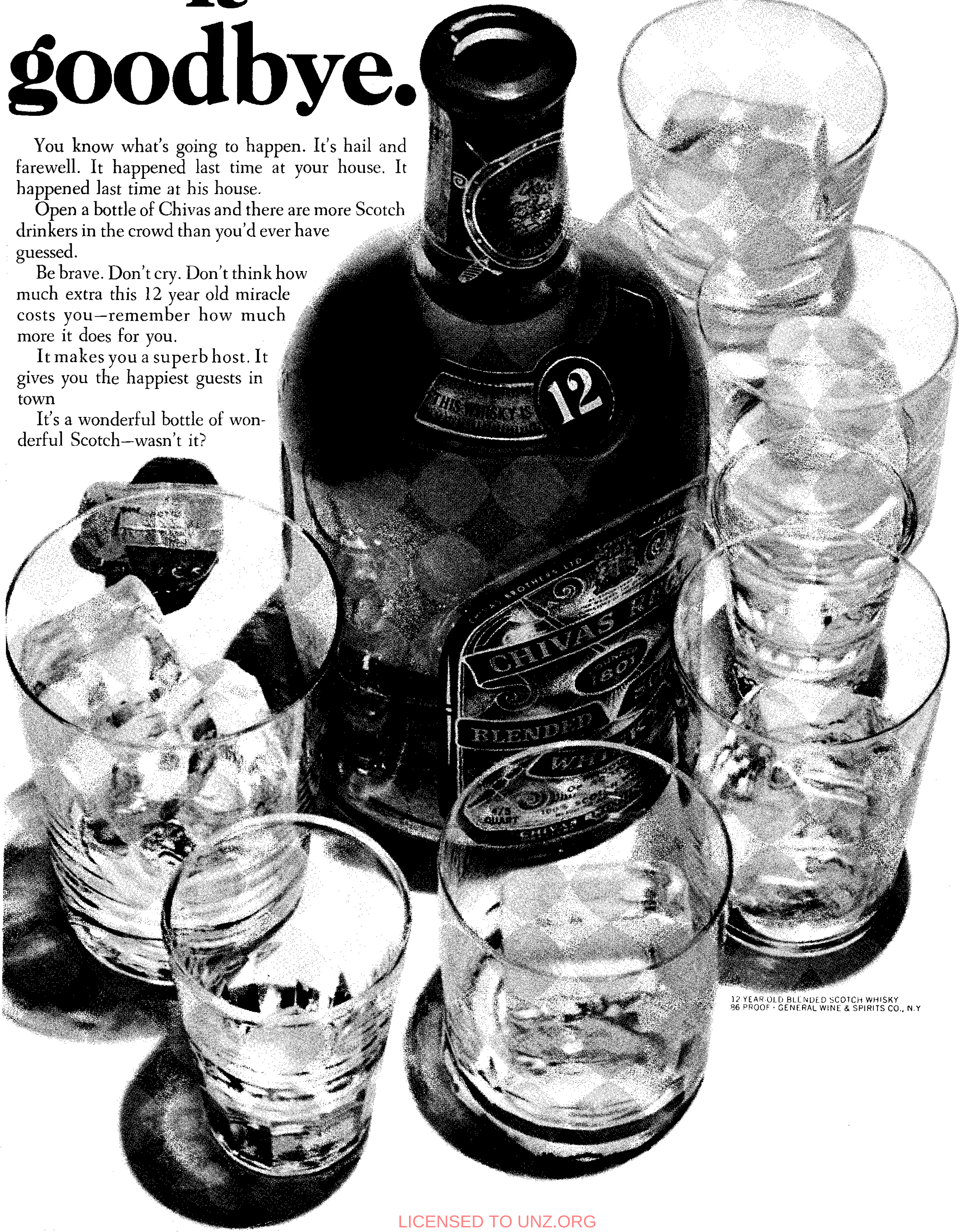

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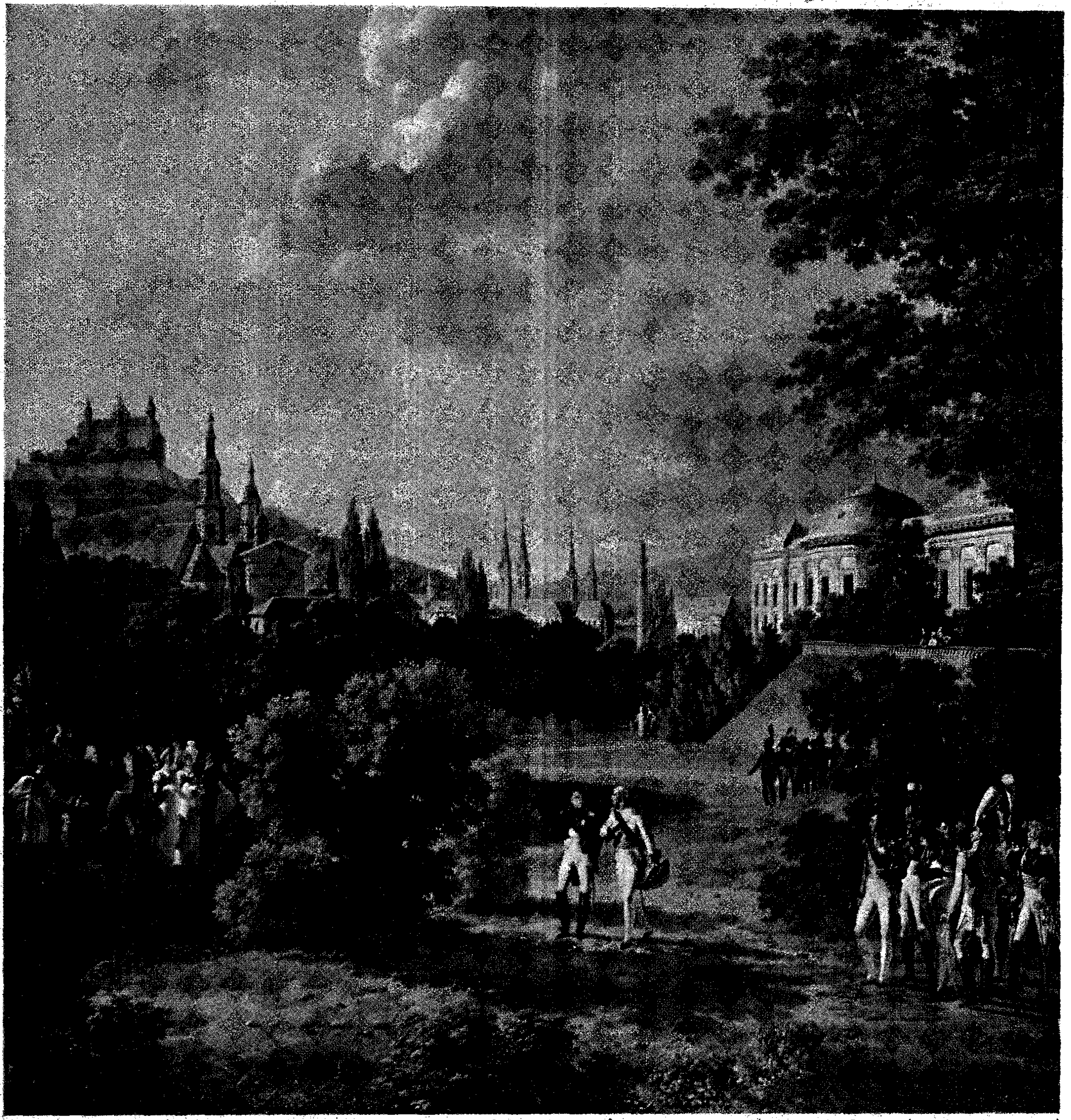

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